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The Michigan Girl

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THE

Michigan [illegible]

SONG BOOK

HINDS, N[illegible]

[illegible] West 13th St[illegible] York [illegible]

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THE
Michigan University
SONG BOOK

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

Franklin Wagner, '99–'01, '04*l*.

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE

31-33-35 West 15th Street New York City

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MUSIC

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Gift
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FOREWORD

TO those of you who gather round the Tappan Oak of an evening in the warm spring or early fall to sing *The Yellow and Blue*, the realization that this best of college customs is not as old as the great University that we all claim for our Alma Mater, must indeed seem strange. Yet at the very time that this "Singing Oak" was christened, and the surrounding trees were planted by the venerable Class of '58, there had not been written a single typical University of Michigan song.

The development of the song and the singing spirit at Michigan has been slow, and it is to a foreign source that we must look for its beginnings. About 1850 "Lauriger Horatius," "Gaudeamus" and "Integer Vitæ" were introduced from the German universities. Between that time and 1860 the seed thus sown began to bear fruit by the adaptation of a few of the more popular songs of the Eastern colleges. "Of all features in college life," says the *Palladium* of 1860, "which fix imperishable associations and bind indissolubly the heart of friend to friend, we hail the advent of none with more unqualified gratification than that of college songs. Although their adoption and use has not as yet become entirely general, yet we predict for them universal favor; and we trust that the cordiality with which they are welcomed may in some measure atone for their tardy appearance among us."

The next step in the development was the appearance of the "Song of the Sixty-Threes." In the winter of 1864–65, the *Palladium* board, answering a popular demand for a typical Michigan song, offered a prize of ten dollars for the best original song. President Haven and Professors Frieze and Evans passed upon the productions offered; and they selected two as of equal merit, one by Arthur H. Snow, '65, entitled "Michigan University Song," and the other by James K. Blish, '66, entitled "Our College Home." These songs, together with one by Richard S. Dewey, '69, entitled "Let Every Student Fill his Bowl," continued for twenty years to be the favorites at the University.

It was not until 1889 that a really pretentious collection of University of Michigan songs appeared. In that year, Charles Mills Gayley, '78, and Fred Newton Scott, '84, with the assistance of Professor Albert A. Stanley, brought out *The Yellow and Blue*. This collection (now out of print) met with immediate favor, and contains some of our best songs. It enjoys the unique distinction of being the only Michigan book hitherto published.

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Since that time many new songs have been written, some of real merit, which have been sung by the Glee Clubs, and handed down *viva voce* or forgotten. The present collection comprises all of the earlier, nearly all of those in *The Yellow and Blue* book, many of the later songs — including the Michigan Rooting songs — not heretofore published, and some new ones that were written especially for it.

This collection is classified under three groups: "Michigan Songs of Loyalty and Sentiment," "Michigan Comic Songs," and "Michigan Rooting Songs and Yells." To these are added, "Other Songs of Loyalty and Sentiment Sung at Michigan," and "Other Comic Songs Sung at Michigan." This latter feature, it is believed, will meet with general approval, since many of the most popular college songs which by reason of their antiquity and use have become dear to the hearts of college men everywhere, are included.

The editor wishes to take this opportunity to thank Professor Fred N. Scott, who edited the words, and Professor Albert A. Stanley, who edited the music, for the assistance they have rendered him. It is to their unselfish aid, and to their talents, that this collection owes its being. The writer merely claims the distinction of having brought all of Michigan's best songs together in permanent, serviceable form under one cover. He also wishes to acknowledge here the assistance given him by the leaders of the Glee Clubs for the past twenty-five years, by Professor J. V. Denney, '85; Horton C. Ryan, Esq., '93; Mr. Charles Baird, '95; Mr. Louis Elbel, '00; Mr. Richard Ray Kirk, '03; Mr. Edward F. Parker, '04; Mr. Don M. Norris, '06; Mr. H. Clifford Stevenson, '06, and many other loyal Michigan men.

For himself the editor feels that there is nothing that tends to develop college spirit more than songs of the Alma Mater. They reach the heart and stir the very soul of the college man. They are the leaven of the social life at the University. They arouse the enthusiasm of the crowd, and fire the zeal of the teams to fight and conquer. They help to recall to the "old grad." his own happy college days; they brighten the days of the struggling undergraduate, and lighten the heavy burden under which he imagines himself toiling. Moreover, the character of its songs is an index to a University's greatness. It is hoped that this collection will play a humble part in fostering and crystallizing the new Michigan spirit of to-day and to-morrow.

FRANKLIN ALLAN WAGNER. *'99–'01, '04l.*

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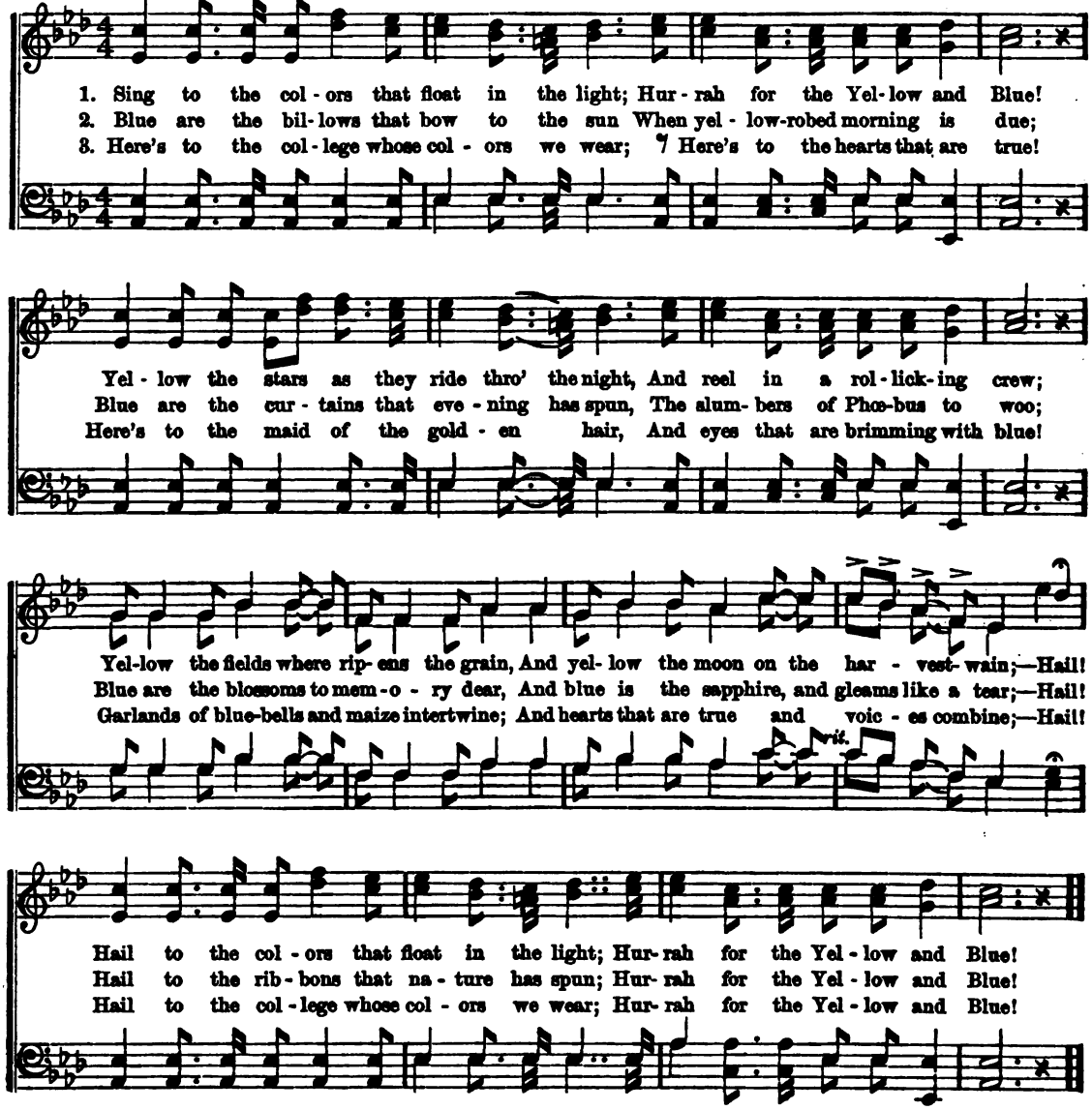
SONGS OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE YELLOW AND BLUE.

Charles M. Gayley, '78. **Balfe.**

With animation. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)

1. Sing to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
2. Blue are the bil - lows that bow to the sun When yel - low-robed morning is due;
3. Here's to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; Here's to the hearts that are true!
Yel - low the stars as they ride thro' the night, And reel in a rol - lick - ing crew;
Blue are the cur - tains that eve - ning has spun, The alum - bers of Phœ-bus to woo;
Here's to the maid of the gold - en hair, And eyes that are brimming with blue!
Yel-low the fields where rip- ens the grain, And yel- low the moon on the har - vest- wain;—Hail!
Blue are the blossoms to mem - o - ry dear, And blue is the sapphire, and gleams like a tear;—Hail!
Garlands of blue-bells and maize intertwine; And hearts that are true and voic - es combine;—Hail!
Hail to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
Hail to the rib - bons that na - ture has spun; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
Hail to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!

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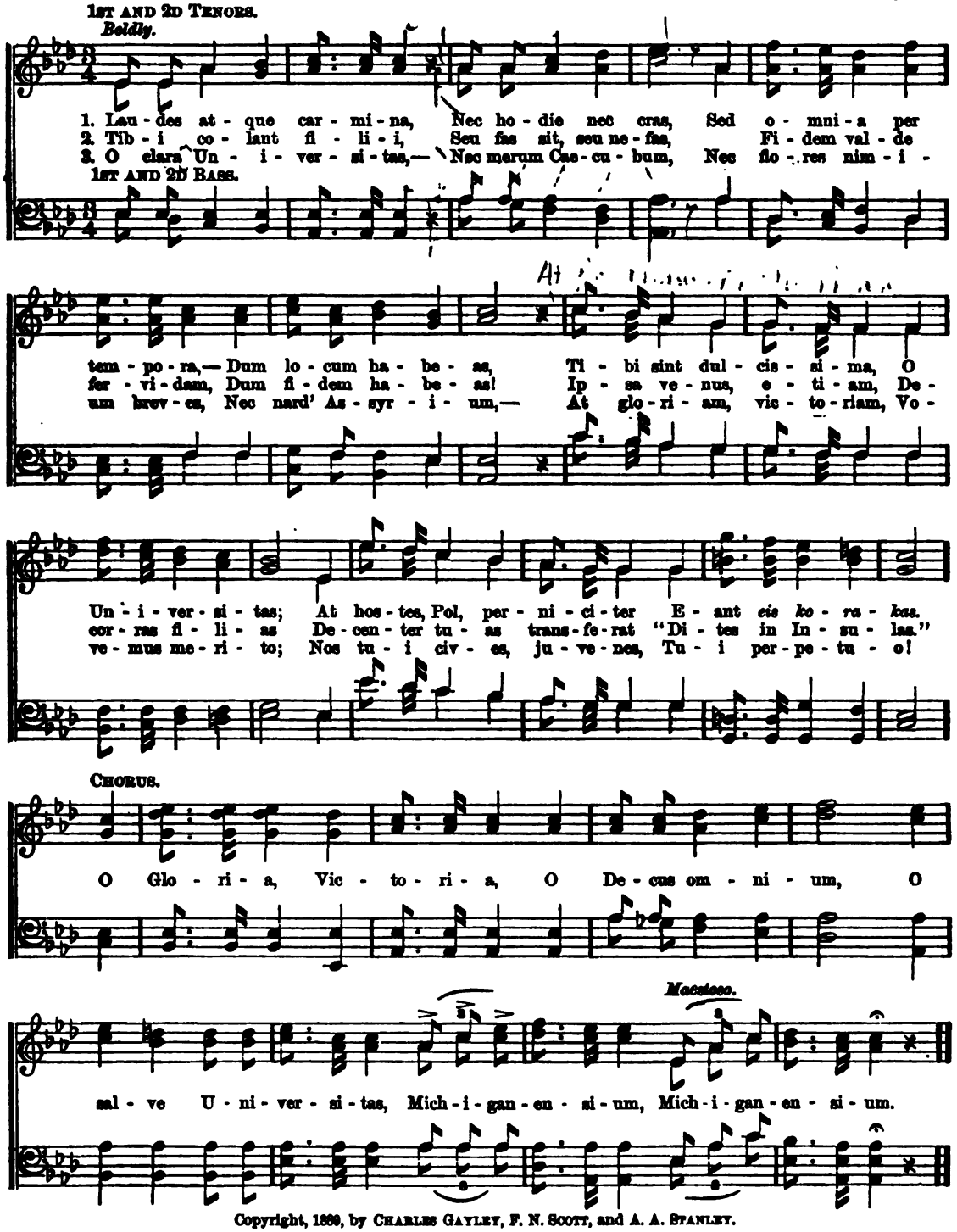
LAUDES ATQUE CARMINA.

Charles M. Gayley, '78. **A. A. Stanley.**

1st and 2d Tenors.

Boldly.

1. Lau - des at - que car - mi - na, Nec ho - die nec cras, Sed o - mni - a per
2. Tib - i co - lant fi - li - i, Seu fas sit, seu ne - fas, Fi - dem val - de
3. O clara Un - i - ver - si - tas,— Nec merum Cae - cu - bum, Nec flo - res nim - i -
1st and 2d Bass.
tem - po - ra,— Dum lo - cum ha - be - as, Ti - bi sint dul - cis - si - ma, O
fer - vi - dam, Dum fi - dem ha - be - as! Ip - sa ve - nus, e - ti - am, De -
um brev - es, Nec nard' As - syr - i - um,— At glo - ri - am, vic - to - riam, Vo -
Un - i - ver - si - tas; At hos - tes, Pol, per - ni - ci - ter E - ant *eis ko - ra - kas.*
cor - ras fi - li - as De - cen - ter tu - as trans - fe - rat "Di - tes in In - su - las."
ve - mus me - ri - to; Nos tu - i civ - es, ju - ve - nes, Tu - i per - pe - tu - o!
Chorus.
O Glo - ri - a, Vic - to - ri - a, O De - cus om - ni - um, O
Maestoso.
sal - ve U - ni - ver - si - tas, Mich - i - gan - en - si - um, Mich - i - gan - en - si - um.

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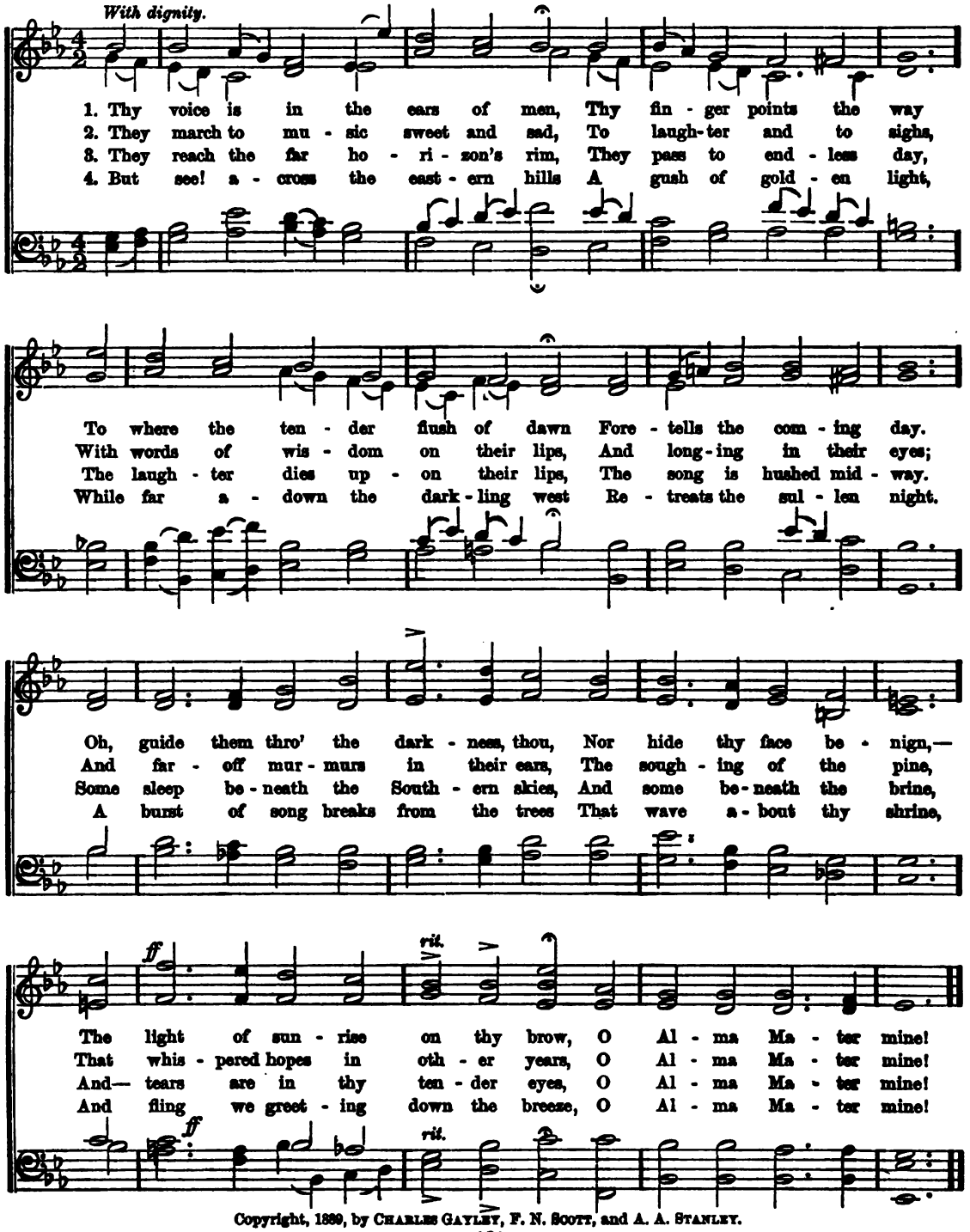
ALMA MATER MINE.

Fred N. Scott, '84. A. A. Stanley.

With dignity.

1. Thy voice is in the ears of men, Thy fin - ger points the way
2. They march to mu - sic sweet and sad, To laugh-ter and to sighs,
3. They reach the far ho - ri - zon's rim, They pass to end - less day,
4. But see! a - cross the east - ern hills A gush of gold - en light,
To where the ten - der flush of dawn Fore - tells the com - ing day.
With words of wis - dom on their lips, And long-ing in their eyes;
The laugh - ter dies up - on their lips, The song is hushed mid - way.
While far a - down the dark - ling west Re - treats the sul - len night.
Oh, guide them thro' the dark - ness, thou, Nor hide thy face be - nign,—
And far - off mur - murs in their ears, The sough - ing of the pine,
Some sleep be - neath the South - ern skies, And some be-neath the brine,
A burst of song breaks from the trees That wave a - bout thy shrine,
ff
rit.
The light of sun - rise on thy brow, O Al - ma Ma - ter mine!
That whis - pered hopes in oth - er years, O Al - ma Ma - ter mine!
And— tears are in thy ten - der eyes, O Al - ma Ma - ter mine!
And fling we greet - ing down the breeze, O Al - ma Ma - ter mine!
ff
rit.

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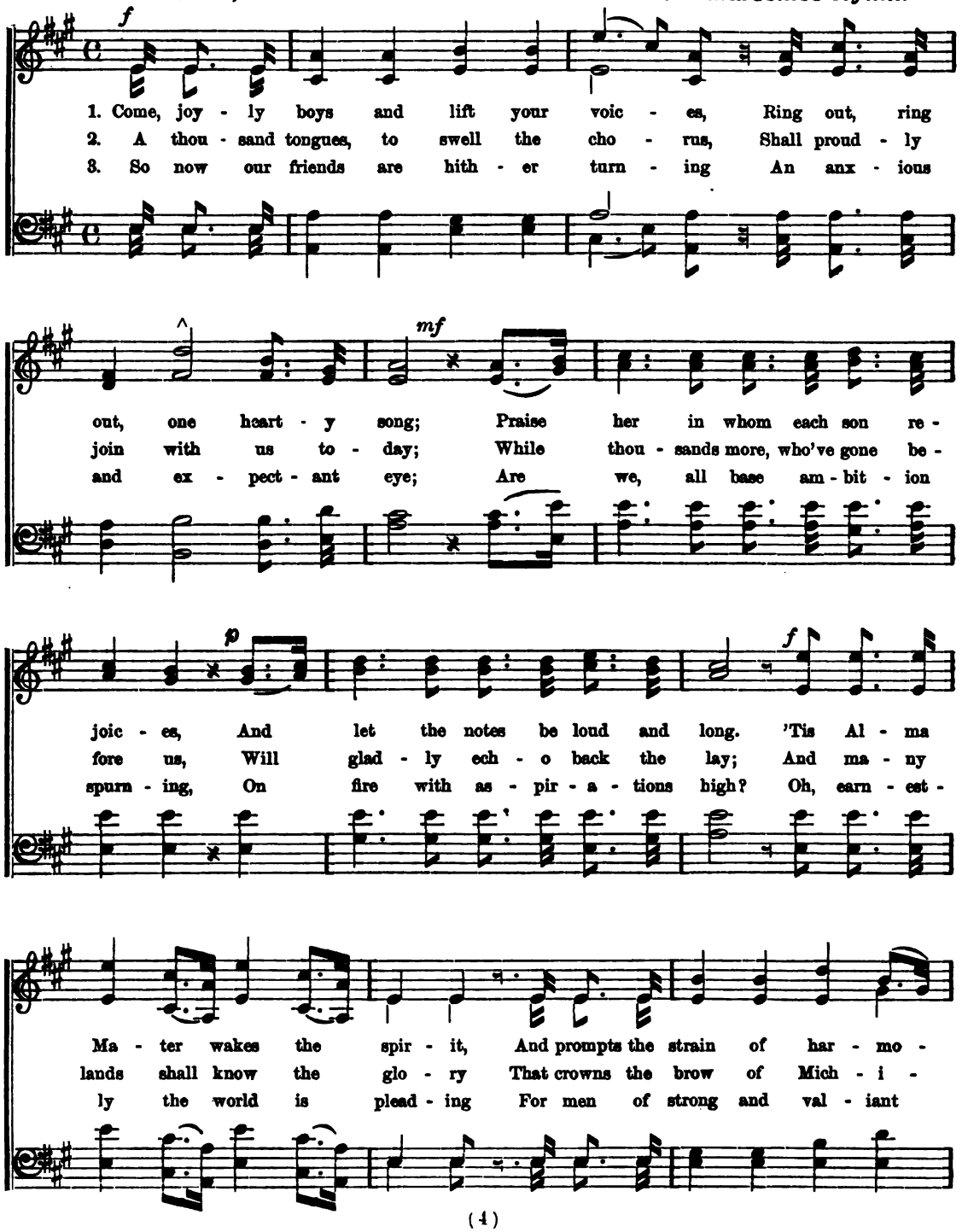
MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY SONG.

Arthur H. Snow, '65. Air.—"Marseilles Hymn."


1. Come, joy - ly boys and lift your voic - es, Ring out, ring
2. A thou - sand tongues, to swell the cho - rus, Shall proud - ly
3. So now our friends are hith - er turn - ing An anx - ious
out, one heart - y song; Praise her in whom each son re -
join with us to - day; While thou - sands more, who've gone be -
and ex - pect - ant eye; Are we, all base am - bit - ion
joic - es, And let the notes be loud and long. 'Tis Al - ma
fore us, Will glad - ly ech - o back the lay; And ma - ny
spurn - ing, On fire with as - pir - a - tions high? Oh, earn - est -
Ma - ter wakes the spir - it, And prompts the strain of har - mo -
lands shall know the glo - ry That crowns the brow of Mich - i -
ly the world is plead - ing For men of strong and val - iant

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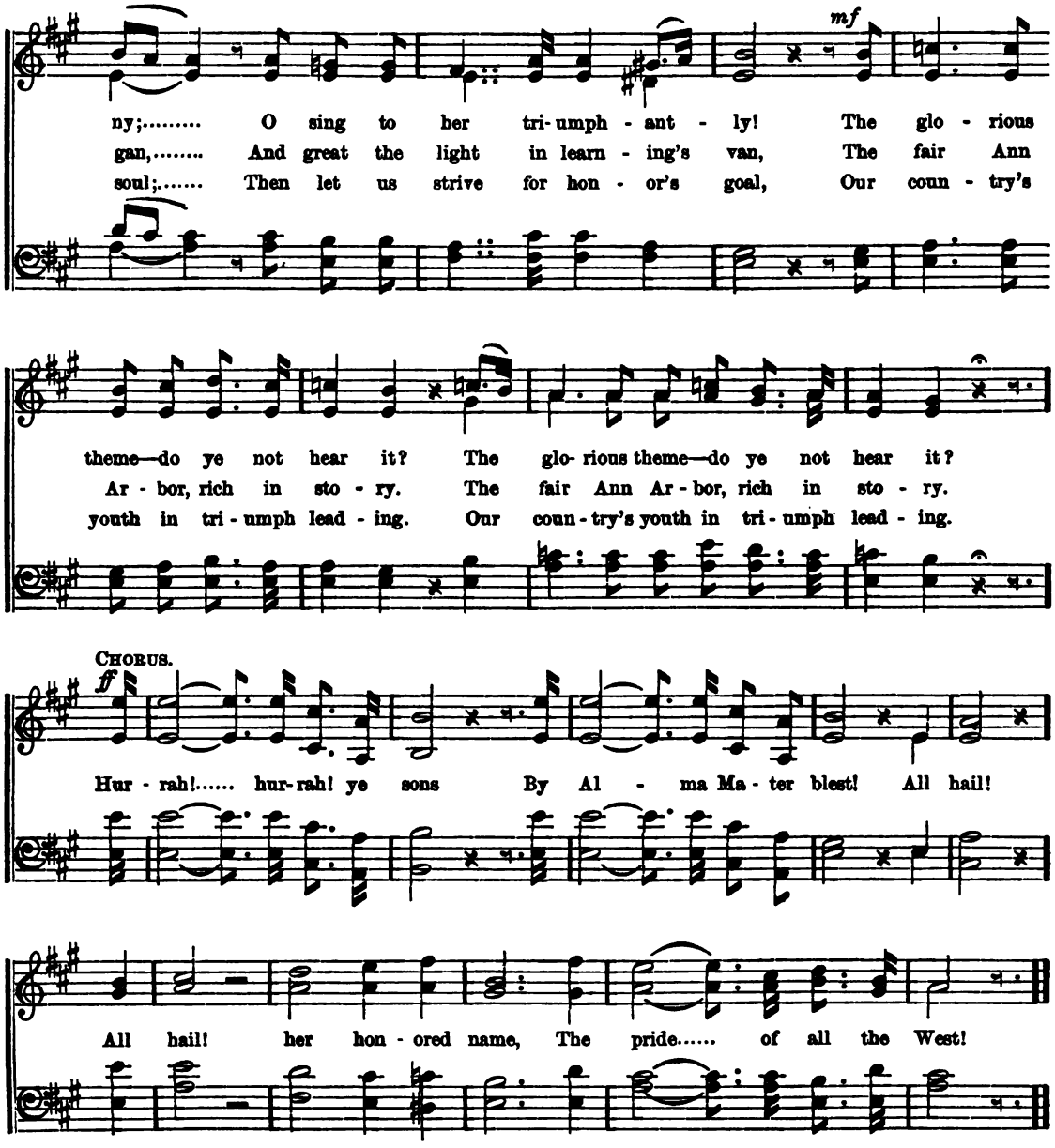
MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY SONG.

mf
ny;..... O sing to her tri-umph - ant - ly! The glo - rious
gan,..... And great the light in learn - ing's van, The fair Ann
soul;..... Then let us strive for hon - or's goal, Our coun - try's
theme—do ye not hear it? The glo- rious theme—do ye not hear it?
Ar - bor, rich in sto - ry. The fair Ann Ar - bor, rich in sto - ry.
youth in tri - umph lead - ing. Our coun - try's youth in tri - umph lead - ing.
CHORUS.
ff
Hur - rah!..... hur-rah! ye sons By Al - ma Ma - ter blest! All hail!
All hail! her hon - ored name, The pride..... of all the West!

4 Alma Mater's precepts guided,
We'll boldly tread life's rugged way,
Nor faint nor falter, though derided,
Or foes our course should wish to stay;
And in our hearts shall perish never
Our love for her whose paths we've trod;
Her praise we'll sing till 'neath the sod
‖: Our voice is silent, and forever. :‖—CHORUS.

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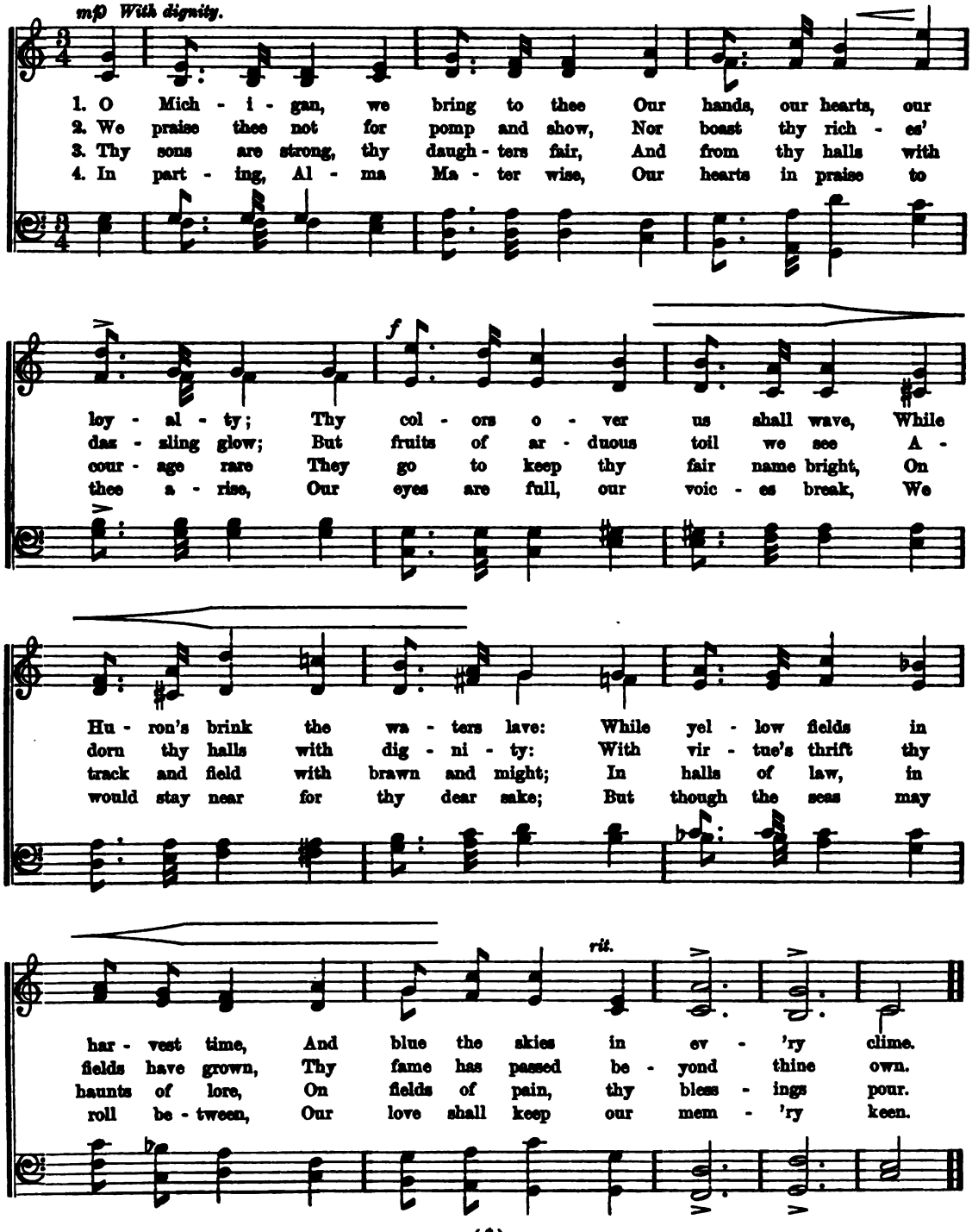
IN PRAISE OF MICHIGAN.

Herbert M. Rich, '97. A. A. Stanley.


mf With dignity.
1. O Mich - i - gan, we bring to thee Our hands, our hearts, our
2. We praise thee not for pomp and show, Nor boast thy rich - es'
3. Thy sons are strong, thy daugh - ters fair, And from thy halls with
4. In part - ing, Al - ma Ma - ter wise, Our hearts in praise to
loy - al - ty; Thy col - ors o - ver us shall wave, While
daz - zling glow; But fruits of ar - duous toil we see A -
cour - age rare They go to keep thy fair name bright, On
thee a - rise, Our eyes are full, our voic - es break, We
Hu - ron's brink the wa - ters lave: While yel - low fields in
dorn thy halls with dig - ni - ty: With vir - tue's thrift thy
track and field with brawn and might; In halls of law, in
would stay near for thy dear sake; But though the seas may
rit.
har - vest time, And blue the skies in ev - 'ry clime.
fields have grown, Thy fame has passed be - yond thine own.
haunts of lore, On fields of pain, thy bless - ings pour.
roll be - tween, Our love shall keep our mem - 'ry keen.

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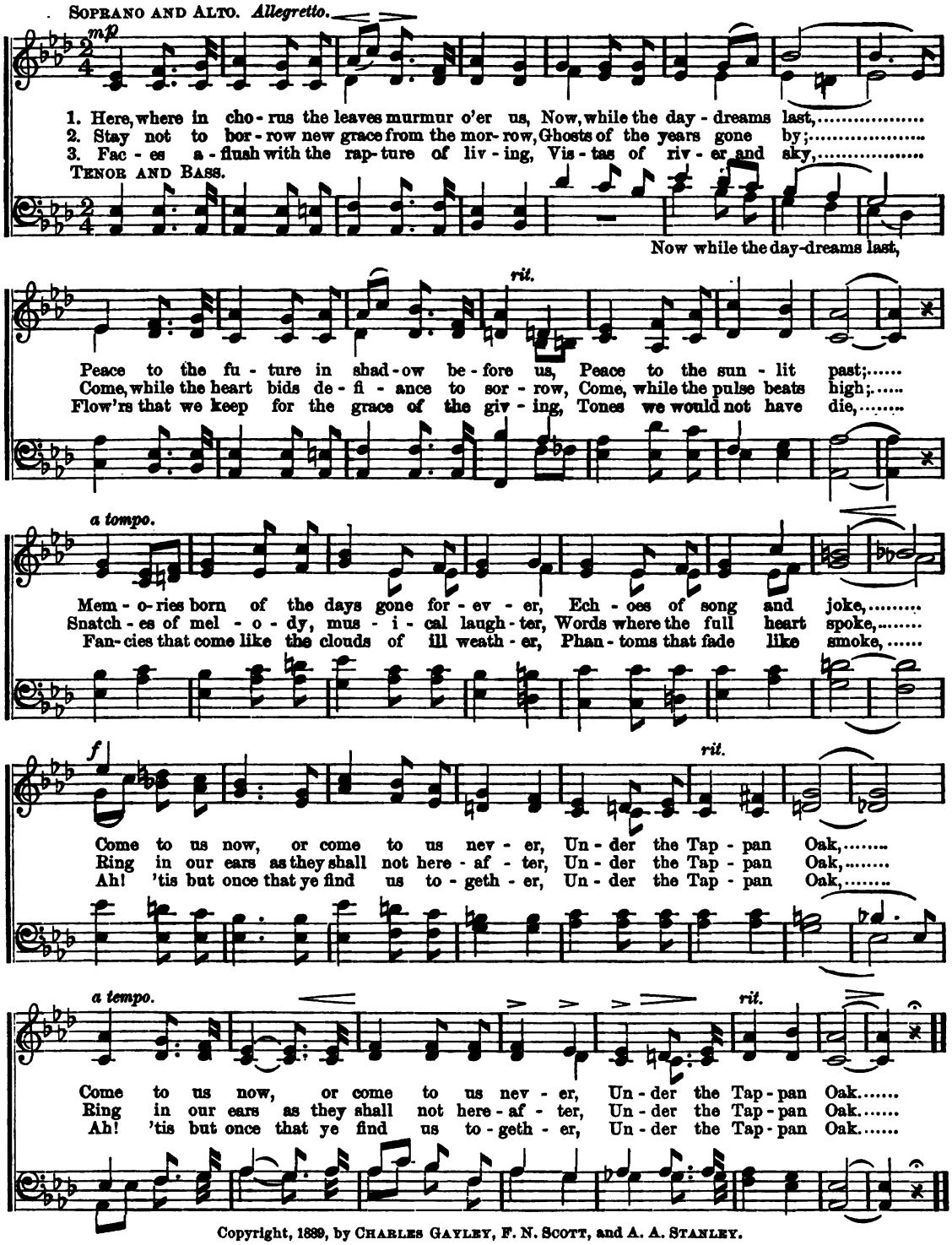
UNDER THE TAPPAN OAK.

Fred N. Scott, '84. A. A. Stanley.


SOPRANO AND ALTO. Allegretto.
mp
1. Here, where in cho - rus the leaves murmur o'er us, Now, while the day - dreams last,.....
2. Stay not to bor - row new grace from the mor- row, Ghosts of the years gone by;.....
3. Fac - es a - flush with the rap- ture of liv - ing, Vis - tas of riv - er and sky,.....
TENOR AND BASS.
Now while the day-dreams last,
rit.
Peace to the fu - ture in shad - ow be - fore us, Peace to the sun - lit past;.....
Come, while the heart bids de - fi - ance to sor - row, Come, while the pulse beats high;.....
Flow'rs that we keep for the grace of the giv - ing, Tones we would not have die,.....
a tempo.
Mem - o - ries born of the days gone for - ev - er, Ech - oes of song and joke,.....
Snatch - es of mel - o - dy, mus - i - cal laugh - ter, Words where the full heart spoke,.....
Fan - cies that come like the clouds of ill weath - er, Phan - toms that fade like smoke,.....
f
rit.
Come to us now, or come to us nev - er, Un - der the Tap - pan Oak,.....
Ring in our ears as they shall not here - af - ter, Un - der the Tap - pan Oak,.....
Ah! 'tis but once that ye find us to - geth - er, Un - der the Tap - pan Oak,.....
a tempo.
rit.
Come to us now, or come to us nev - er, Un - der the Tap - pan Oak.....
Ring in our ears as they shall not here - af - ter, Un - der the Tap - pan Oak.....
Ah! 'tis but once that ye find us to - geth - er, Un - der the Tap - pan Oak.....

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RAH! RAH!

Charles M. Gayley, '78, and Fred. N. Scott, 84. A. A. Stanley.

With vigor.

1st and 2d Tenor.

ff

1. Rah! Rah! U of M! Rah! Rah! U of M! Rah! Rah! U of

1st and 2d Bass.

Allegretto.
Cheerfully.

M! Rah! Rah! U of M! Oh, life is a gar - land of

mf

rit.

laugh - ter and tears In - ter - wov - en like ros - es and rue: . . Of

dim.

a tempo.

tears for the sea - son, the sea - son, when sor - row ap - pears; Of

Of tears for the

rue: . . . . . .

pp

poco a poco lento.

smiles when our dreams come true, Of smiles when our dreams come true.

ff

p *ff*

Chorus. *Grave.*

Brightly.

pp

So a tear we shed for those who are dead, A tear for those who are dead; And a

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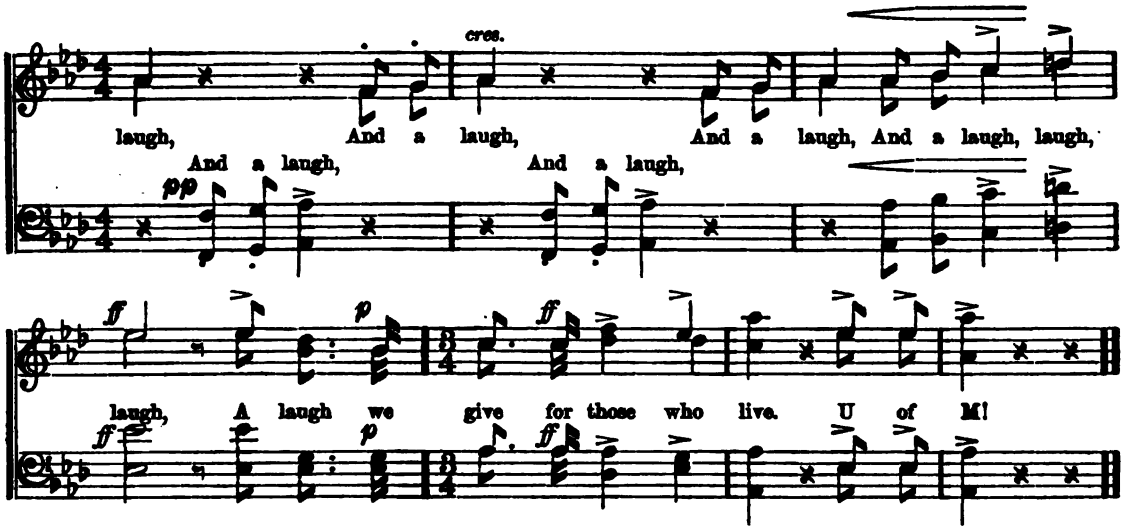
RAH! RAH!

cres.
laugh, And a laugh, And a laugh, And a laugh, And a laugh, laugh,
And a laugh, And a laugh,
laugh, A laugh we give for those who live. U of M!

2 Oh, life is a beaker of laughter and tears,
That has stolen the autumn leaf's glow;
We blow off the foam in our earliest years,
Then quaff the dark liquid below.

3 Oh, life is a maiden all laughter and tears;
With kisses for lips that are young;
With frowns for the craven that falters and fears,
With sighs for the songs that are sung.

MICHIGAN DRINKING SONG.*

M. B. Cooper, '02.

1 Clink, clink, clink, oh, fill the glasses high;
Drink, drink, drink, until the cask is dry!
In ancient Greece in times of war and peace,
Old Bacchus went aroaming;
From early day he sought his way
Until long after gloaming.
He stopp'd, when ever he saw vinters working,
And bade them labor without any shirking,
"For the product of your toil," quoth he,
"Will make dull time pass merrily."
Old Bac was right, 'twas not a boast,
And so till light we'll drink the toast,
The toast that we love most.

CHORUS.—For we'll drink again, Michigan, drink, drink, drink, all we can,
All we can, Michigan, all to thee,
For we'll drink, drink, drink, drink, again, Michigan, Michigan,
All we can drink again, all to thee, all to thee, all to thee,
Michigan, Michigan, all to thee.

2 Clink, clink, clink, oh, fill the glasses high;
Drink, drink, drink, until the cask is dry!
With spirits rare and jollity spare,
We've naught to dream of sorrow;
Our hearts are light and gay to-night,
Why think then of the morrow?
A pipe, the comrade for a college fellow,
A glass o'er-flowing with a wine so mellow,
And a rousing song to bring good cheer—
We need no more to make life dear.
Then drink again, ye college host,
To Michigan, a college toast,
The toast that we love most.

* Introduced by Harlan P. Briggs, Soloist University of Michigan Glee Club, 1902.

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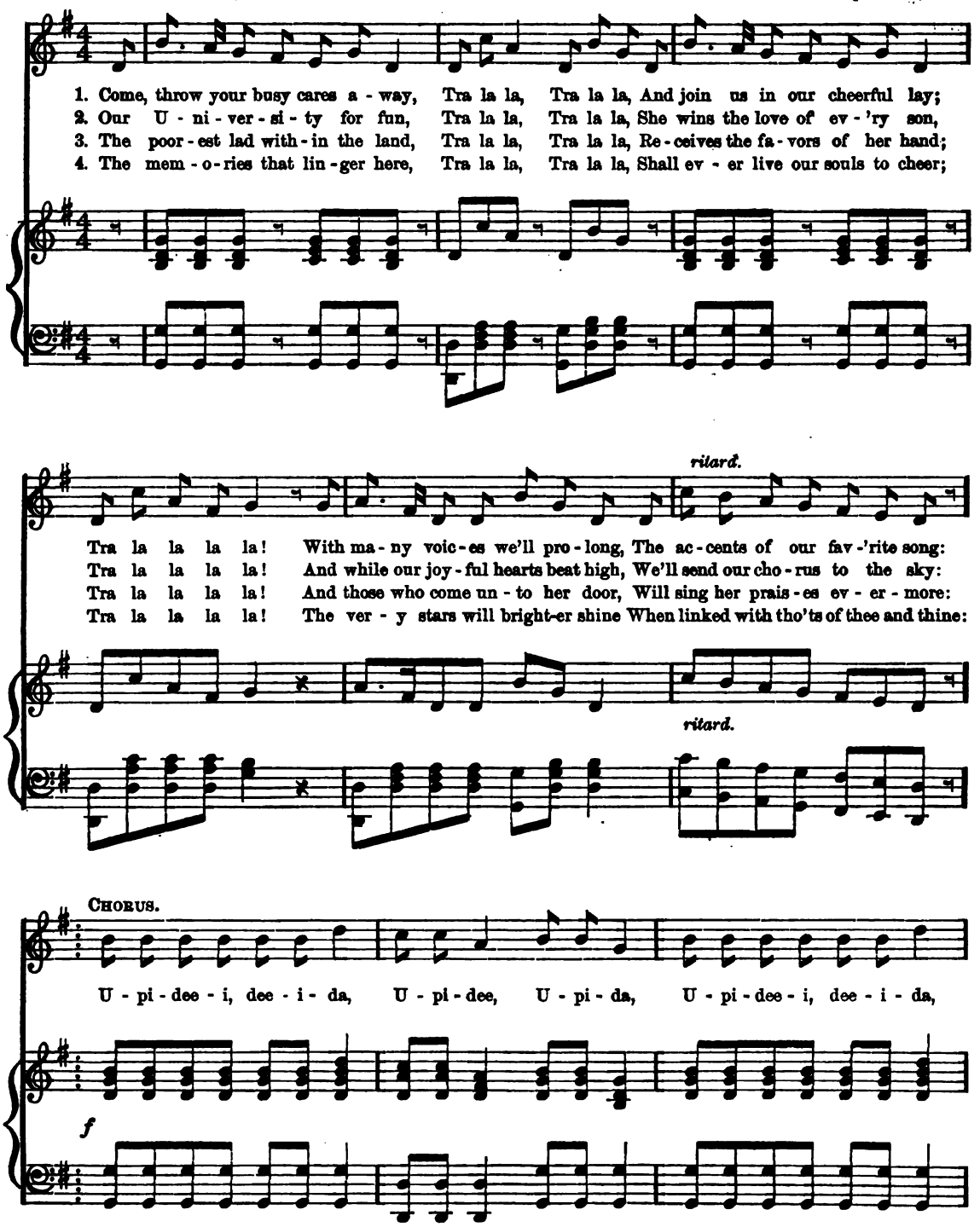
OUR COLLEGE HOME.

James K. Blish, '66. Tune:—"Upidee."

1. Come, throw your busy cares a - way, Tra la la, Tra la la, And join us in our cheerful lay;
2. Our U - ni - ver - si - ty for fun, Tra la la, Tra la la, She wins the love of ev - 'ry son,
3. The poor - est lad with - in the land, Tra la la, Tra la la, Re - ceives the fa - vors of her hand;
4. The mem - o - ries that lin - ger here, Tra la la, Tra la la, Shall ev - er live our souls to cheer;
ritard.
Tra la la la la! With ma - ny voic - es we'll pro - long, The ac - cents of our fav - 'rite song:
Tra la la la la! And while our joy - ful hearts beat high, We'll send our cho - rus to the sky:
Tra la la la la! And those who come un - to her door, Will sing her prais - es ev - er - more:
Tra la la la la! The ver - y stars will bright-er shine When linked with tho'ts of thee and thine:
ritard.
CHORUS.
U - pi - dee - i, dee - i - da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i - da,
f

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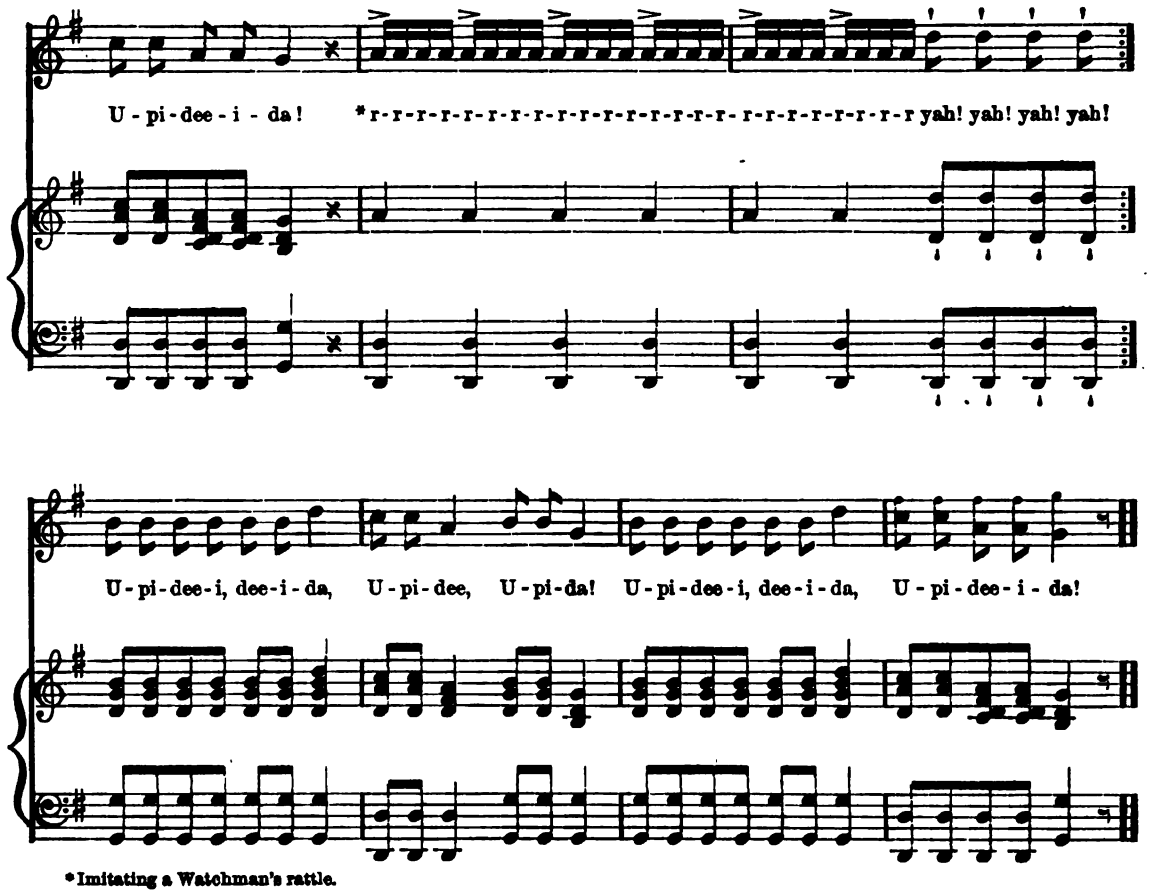
OUR COLLEGE HOME.

*Imitating a Watchman's rattle.

MICHIGAN-I-GAN-I-GAN.

(Air:—"Upidee.")

1 A Star is in the western sky,
Michigan, Michigan,
Its bright'ning rays you may descry,
Michigan-i-gan;
The light is over land and sea,
'Tis from our University.

CHORUS.—Michigan-i-gan-i-gan,
Michigan, Michigan;
Michigan-i-gan-i-gan,
Michigan again.

2 The Huron rolls its stream along,
Michigan, Michigan;
Forever singing as its song,
Michigan-i-gan;
A song that fills the arching sky,
While nature's voices all reply:—

3 Amidst the ups and downs of life,
Michigan, Michigan,
Amidst the turmoil and the strife,
Michigan-i-gan;
Remember one looks kindly on,
And smiles to see each honor won.

4 When Gabriel blows his sounding horn,
Michigan, Michigan,
Upon the resurrection morn,
Michigan-i-gan;
Amidst the rising nations round,
We'll make the wak'ning earth resound.

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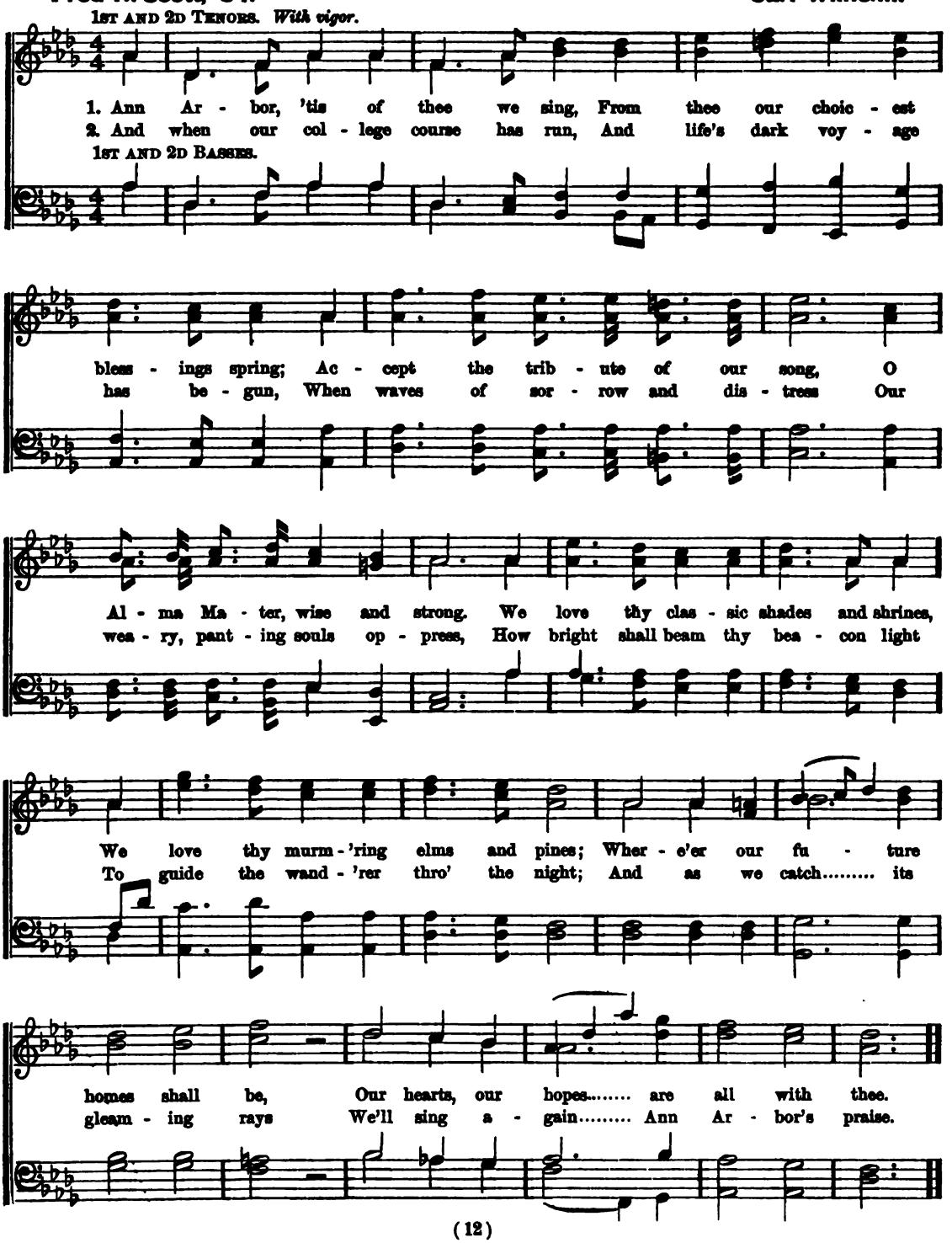
ANN ARBOR.

Fred N. Scott, '84. Carl Wilhelm.

1st and 2d Tenors. With vigor.
1. Ann Ar - bor, 'tis of thee we sing, From thee our choic - est
2. And when our col - lege course has run, And life's dark voy - age
1st and 2d Basses.
bless - ings spring; Ac - cept the trib - ute of our song, O
has be - gun, When waves of sor - row and dis - tress Our
Al - ma Ma - ter, wise and strong. We love thy clas - sic shades and shrines,
wea - ry, pant - ing souls op - press, How bright shall beam thy bea - con light
We love thy murm - 'ring elms and pines; Wher - e'er our fu - ture
To guide the wand - 'rer thro' the night; And as we catch..... its
homes shall be, Our hearts, our hopes..... are all with thee.
gleam - ing rays We'll sing a - gain..... Ann Ar - bor's praise.

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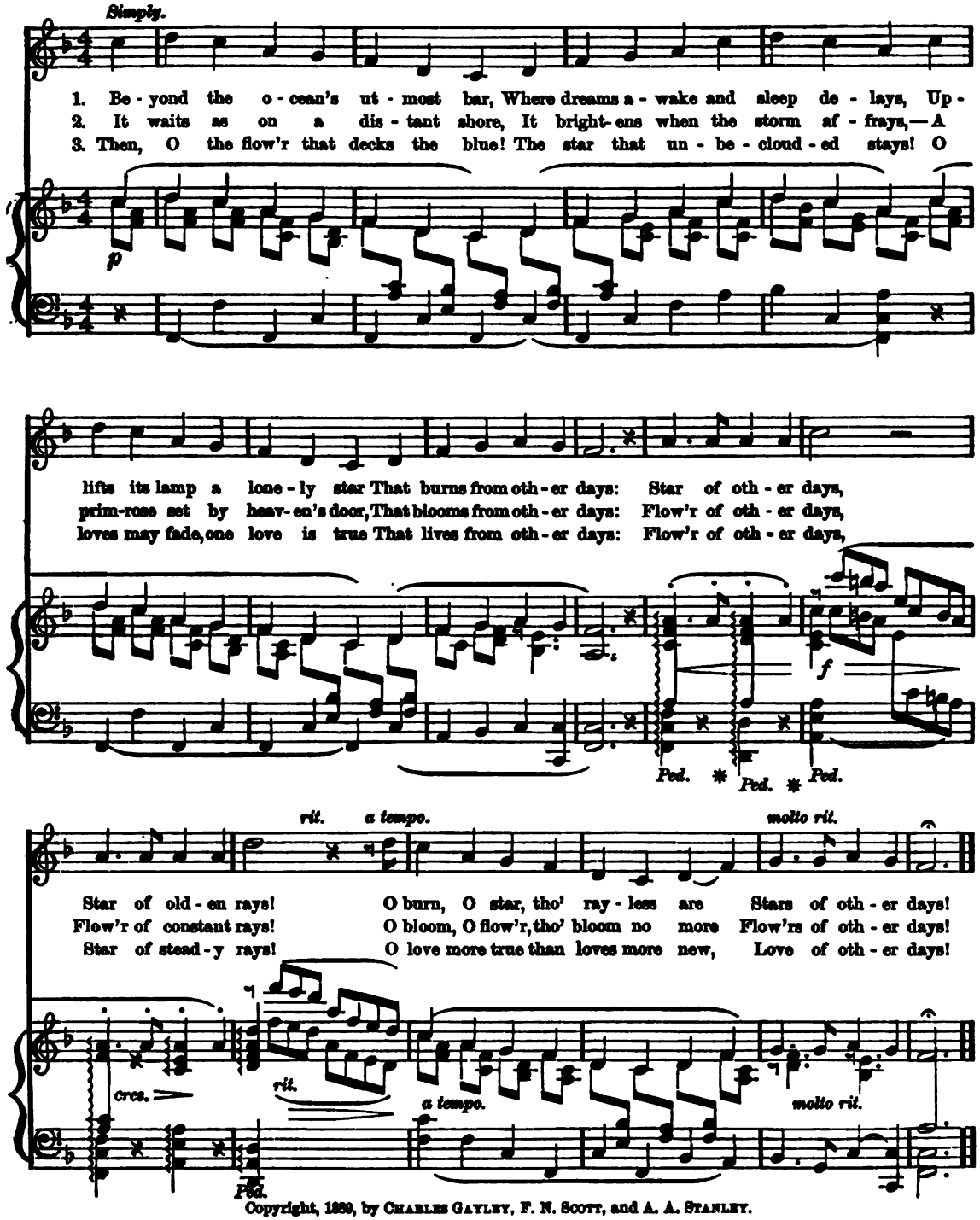
STAR OF OTHER DAYS.

ALUMNI SONG.

Charles M. Gayley, '78. A. A. Stanley.

Simply.
1. Be - yond the o - cean's ut - most bar, Where dreams a - wake and sleep de - lays, Up -
2. It waits as on a dis - tant shore, It bright - ens when the storm af - frays,—A
3. Then, O the flow'r that decks the blue! The star that un - be - cloud - ed stays! O
p
lifts its lamp a lone - ly star That burns from oth - er days: Star of oth - er days,
prim-rose set by heav - en's door, That blooms from oth - er days: Flow'r of oth - er days,
loves may fade, one love is true That lives from oth - er days: Flow'r of oth - er days,
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
rit. a tempo. molto rit.
Star of old - en rays! O burn, O star, tho' ray - less are Stars of oth - er days!
Flow'r of constant rays! O bloom, O flow'r, tho' bloom no more Flow'rs of oth - er days!
Star of stead - y rays! O love more true than loves more new, Love of oth - er days!
cres.
rit.
a tempo.
molto rit.
Ped.

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CARPE DIEM.

Charles M. Gayley, '78. **A. A. Stanley.**

Allegretto con grazia.

TENORS. (*Humming.*)

pp

1. Stay, stay, O flow-'ry-kir-tled morn, Pour ros - es from thy am - ber horn!
2. Stay, stay thy steeds, O glitt'ring noon! The crick - ets have not done their tune;
3. Stay, stay thy pin-ions, gen - tle night! Let dreams pur - sue their drow - sy flight,

SOLO.

BASSES.

pp

poco rit.

Weave, weave, ye laugh - ter - lov - ing hours, Your danc - es round our col - lege tow'rs:
The skies are soft,—the ten - der breeze Still whis - pers to the col - lege trees.
And day in soft, ob - liv - ious shroud Lie pil - lowed on a pur - ple cloud.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Too soon the Loves and Grac - es fly! Too soon the morn - ing glo - ries die; The
But oh, the bells of eve - ning chime While Day is on - ly in his prime,—While
But thou, O - ri - on, don a - new Thy belt of gold and ar - mor blue,—The

f *poco rit.* *a tempo.* *f* *poco rit.*

swift de-lights, the sweet, the sweet de-lays, The fra-grant morn,—the morn of col - lege days.
life is lost in sweet, in sweet a-maze Of gold - en noon,—the noon of col - lege days.
sons of Mich - i - gan shall sing her praise; Wear thou her col - ors thro' the star - ry ways!

f *dim.* *molto cres.* *f*

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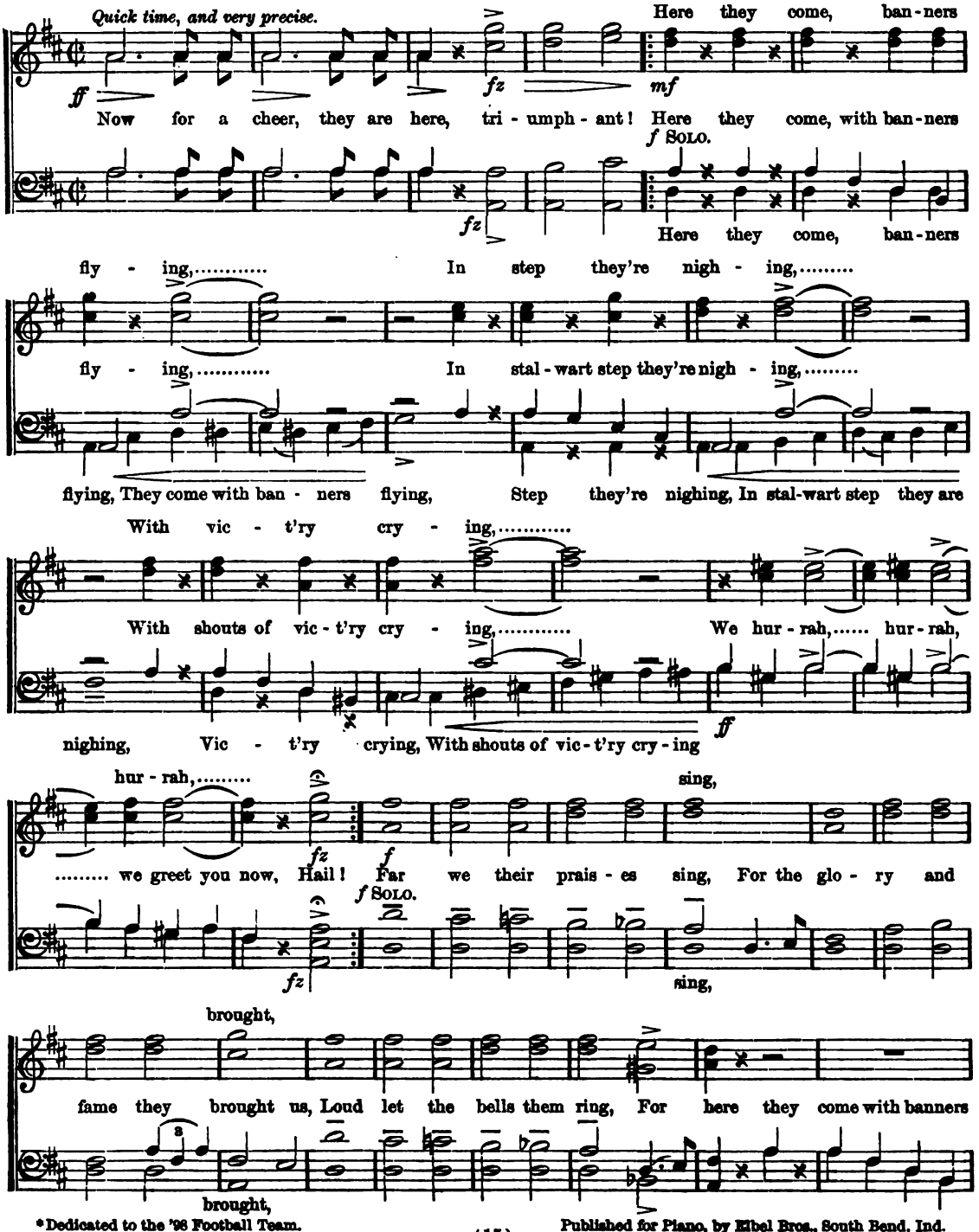
"THE VICTORS."*

MARCH.

Male Quartet. **Words and music by Louis Elbel, '00.**


Quick time, and very precise.
ff
fz
mf
Here they come, ban-ners
Now for a cheer, they are here, tri-umph-ant! Here they come, with ban-ners
f Solo.
Here they come, ban-ners
fly-ing,..... In step they're nigh-ing,.....
fly-ing,..... In stal-wart step they're nigh-ing,.....
flying, They come with ban-ners flying, Step they're nighing, In stal-wart step they are
With vic-t'ry cry-ing,.....
With shouts of vic-t'ry cry-ing,..... We hur-rah,..... hur-rah,
nighing, Vic-t'ry crying, With shouts of vic-t'ry cry-ing
hur-rah,.....
sing,
..... we greet you now, Hail! Far we their prais-es sing, For the glo-ry and
f Solo.
sing,
brought,
fame they brought us, Loud let the bells them ring, For here they come with banners
brought,

*Dedicated to the '98 Football Team. Words written for the Glee Club of '04.

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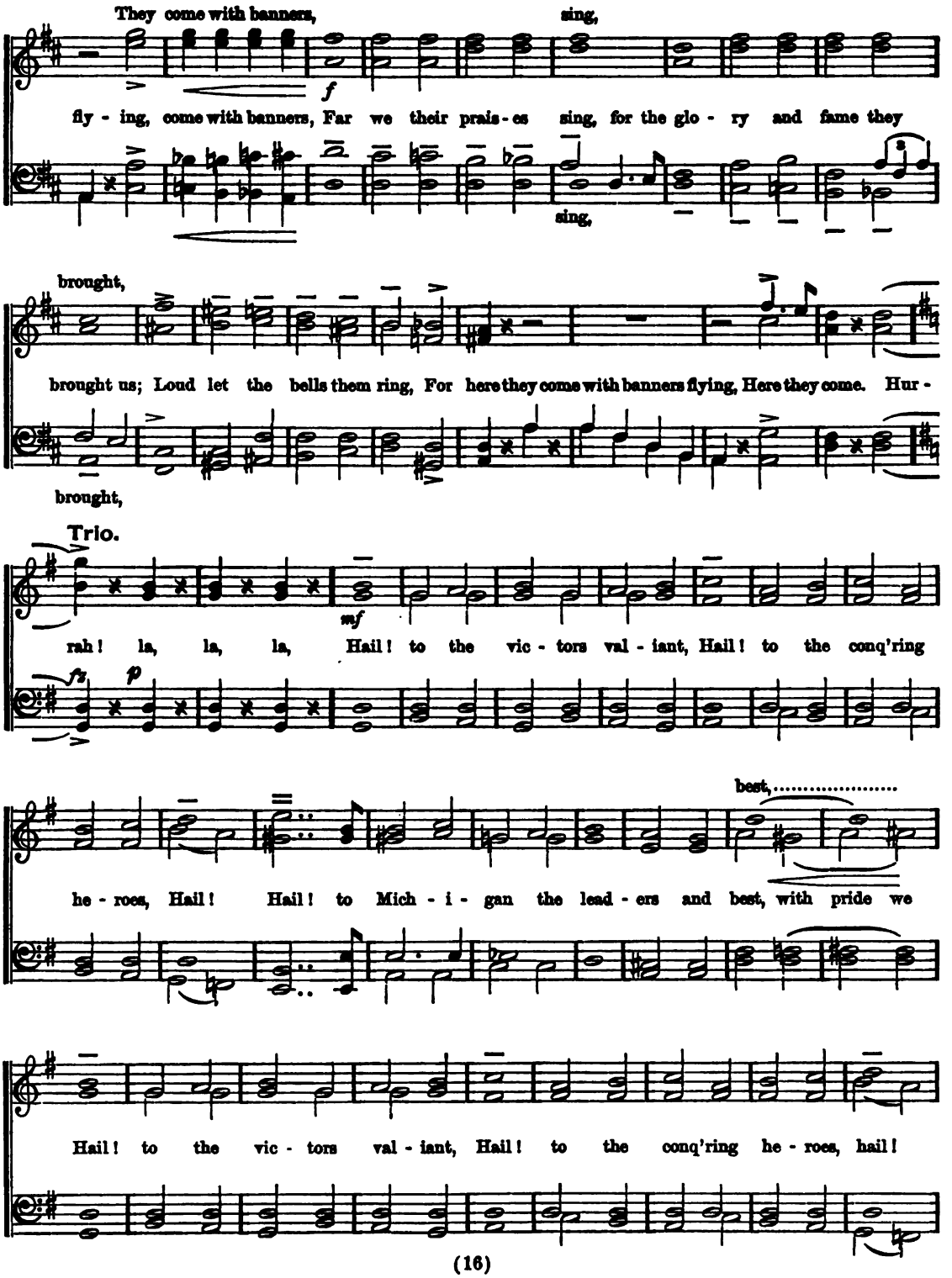
They come with banners, sing,
f
fly - ing, come with banners, Far we their prais - es sing, for the glo - ry and fame they
sing,
brought,
brought us; Loud let the bells them ring, For here they come with banners flying, Here they come. Hur -
brought,
Trio.
mf
rah! la, la, la, Hail! to the vic - tors val - iant, Hail! to the conq'ring
fz
p
best,.....
he - roes, Hail! Hail! to Mich - i - gan the lead - ers and best, with pride we
Hail! to the vic - tors val - iant, Hail! to the conq'ring he - roes, hail!

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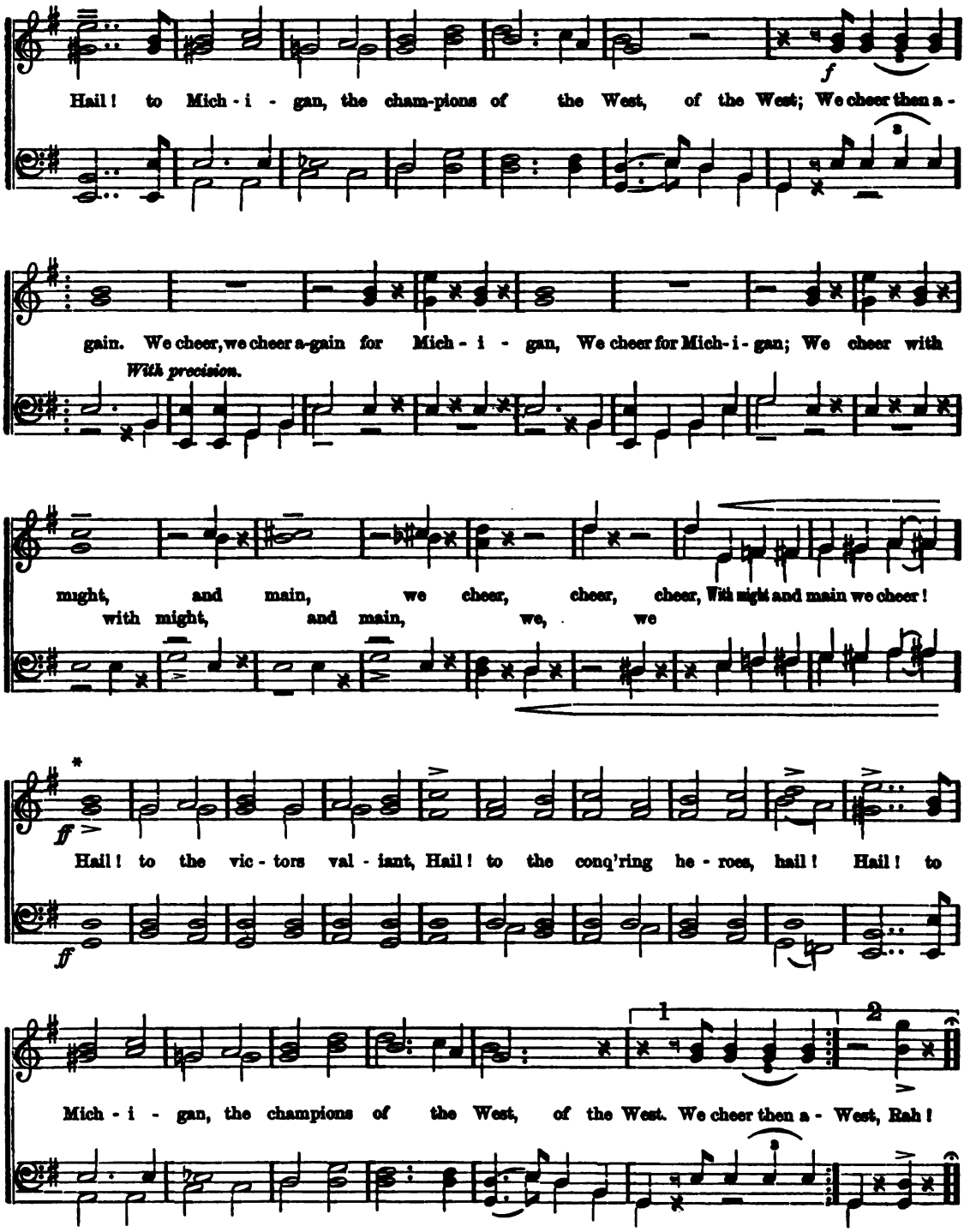
"THE VICTORS."

Hail! to Mich - i - gan, the cham-pions of the West, of the West; We cheer then a -
gain. We cheer, we cheer a-gain for Mich - i - gan, We cheer for Mich-i-gan; We cheer with
With precision.
might, and main, we cheer, cheer, cheer, With might and main we cheer!
with might, and main, we, we
Hail! to the vic - tors val - iant, Hail! to the conq'ring he - roes, hail! Hail! to
Mich - i - gan, the champions of the West, of the West. We cheer then a - West, Rah!

* When accompanied by Mandolin Club, or otherwise, all sing the air here in *unison*,—1st Tenor part *ff*.

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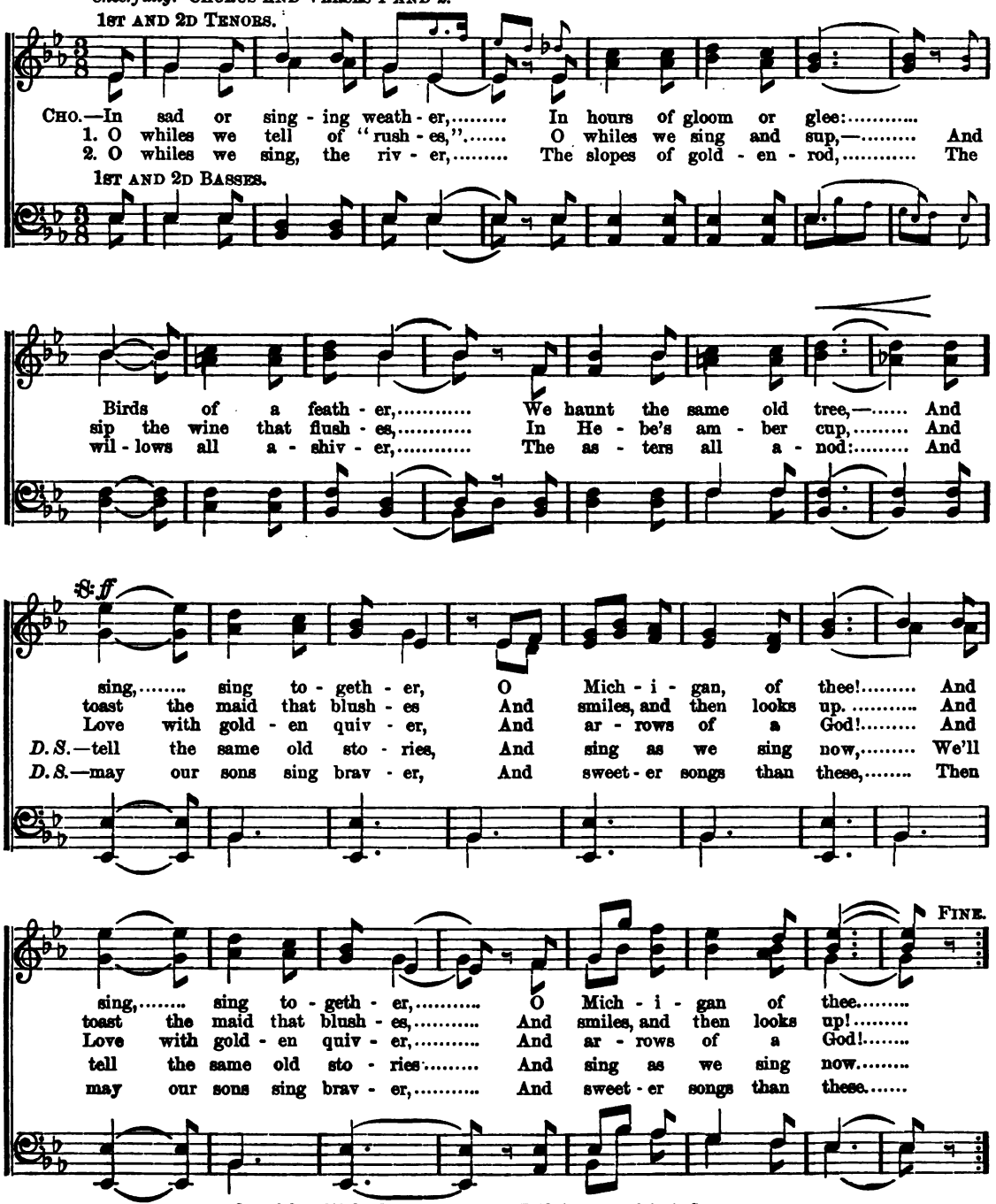
BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Charles M. Gayley, '78. **Air:—"Eton Boating Song." Arr. by A. A. S.**

(Chorus, and verses 1 and 2, to the major; verses 3 and 4 to the minor accompaniment, closing with chorus in the major.)

Cheerfully. CHORUS AND VERSES 1 AND 2.


1ST AND 2D TENORS.
CHO.—In sad or sing - ing weath - er,..... In hours of gloom or glee:.....
1. O whiles we tell of "rush - es,"..... O whiles we sing and sup,—..... And
2. O whiles we sing, the riv - er,..... The slopes of gold - en - rod,..... The
1ST AND 2D BASSES.
Birds of a feath - er,..... We haunt the same old tree,—..... And
sip the wine that flush - es,..... In He - be's am - ber cup,..... And
wil - lows all a - shiv - er,..... The as - ters all a - nod:..... And
S: ff
sing,..... sing to - geth - er, O Mich - i - gan, of thee!..... And
toast the maid that blush - es And smiles, and then looks up. ..... And
Love with gold - en quiv - er, And ar - rows of a God!..... And
D. S.—tell the same old sto - ries, And sing as we sing now,..... We'll
D. S.—may our sons sing brav - er, And sweet - er songs than these,..... Then
FINE.
sing,..... sing to - geth - er,..... O Mich - i - gan of thee.....
toast the maid that blush - es,..... And smiles, and then looks up!.....
Love with gold - en quiv - er,..... And ar - rows of a God!.....
tell the same old sto - ries..... And sing as we sing now.....
may our sons sing brav - er,..... And sweet - er songs than these.....

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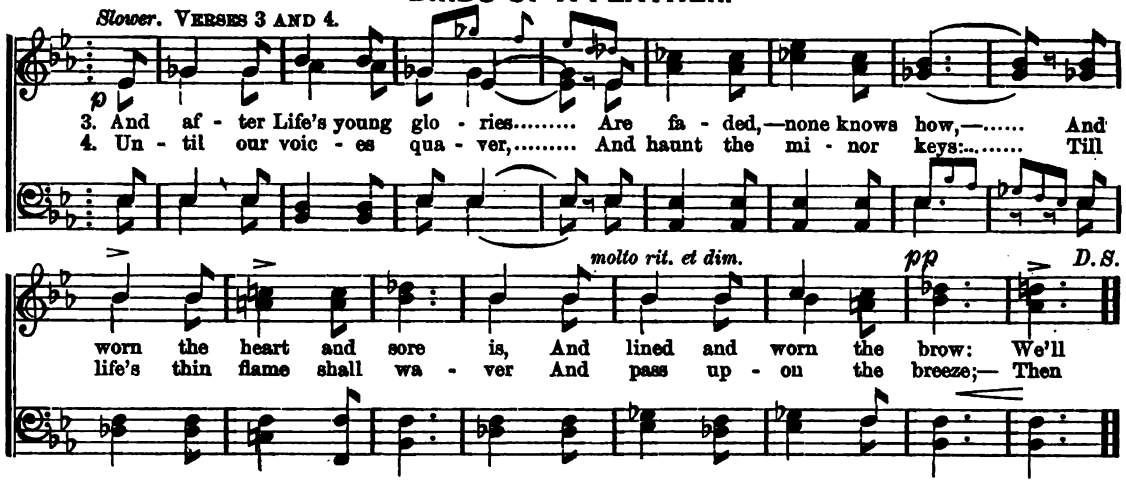
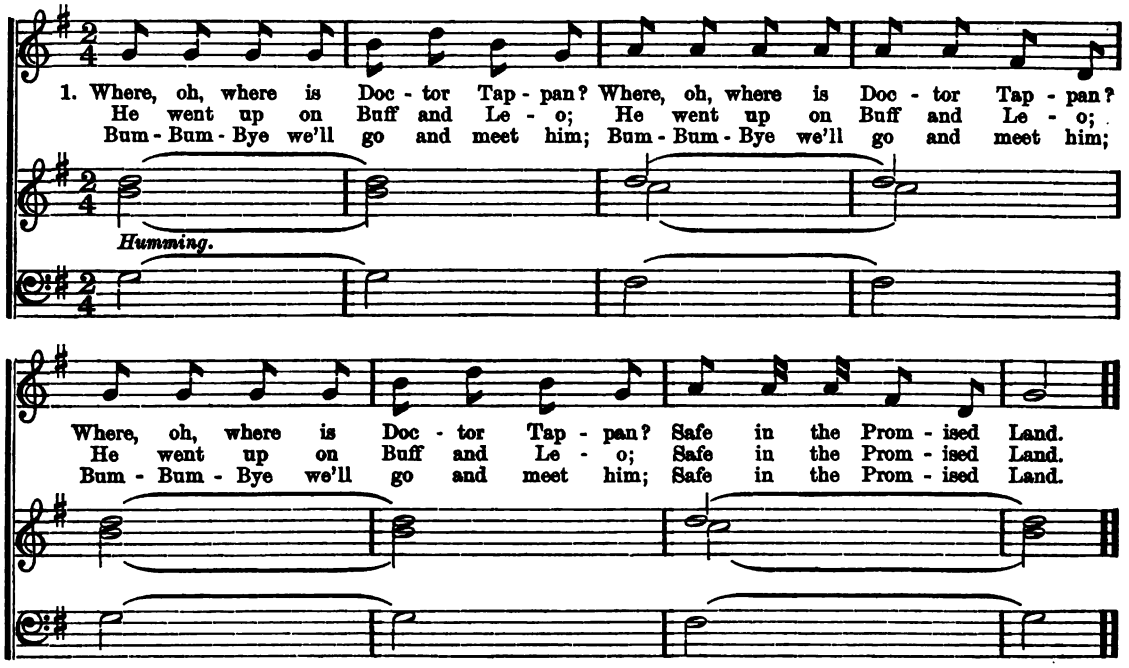
BIRDS OF A FEATHER.


Slower. VERSES 3 AND 4.
p
3. And af - ter Life's young glo - ries..... Are fa - ded,—none knows how,—..... And
4. Un - til our voic - es qua - ver,..... And haunt the mi - nor keys:..... Till
molto rit. et dim.
pp
D.S.
worn the heart and sore is, And lined and worn the brow: We'll
life's thin flame shall wa - ver And pass up - on the breeze;— Then

SONG OF THE "SIXTY-THREES."


1. Where, oh, where is Doc - tor Tap - pan? Where, oh, where is Doc - tor Tap - pan?
He went up on Buff and Le - o; He went up on Buff and Le - o;
Bum - Bum - Bye we'll go and meet him; Bum - Bum - Bye we'll go and meet him;
Humming.
Where, oh, where is Doc - tor Tap - pan? Safe in the Prom - ised Land.
He went up on Buff and Le - o; Safe in the Prom - ised Land.
Bum - Bum - Bye we'll go and meet him; Safe in the Prom - ised Land.

2. Williams.
Where, oh, where is dear old Punkey? Etc.
He went up on "sines and tangents," etc.

3. Duglas.
Where, oh, where is old black Duglas? Etc.
He went up on digitalis, etc.

4. Boise.
Where, oh where is gentle Jimmie? Etc.
He went up on "iota subscript," etc.

5. Frieze.
Where, oh, where is the smiling Frieze? Etc.
He went up on "digital action," etc.

6. Winchell.
Where, oh, where is Doctor Winchell? Etc.
He went up on "yarbs and tanzy," etc.

7. Watson.
Where, oh, where is Fatty Watson? Etc.
He went up on the tail of a comet;

8. Fasquelle.
Where, oh, where is smoothe old Fasquey? Etc.
He went up on the em-pha-sis, etc.

9. White.
Where, oh, where is Free Trade Andy? Etc.
He went up on "Old Statistics," etc.

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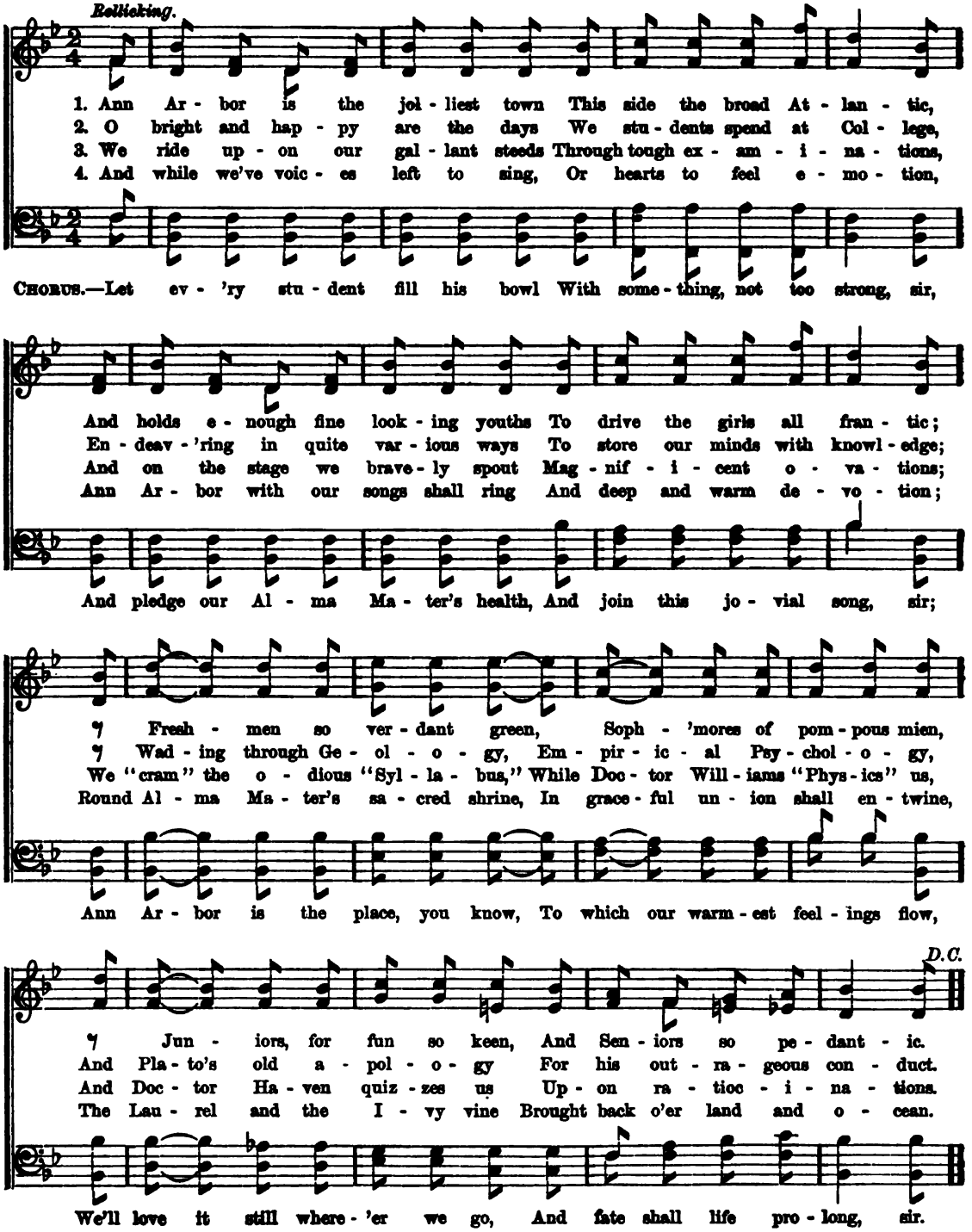
LET EVERY STUDENT FILL HIS BOWL.

Richard S. Dewey, '69. **Air:—"Come, Landlord, Fill Your Flowing Bowl."**

Rollicking.

1. Ann Ar - bor is the jol - liest town This side the broad At - lan - tic,
2. O bright and hap - py are the days We stu - dents spend at Col - lege,
3. We ride up - on our gal - lant steeds Through tough ex - am - i - na - tions,
4. And while we've voic - es left to sing, Or hearts to feel e - mo - tion,
Chorus.—Let ev - 'ry stu - dent fill his bowl With some - thing, not too strong, sir,
And holds e - nough fine look - ing youths To drive the girls all fran - tic;
En - deav - 'ring in quite var - ious ways To store our minds with knowl - edge;
And on the stage we brave - ly spout Mag - nif - i - cent o - va - tions;
Ann Ar - bor with our songs shall ring And deep and warm de - vo - tion;
And pledge our Al - ma Ma - ter's health, And join this jo - vial song, sir;
Fresh - men so ver - dant green, Soph - 'mores of pom - pous mien,
Wad - ing through Ge - ol - o - gy, Em - pir - ic - al Psy - chol - o - gy,
We "cram" the o - dious "Syl - la - bus," While Doc - tor Will - iams "Phys - ics" us,
Round Al - ma Ma - ter's sa - cred shrine, In grace - ful un - ion shall en - twine,
Ann Ar - bor is the place, you know, To which our warm - est feel - ings flow,
D.C.
Jun - iors, for fun so keen, And Sen - iors so pe - dant - ic.
And Pla - to's old a - pol - o - gy For his out - ra - geous con - duct.
And Doc - tor Ha - ven quiz - zes us Up - on ra - tioc - i - na - tions.
The Lau - rel and the I - vy vine Brought back o'er land and o - cean.
We'll love it still where - 'er we go, And fate shall life pro - long, sir.

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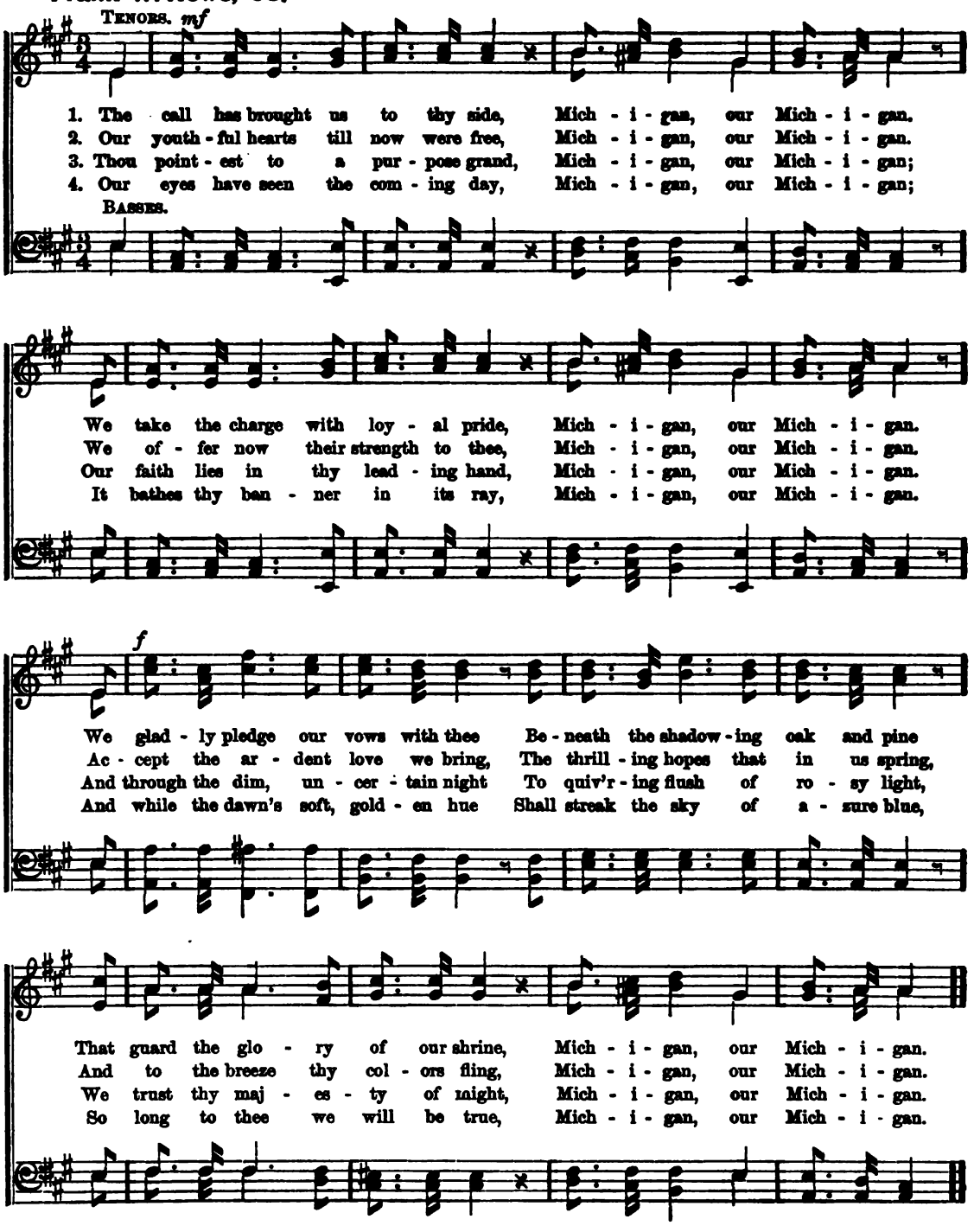
UNIVERSITAS MICHIGANENSIUM.

Frank W. Howe, '93.

TENORS. mf
1. The call has brought us to thy side, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan.
2. Our youth - ful hearts till now were free, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan.
3. Thou point - est to a pur - pose grand, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan;
4. Our eyes have seen the com - ing day, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan;
BASSES.
We take the charge with loy - al pride, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan.
We of - fer now their strength to thee, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan.
Our faith lies in thy lead - ing hand, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan.
It bathes thy ban - ner in its ray, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan.
f
We glad - ly pledge our vows with thee Be - neath the shadow - ing oak and pine
Ac - cept the ar - dent love we bring, The thrill - ing hopes that in us spring,
And through the dim, un - cer - tain night To quiv'r - ing flush of ro - sy light,
And while the dawn's soft, gold - en hue Shall streak the sky of a - zure blue,
That guard the glo - ry of our shrine, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan.
And to the breeze thy col - ors fling, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan.
We trust thy maj - es - ty of might, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan.
So long to thee we will be true, Mich - i - gan, our Mich - i - gan.

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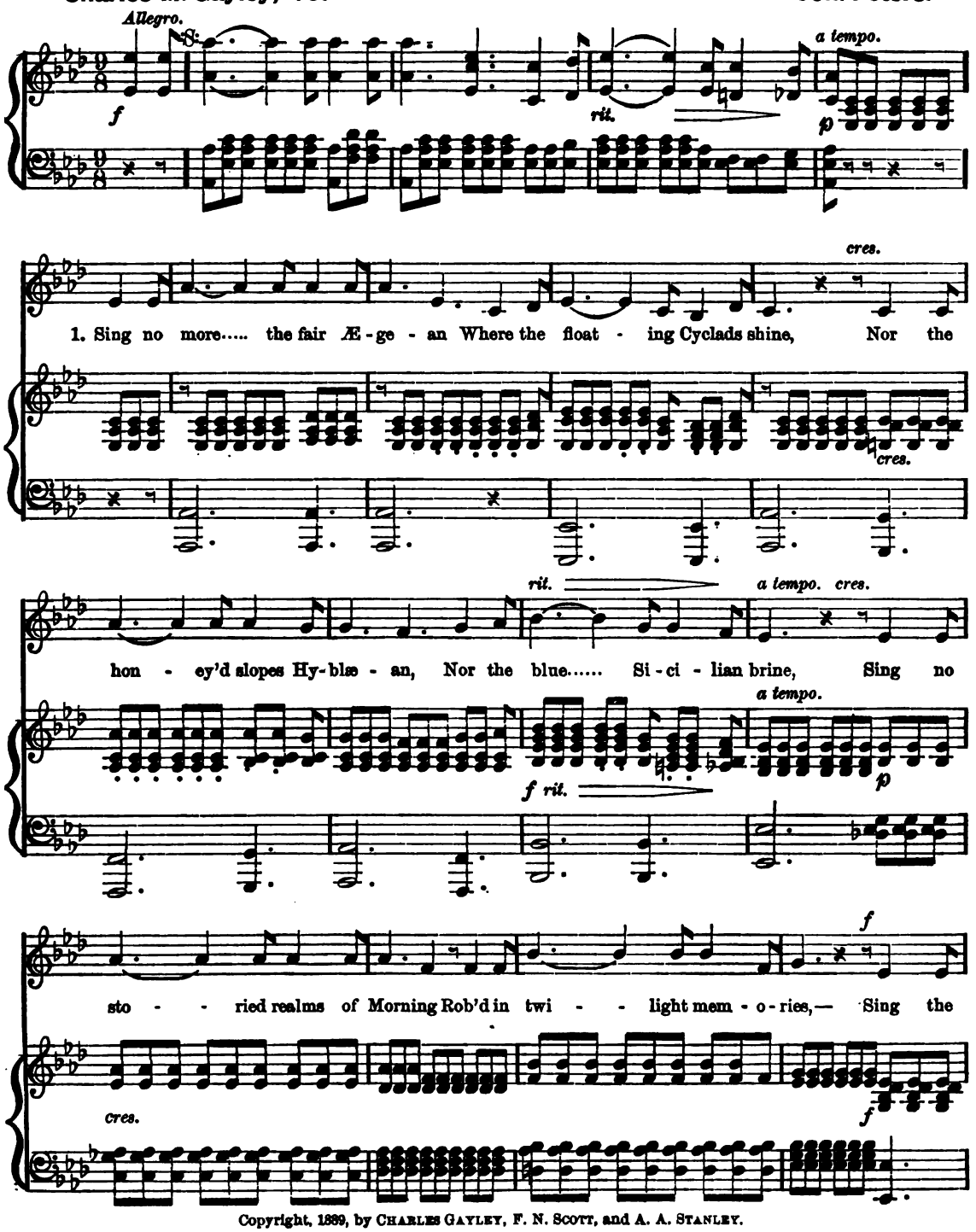
GODDESS OF THE INLAND SEAS.

Charles M. Gayley, '78. Joh. Peters.

Allegro.
f
rit.
a tempo.
p
cres.
1. Sing no more..... the fair Æ - ge - an Where the float - ing Cyclads shine, Nor the
cres.
rit.
a tempo. cres.
hon - ey'd slopes Hy - blæ - an, Nor the blue..... Si - ci - lian brine, Sing no
a tempo.
f rit.
p
f
sto - - ried realms of Morning Rob'd in twi - - light mem - o - ries,— Sing the
cres.
f

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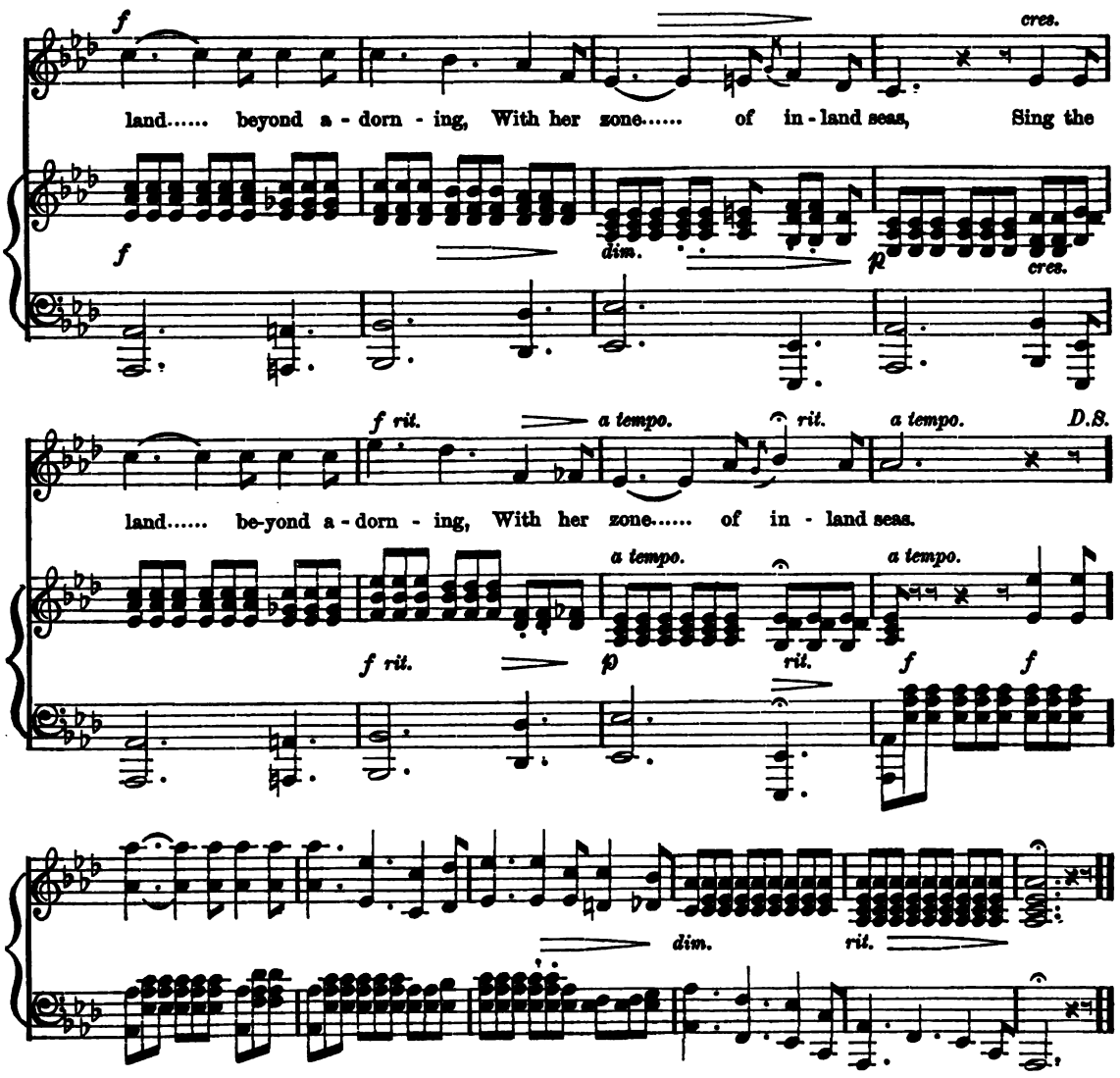
GODDESS OF THE INLAND SEAS.

2 Here the gods of Hellas wandered,
When they left their hills and brooks,
Here a Pan has piped and pondered;
Here the Nymphs have filled the nooks;
Here the Satyrs, without warning,
Creep upon the Naiades;
Here the golden god of morning
Rises from the inland seas.

3 Now the eyes that are anointed
See the blossom—tide of spring;
Ours the blissful age appointed,
Ours the clime the poets sing.
Hark, O Maid of Western Morning,—
Wave and woodland, brook and breeze,
Hail thee, Queen, beyond adorning,
Girdled with thy inland seas!

4 So, the sacred fires of knowledge
In thy temple are enshrined,—
Through the cloisters of thy college
Choruses eternal wind!
And all other incense scorning,
Michigan, they bring thee these
Hearts of ours, and songs of morning,
Goddess of the inland seas.

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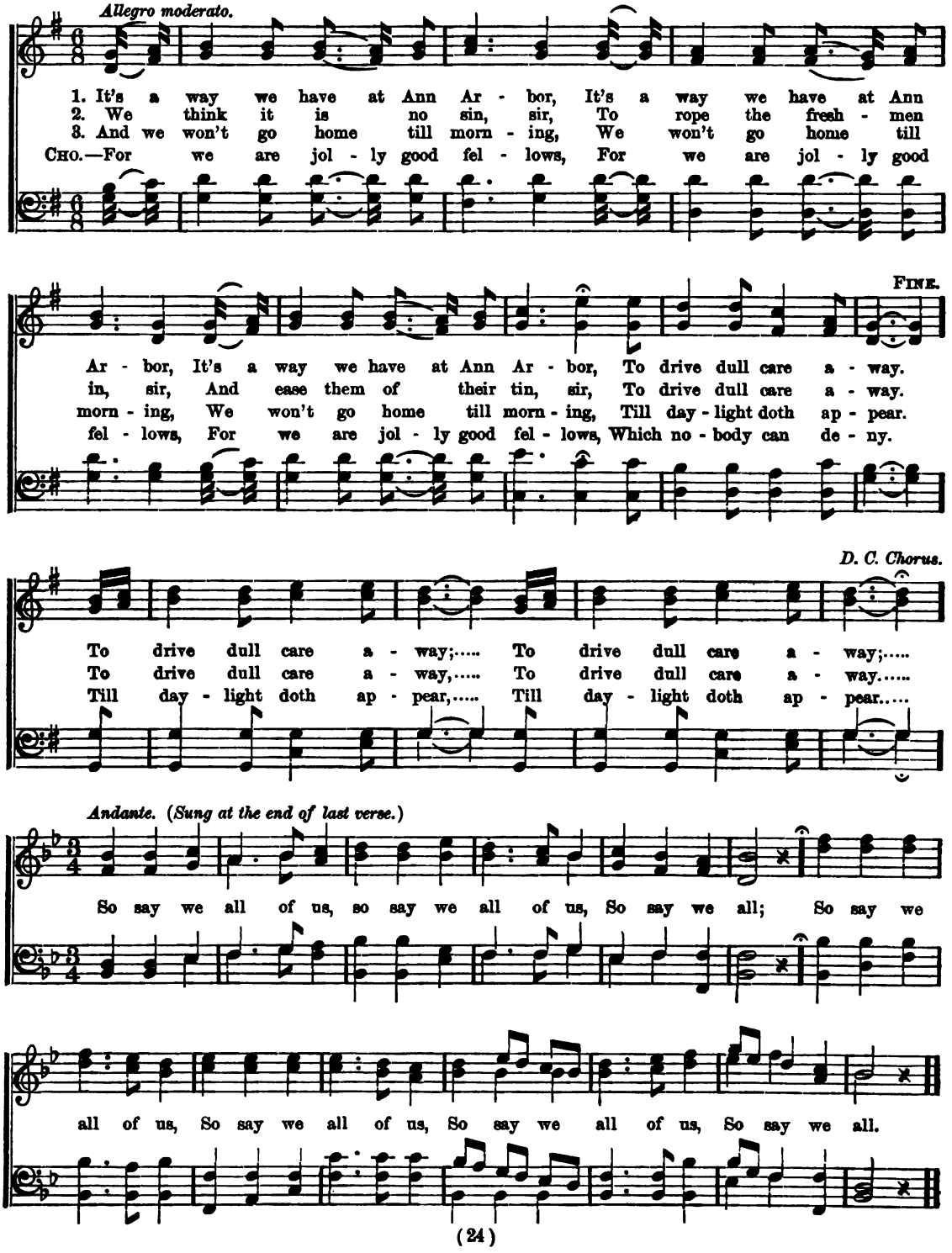
IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT ANN ARBOR.

Allegro moderato.
1. It's a way we have at Ann Ar - bor, It's a way we have at Ann
2. We think it is no sin, sir, To rope the fresh - men
3. And we won't go home till morn - ing, We won't go home till
Cho.—For we are jol - ly good fel - lows, For we are jol - ly good
Ar - bor, It's a way we have at Ann Ar - bor, To drive dull care a - way.
in, sir, And ease them of their tin, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
morn - ing, We won't go home till morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear.
fel - lows, For we are jol - ly good fel - lows, Which no - body can de - ny.
Fine.
To drive dull care a - way;..... To drive dull care a - way;.....
To drive dull care a - way,..... To drive dull care a - way.....
Till day - light doth ap - pear,..... Till day - light doth ap - pear.....
D. C. Chorus.
Andante. (Sung at the end of last verse.)
So say we all of us, so say we all of us, So say we all; So say we
all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all.

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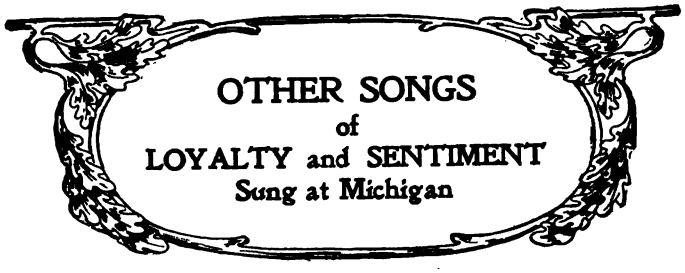
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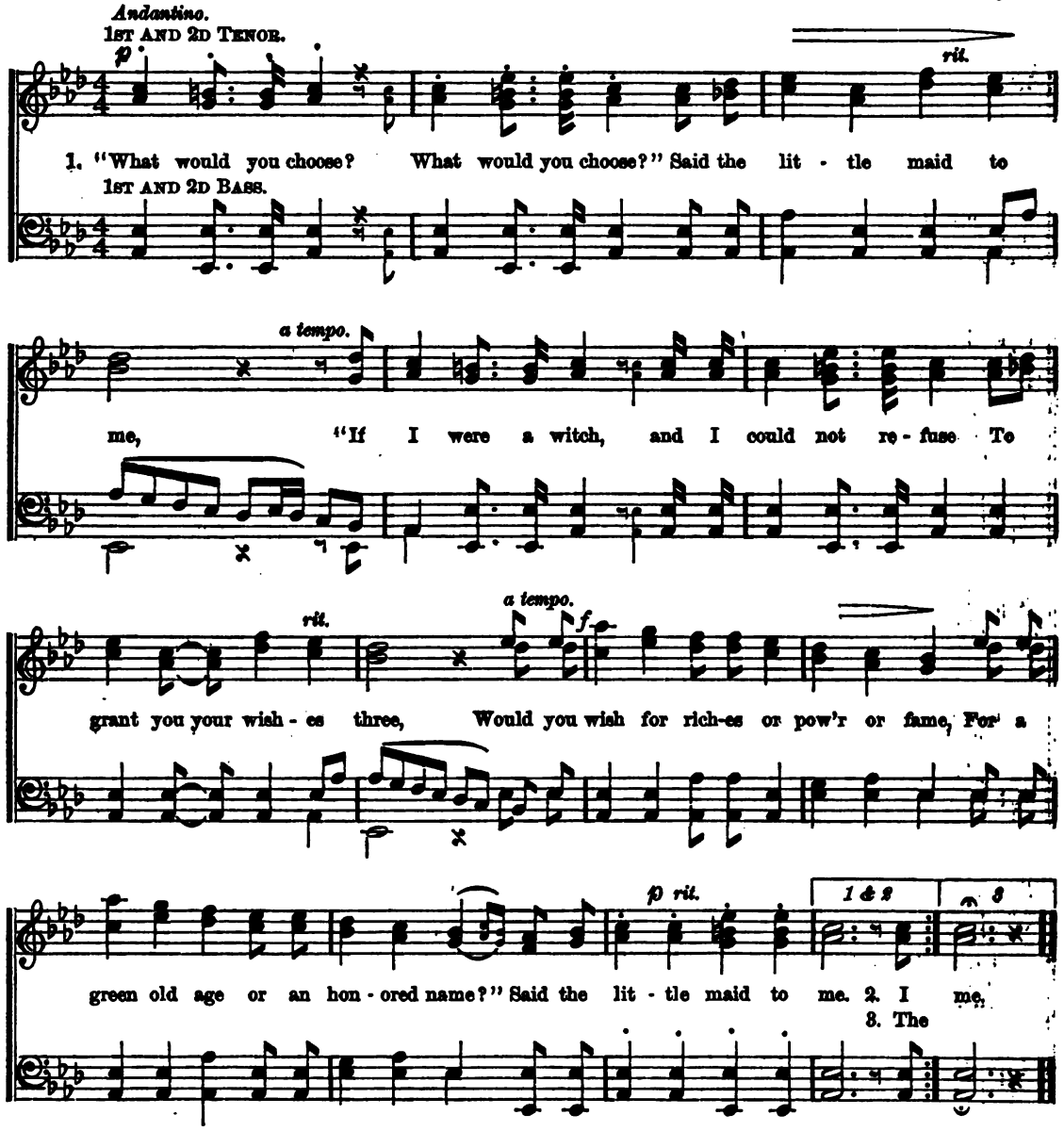
WITCHERY.

Fred N. Scott, '84. A. A. Stanley.

Andantino.
1ST AND 2D TENOR.
1. "What would you choose? What would you choose?" Said the lit - tle maid to
1ST AND 2D BASS.
rit.
a tempo.
me, "If I were a witch, and I could not re - fuse To
rit.
a tempo.
grant you your wish - es three, Would you wish for rich-es or pow'r or fame, For a
p rit.
1 & 2
3
green old age or an hon - ored name?" Said the lit - tle maid to me. 2. I me,
3. The

2 "I know what I'd choose, I know what I'd choose,"
Said I to the little maid,
"If you were a witch, and you could not refuse
To lend me your magical aid,
A kiss first of all from your lips I should claim,
And the other two wishes would be just the same,"
Said I to the little maid.

3 The maiden she blushed, the maiden she frowned,
And bit her finger-tips,
And gave a timid glance around
And pouted out her lips;
"Do you really suppose I'm a witch? If you do
You might try—and see if your wishes come true,"
Said the little maid to me.

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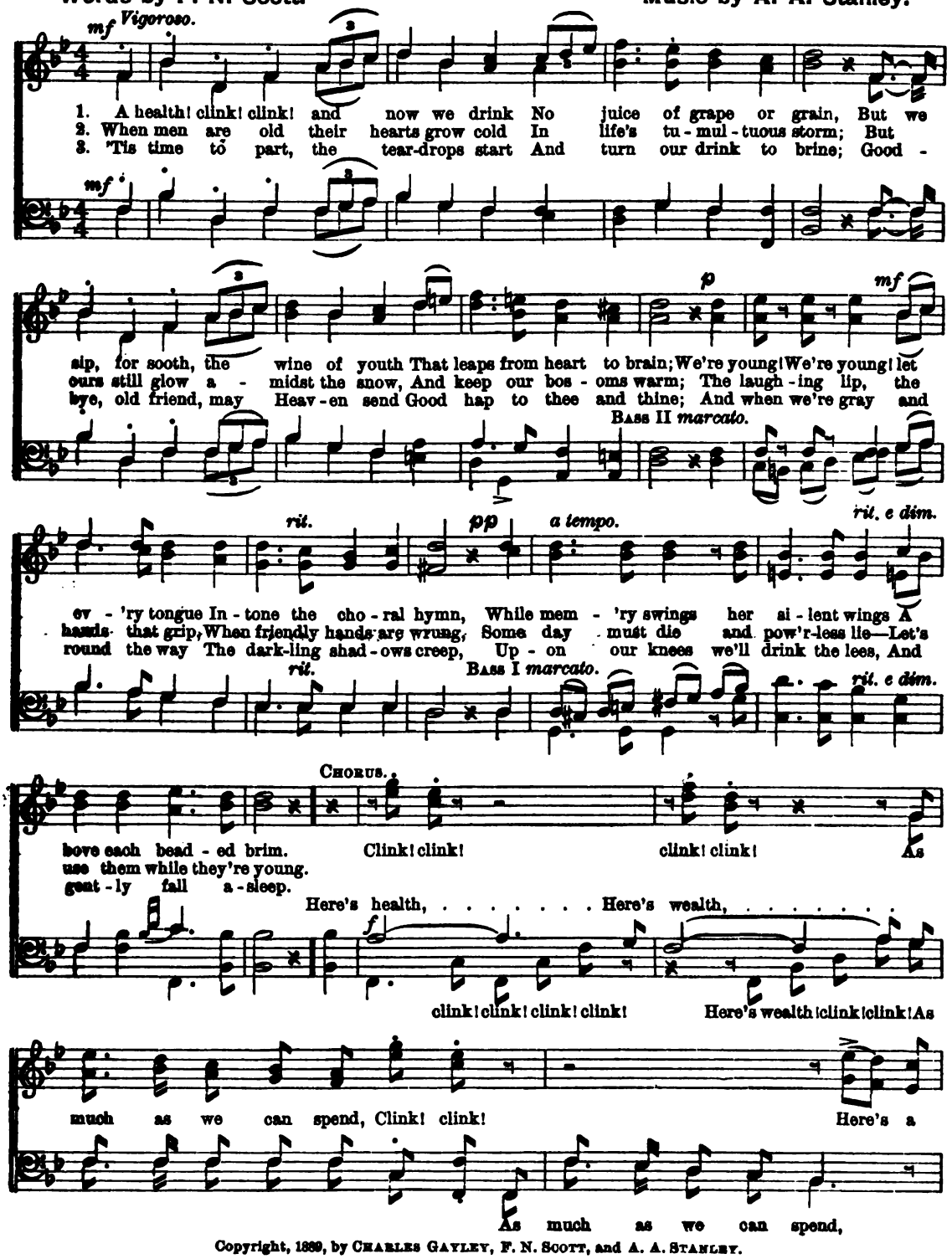
ELIXIR JUVENTATIS.

Words by F. N. Scott. Music by A. A. Stanley.


mf Vigoroso.
1. A health! clink! clink! and now we drink No juice of grape or grain, But we
2. When men are old their hearts grow cold In life's tu-mul-tuous storm; But
3. 'Tis time to part, the tear-drops start And turn our drink to brine; Good-
mf
sip, for sooth, the wine of youth That leaps from heart to brain; We're young! We're young! let
ours still glow a-midst the snow, And keep our bos-oms warm; The laugh-ing lip, the
bye, old friend, may Heav-en send Good hap to thee and thine; And when we're gray and
p
mf
Bass II marcato.
rit.
pp
a tempo.
rit. e dim.
ev-'ry tongue In-tone the cho-ral hymn, While mem-'ry swings her si-lent wings A
hands that grip, When friendly hands are wrung, Some day must die and pow'r-less lie—Let's
round the way The dark-ling shad-ows creep, Up-on our knees we'll drink the lees, And
rit.
Bass I marcato.
rit. e dim.
Chorus.
bove each bead-ed brim. Clink! clink! clink! clink! As
use them while they're young.
geat-ly fall a-sleep.
Here's health, ... Here's wealth, ...
f
clink! clink! clink! clink! Here's wealth! clink! clink! As
much as we can spend, Clink! clink! Here's a
As much as we can spend,

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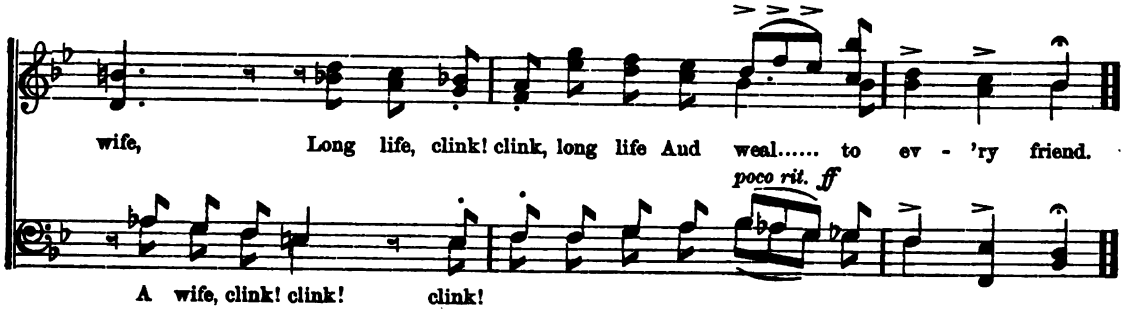
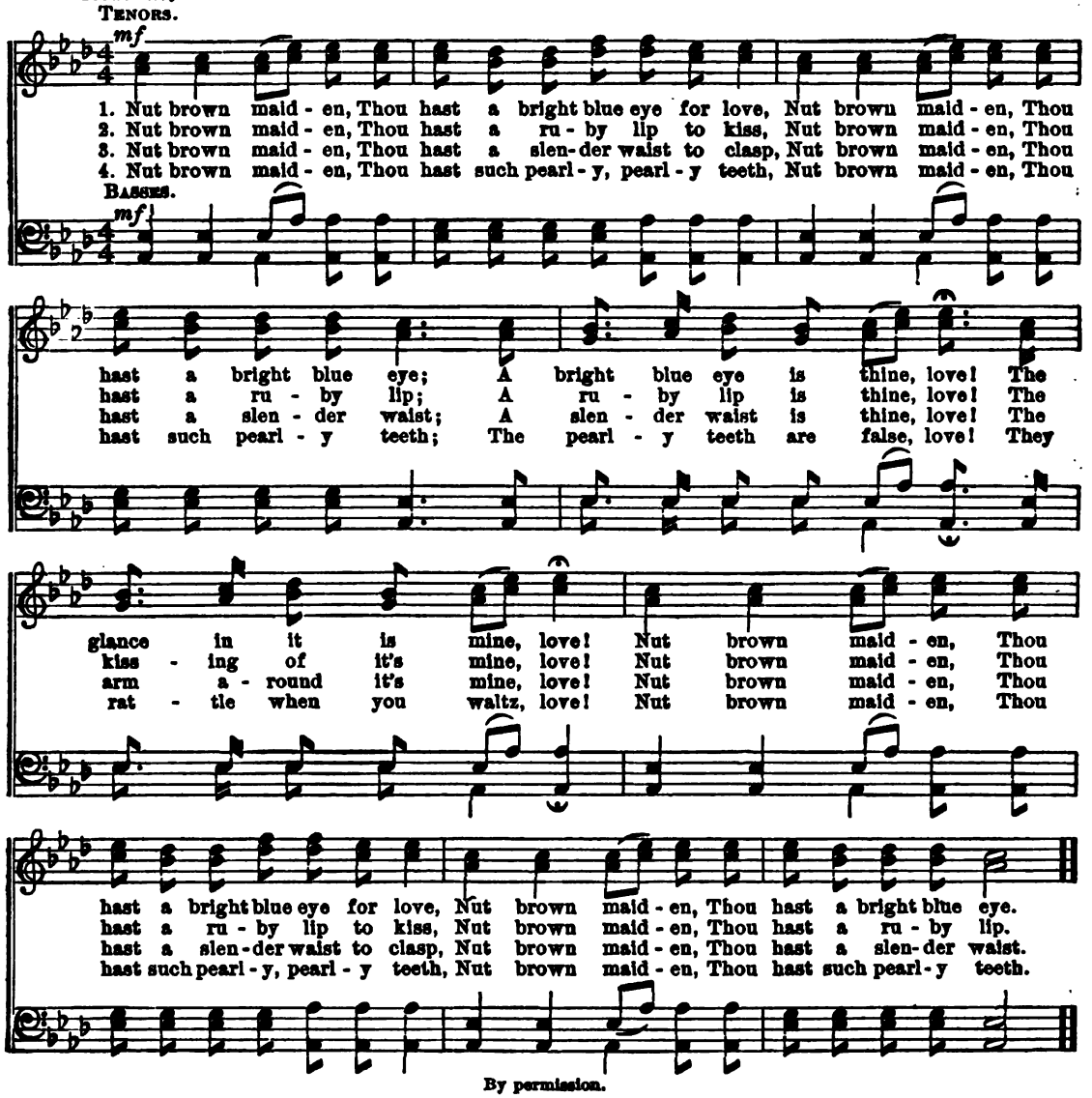
ELIXIR JUVENTATIS.



NUT BROWN MAIDEN.

Moderato.


TENORS.
mf
1. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
2. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
3. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen-der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
4. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast such pearl - y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
BASSES.
mf
hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The
hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The
hast a slen - der waist; A slen - der waist is thine, love! The
hast such pearl - y teeth; The pearl - y teeth are false, love! They
glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
kiss - ing of it's mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
arm a - round it's mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
rat - tle when you waltz, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye.
hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip.
hast a slen-der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen-der waist.
hast such pearl - y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast such pearl - y teeth.

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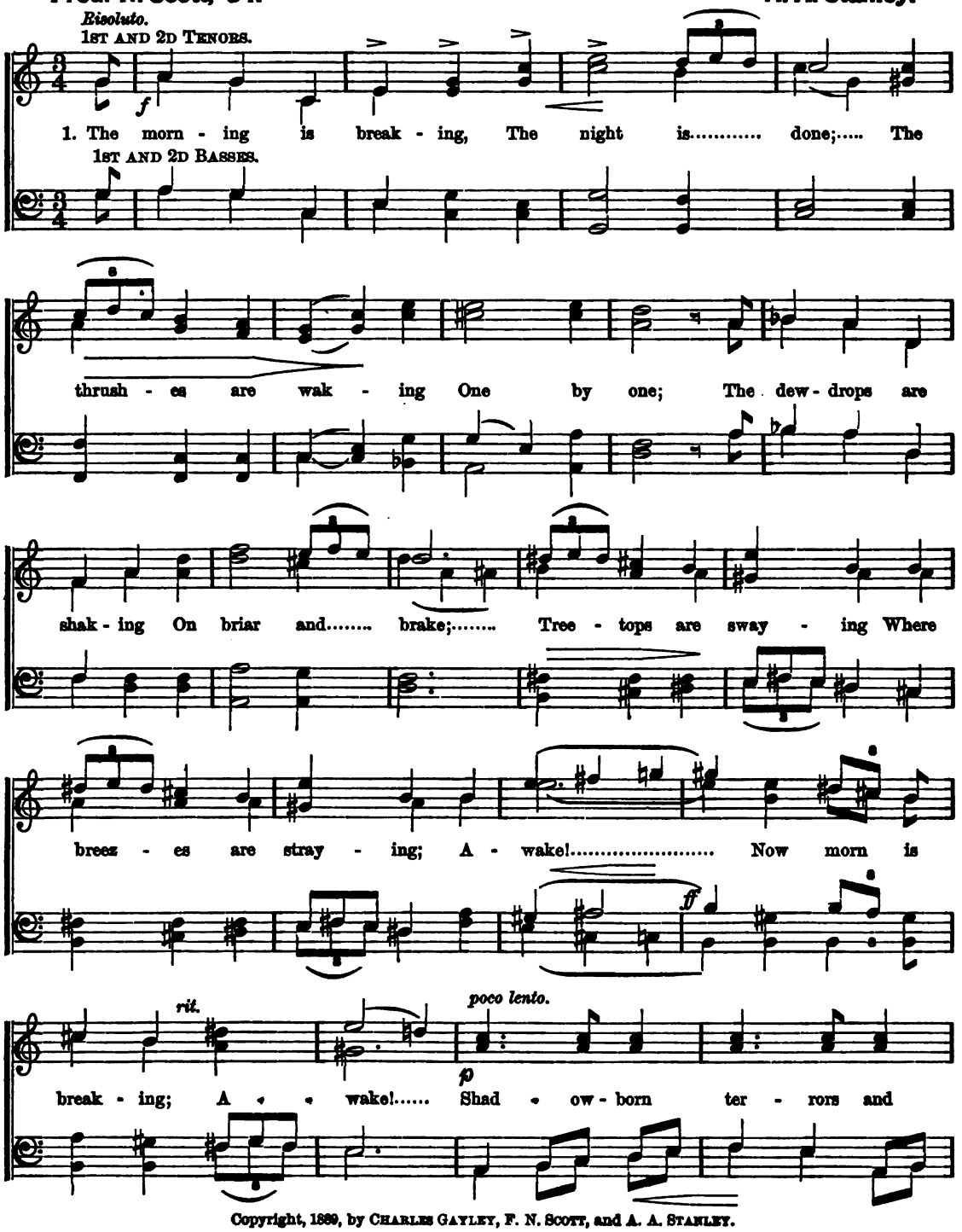
MORNING SONG.

Fred. N. Scott, '84. A. A. Stanley.

Risoluto.
1ST AND 2D TENORS.
1ST AND 2D BASSES.
1. The morn - ing is break - ing, The night is..... done;..... The
thrush - es are wak - ing One by one; The dew - drops are
shak - ing On briar and..... brake;..... Tree - tops are sway - ing Where
breez - es are stray - ing; A - wake!..... Now morn is
rit.
poco lento.
break - ing; A - wake!..... Shad - ow - born ter - rors and

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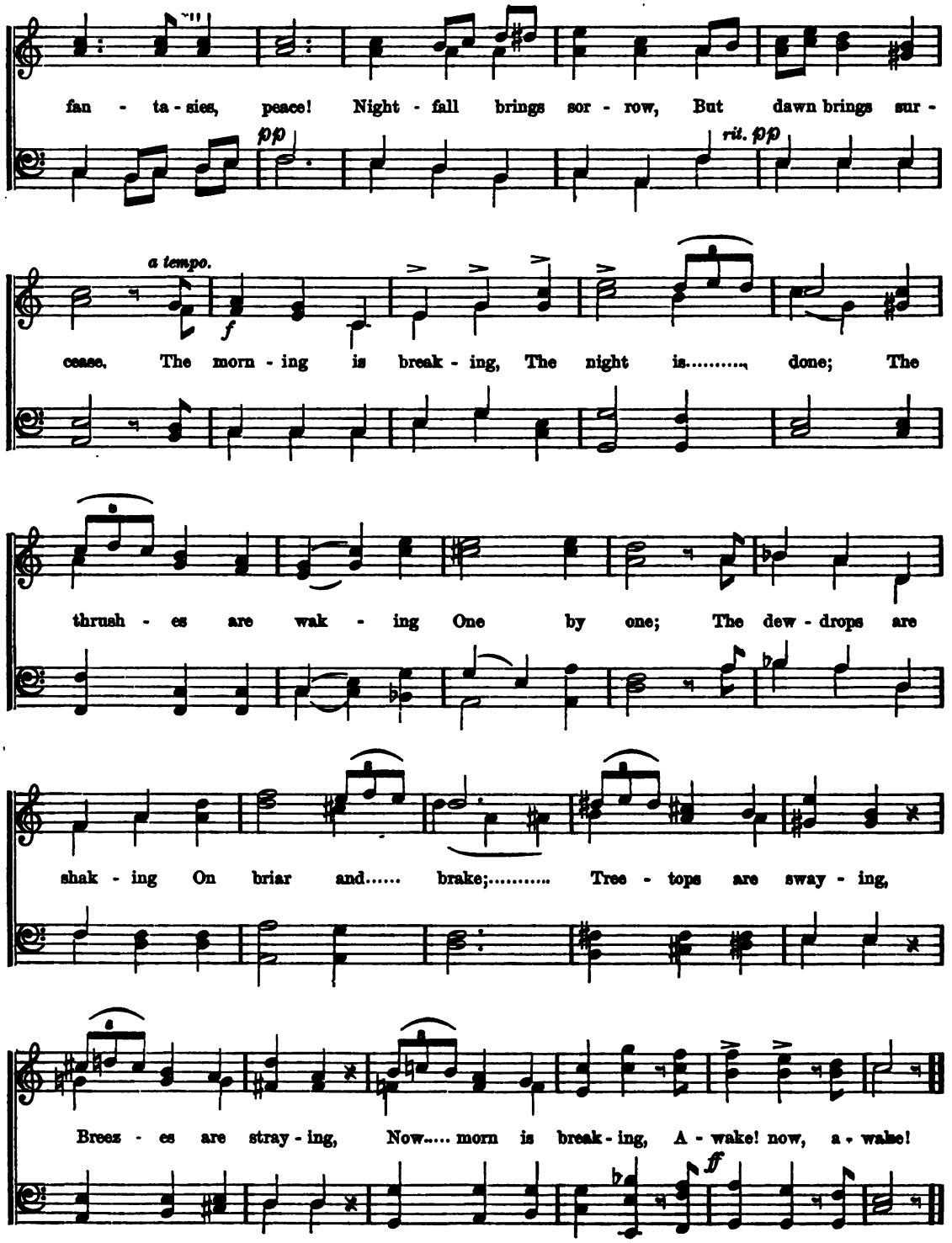
MORNING SONG.

fan - ta - sies, peace! Night - fall brings sor - row, But dawn brings sur -
pp
rit. pp
a tempo.
f
cease. The morn - ing is break - ing, The night is....., done; The
thrush - es are wak - ing One by one; The dew - drops are
shak - ing On briar and..... brake;..... Tree - tops are sway - ing,
Breez - es are stray - ing, Now..... morn is break - ing, A - wake! now, a - wake!
ff

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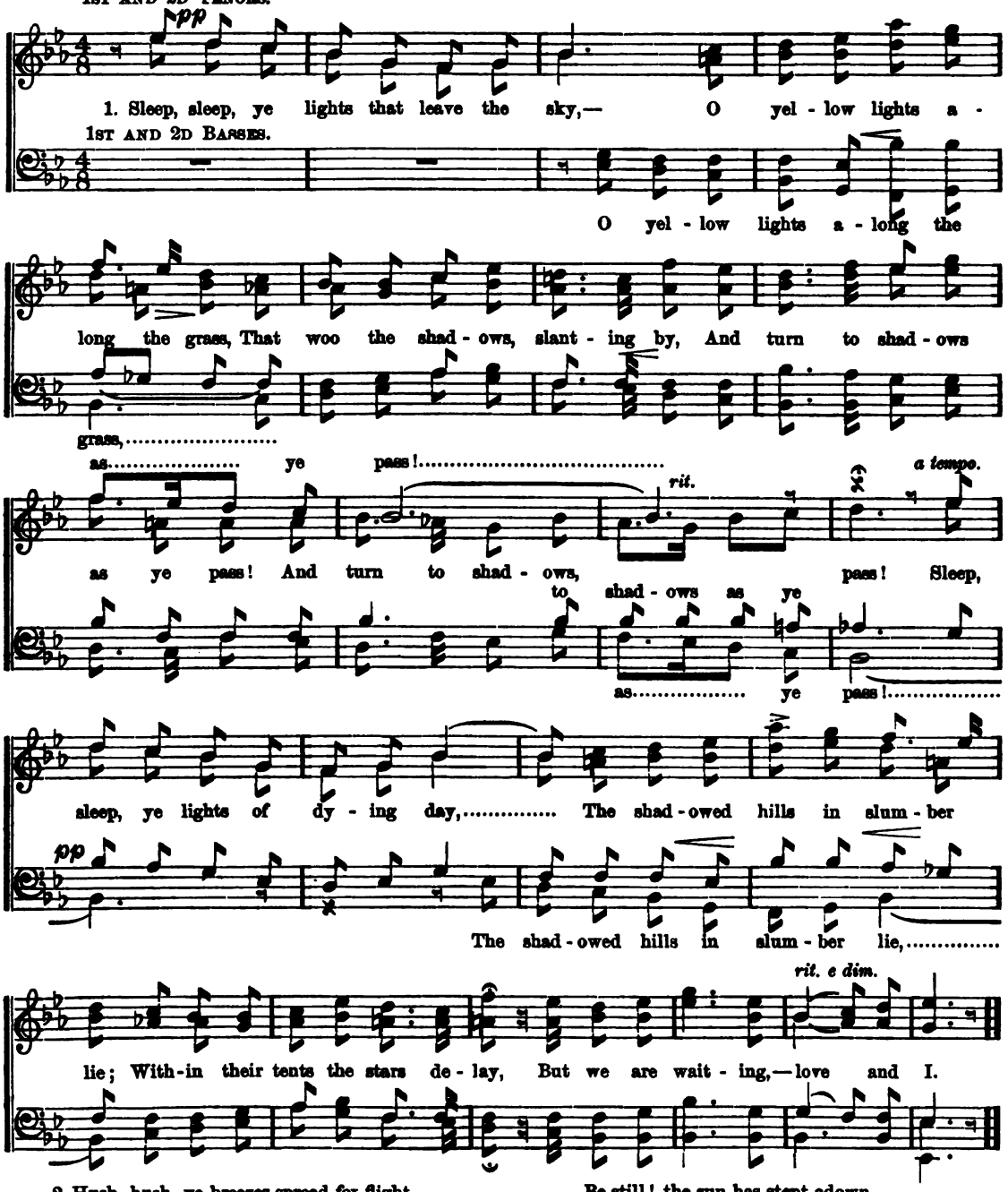
EVENING SONG.

Charles M. Gayley, '78. A. A. Stanley.

Adagio. Quartette.

1st and 2d Tenors.

pp
1. Sleep, sleep, ye lights that leave the sky,— O yel - low lights a -
1st and 2d Basses.
O yel - low lights a - long the
long the grass, That woo the shad - ows, slant - ing by, And turn to shad - ows
grass,.....
as..... ye pass!..... rit. a tempo.
as ye pass! And turn to shad - ows, to shad - ows as ye pass! Sleep,
as..... ye pass!.....
sleep, ye lights of dy - ing day,..... The shad - owed hills in slum - ber
pp
The shad - owed hills in slum - ber lie,.....
rit. e dim.
lie; With - in their tents the stars de - lay, But we are wait - ing,—love and I.

2 Hush, hush, ye breezes spread for flight,
O forms on dusky wings upborne,—
Nor wake the maples for delight,
Nor tune the thrushes for the morn!
Be still! the sun has stept adown
The sleepy margin of the night;
O breezes blown 'mid shadows brown—
The stars and we are silent, quite!

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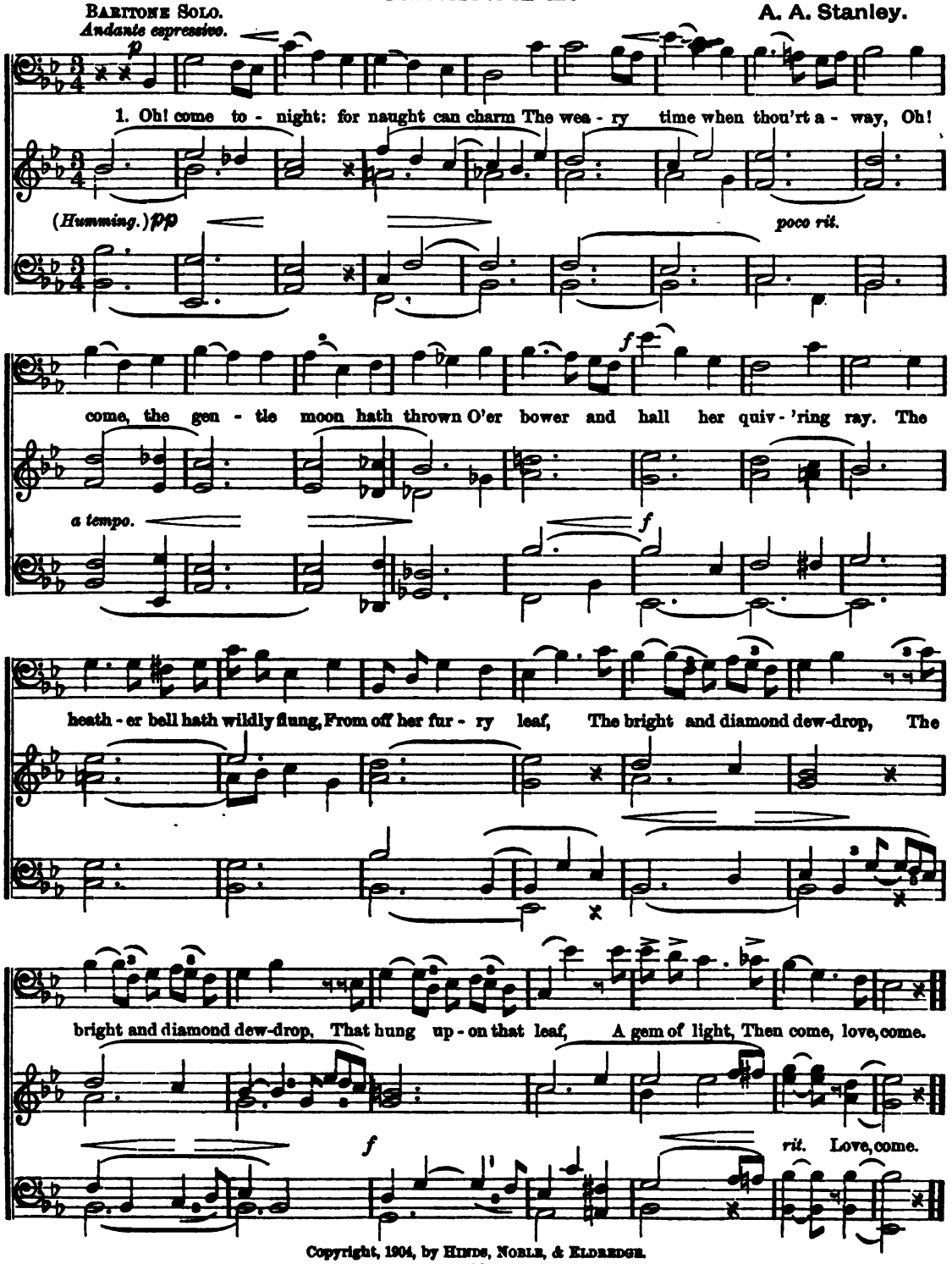
SERENADE.

BARITONE SOLO. *Andante expressivo.* A. A. Stanley.

1. Oh! come to - night: for naught can charm The wea - ry time when thou'rt a - way, Oh!
(Humming.) pp
poco rit.
come, the gen - tle moon hath thrown O'er bower and hall her quiv - 'ring ray. The
a tempo.
heath - er bell hath wildly flung, From off her fur - ry leaf, The bright and diamond dew-drop, The
bright and diamond dew-drop, That hung up - on that leaf, A gem of light, Then come, love, come.
rit. Love, come.

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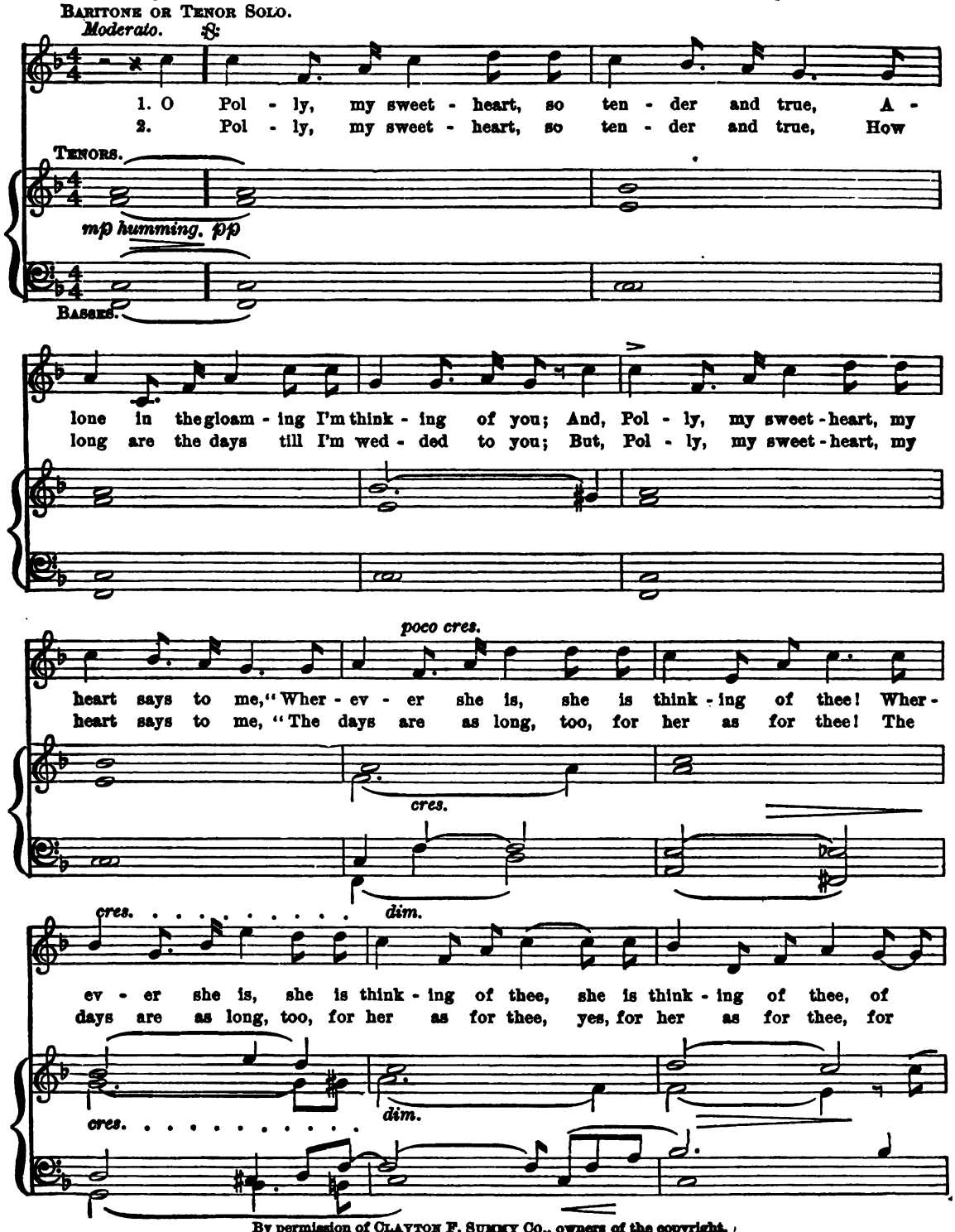
POLLY, MY SWEETHEART.

Words by Dr. S. A. Jones. **Music by R. G. Cole.**

BARITONE OR TENOR SOLO.


Moderato.
1. O Pol - ly, my sweet - heart, so ten - der and true, A -
2. Pol - ly, my sweet - heart, so ten - der and true, How
TENORS.
mp humming. pp
BASSES.
lone in the gloam - ing I'm think - ing of you; And, Pol - ly, my sweet - heart, my
long are the days till I'm wed - ded to you; But, Pol - ly, my sweet - heart, my
poco cres.
heart says to me, "Wher - ev - er she is, she is think - ing of thee! Wher -
heart says to me, "The days are as long, too, for her as for thee! The
cres.
dim.
cres.
ev - er she is, she is think - ing of thee, she is think - ing of thee, of
days are as long, too, for her as for thee, yes, for her as for thee, for
dim.
cres.

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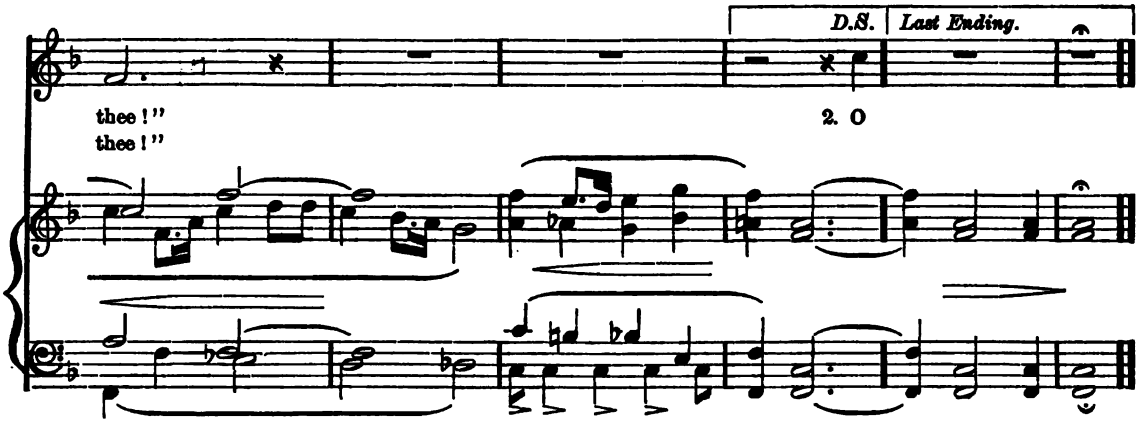
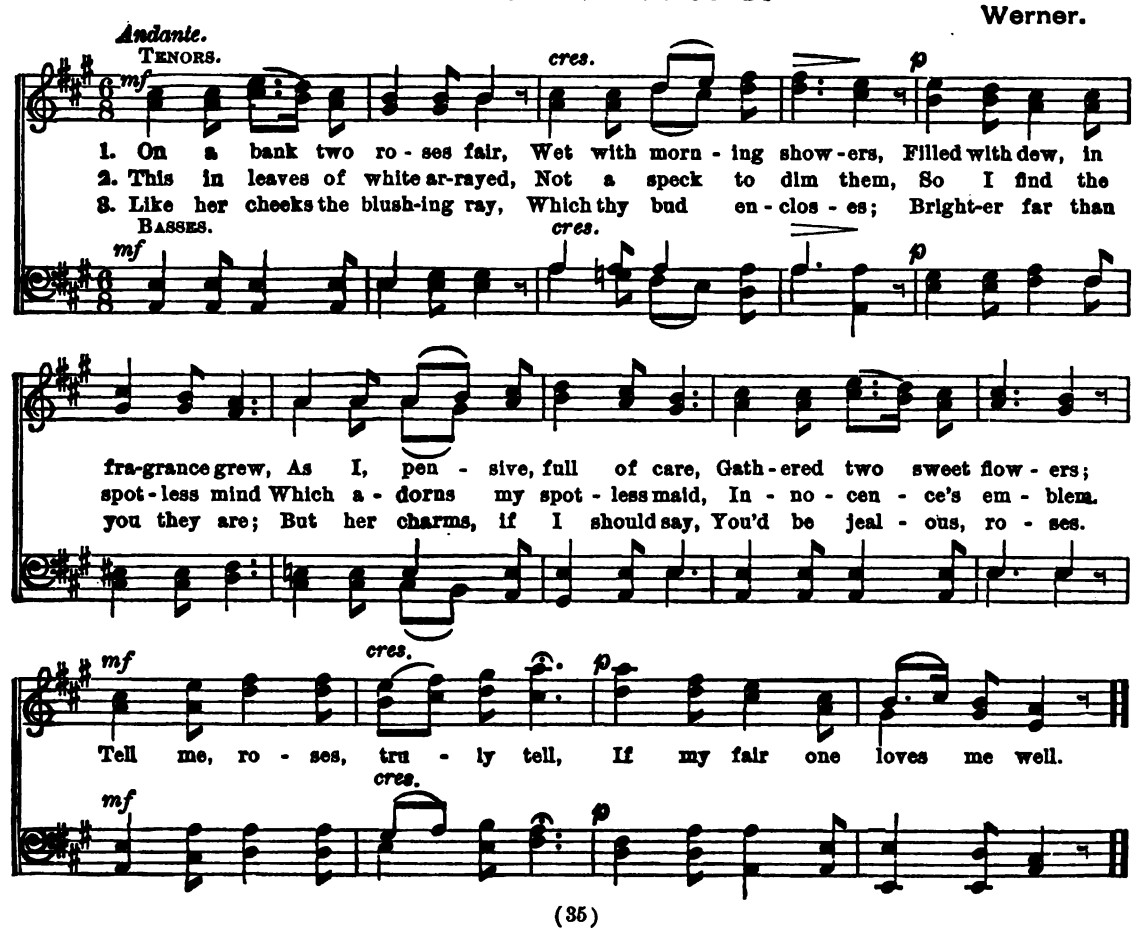
POLLY, MY SWEETHEART.

3 O Polly, my sweetheart, so tender and true,
I'll laugh at the King, when I'm wedded to you;
And Polly, my sweetheart, my heart says to me,
"She'll blush like the rose as she listens to thee!"

4 O Polly, my sweetheart, the dark day must come,
When fond eyes are darkened and dear lips are dumb;
But Polly, my sweetheart, my heart says to me,
"Wherever the one is, the other shall be!"

THE TWO ROSES.

Werner.

Andante.
Tenors.
mf
cres.
p
1. On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers, Filled with dew, in
2. This in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the
3. Like her cheeks the blush-ing ray, Which thy bud en - clos - es; Bright-er far than
Basses.
mf
cres.
p
fra-grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gath - ered two sweet flow - ers;
spot - less mind Which a - dorns my spot - less maid, In - no - cen - ce's em - blem.
you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal - ous, ro - ses.
mf
cres.
p
Tell me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
mf
cres.
p

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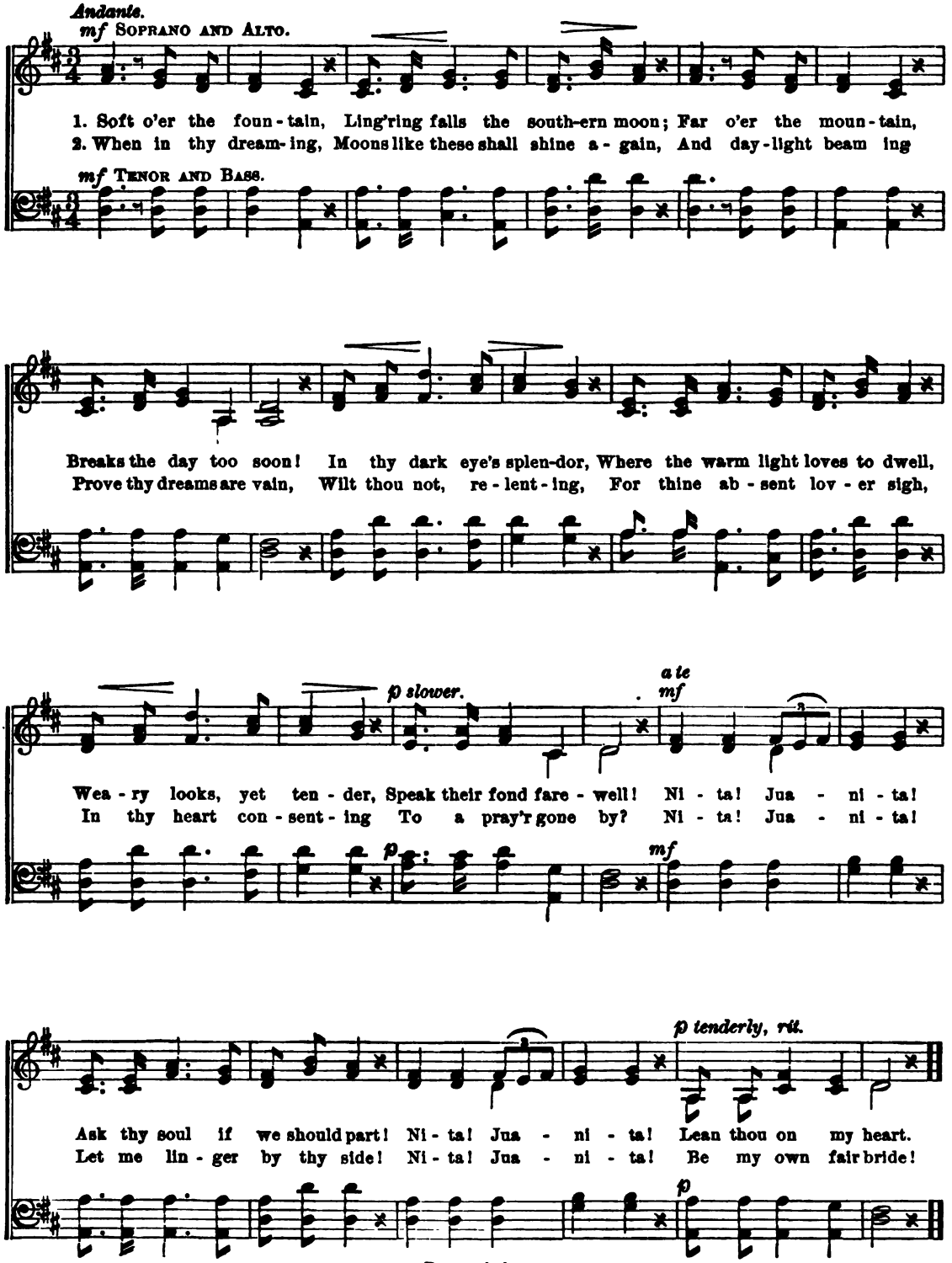
JUANITA.

Andante.
mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.
1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam ing
mf TENOR AND BASS.
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,
p slower.
a te
mf
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
p
mf
p tenderly, rit.
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!
p

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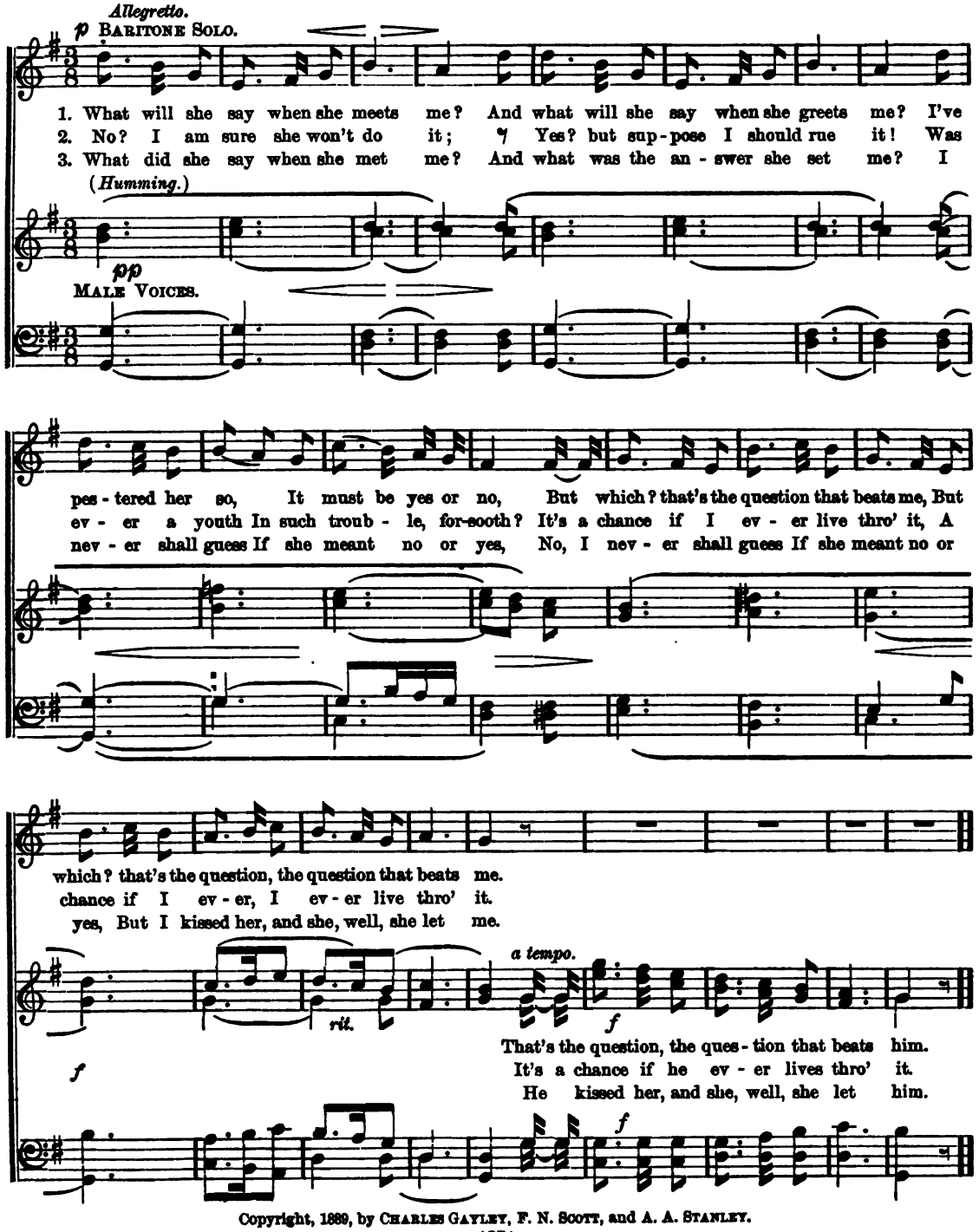
THE ANSWER.

(LUI.)

Fred N. Scott, '84. A. A. Stanley.


Allegretto.
p Baritone Solo.
1. What will she say when she meets me? And what will she say when she greets me? I've
2. No? I am sure she won't do it; Yes? but sup-pose I should rue it! Was
3. What did she say when she met me? And what was the an-swer she set me? I
(Humming.)
pp
Male Voices.
pes-tered her so, It must be yes or no, But which? that's the question that beats me, But
ev-er a youth In such troub-le, for-sooth? It's a chance if I ev-er live thro' it, A
nev-er shall guess If she meant no or yes, No, I nev-er shall guess If she meant no or
which? that's the question, the question that beats me.
chance if I ev-er, I ev-er live thro' it.
yes, But I kissed her, and she, well, she let me.
a tempo.
rit.
f
That's the question, the ques-tion that beats him.
It's a chance if he ev-er lives thro' it.
He kissed her, and she, well, she let him.

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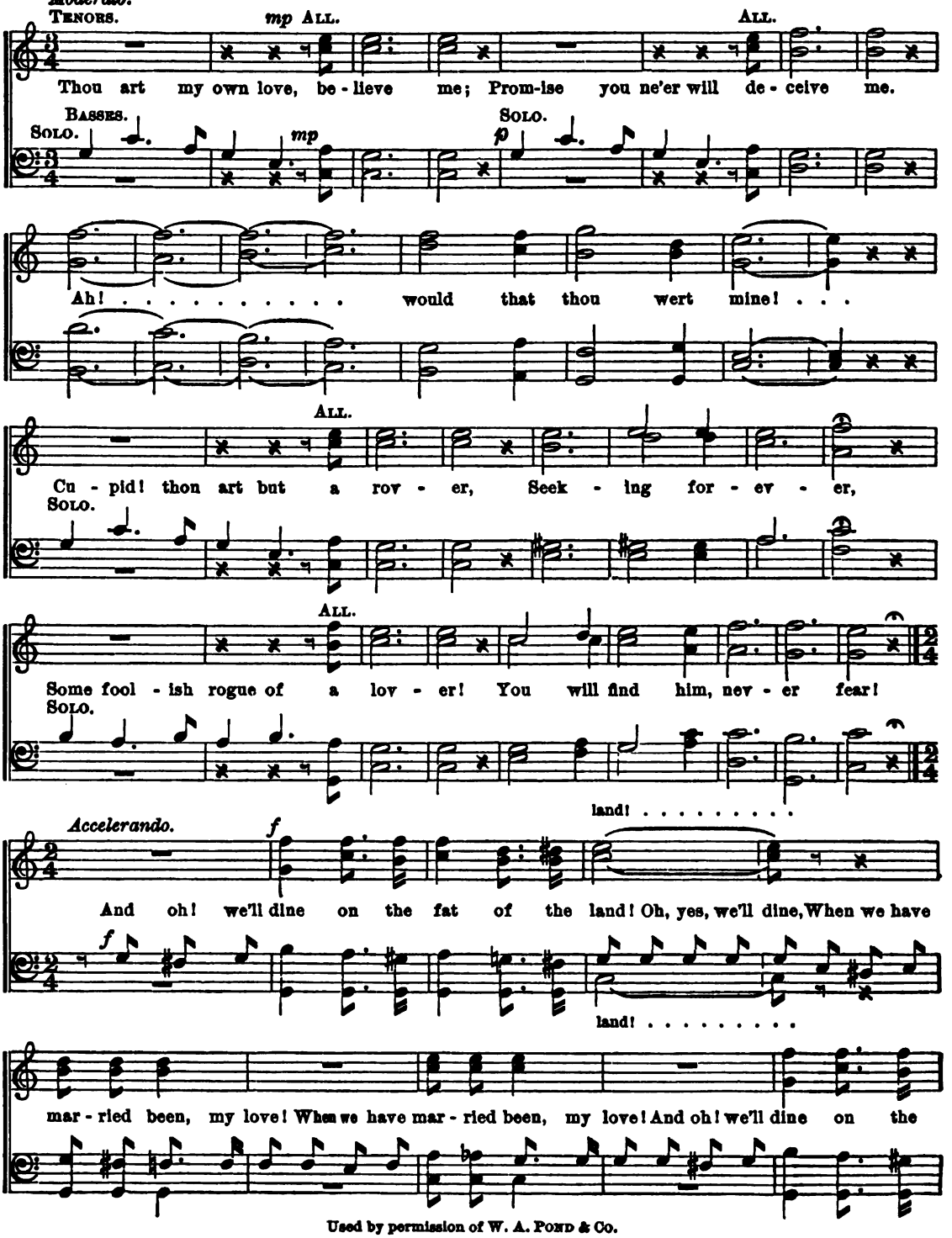
THOU ART MY OWN LOVE.

Words and music by Joseph D. Redding. Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

Moderato.
Tenors.
mp All.
All.
Thou art my own love, be - lieve me; Prom-ise you ne'er will de - ceive me.
Basses.
Solo.
mp
Solo.
p
Ah! . . . . . would that thou wert mine! . . .
All.
Cu - pid! thou art but a rov - er, Seek - ing for - ev - er,
Solo.
All.
Some fool - ish rogue of a lov - er! You will find him, nev - er fear!
Solo.
land! . . . . . .
Accelerando.
f
And oh! we'll dine on the fat of the land! Oh, yes, we'll dine, When we have
f
land! . . . . . .
mar - ried been, my love! When we have mar - ried been, my love! And oh! we'll dine on the

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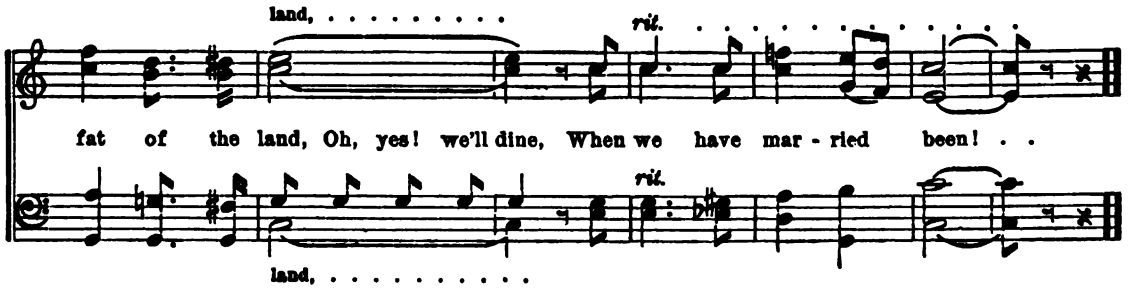
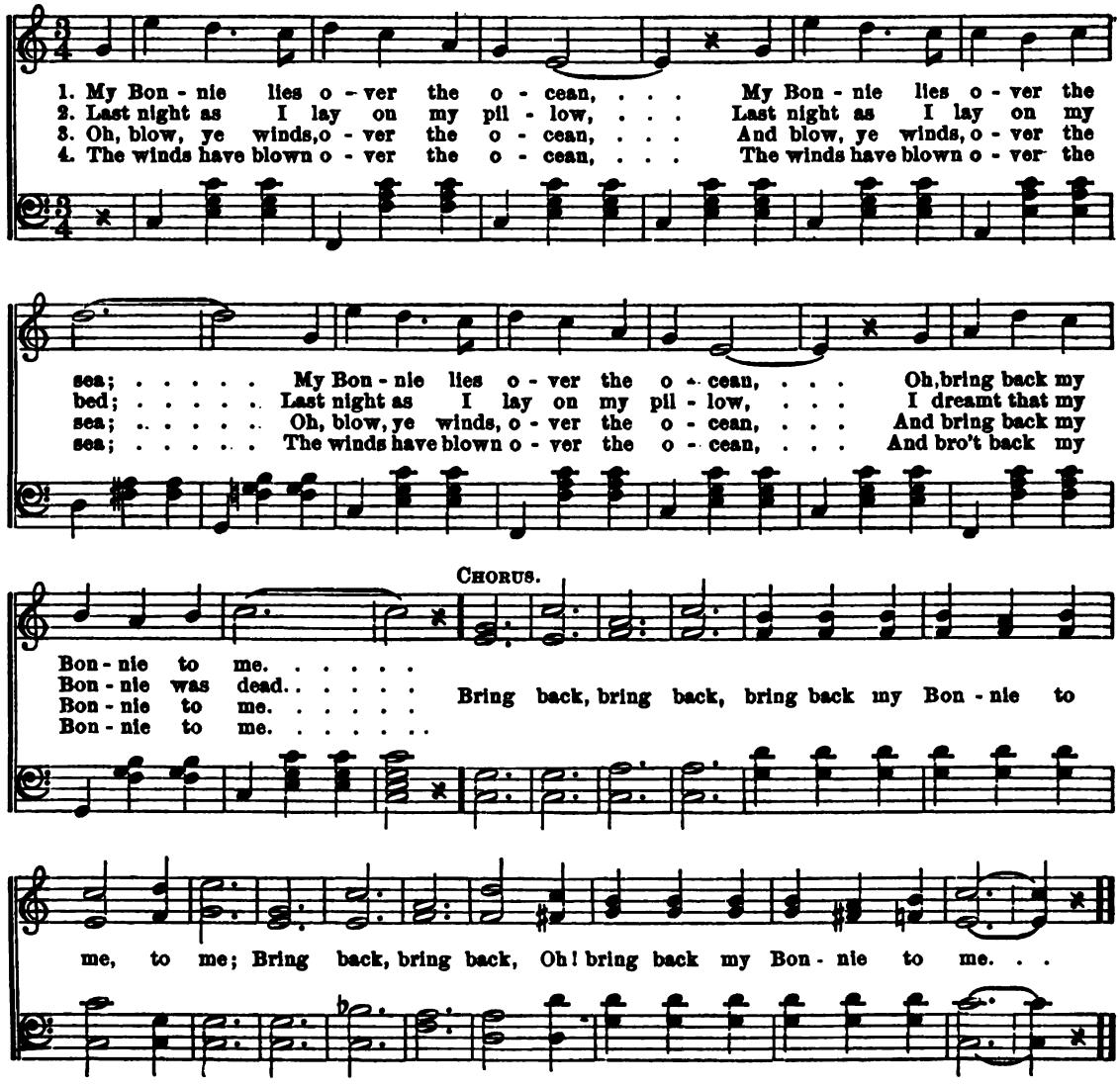
THOU ART MY OWN LOVE.



MY BONNIE.


1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . Last night as I lay on my
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . The winds have blown o - ver the
sea; . . . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . Oh, bring back my
bed; . . . . . Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . I dreamt that my
sea; . . . . . Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bring back my
sea; . . . . . The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bro't back my
Chorus.
Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
Bon - nie was dead. . . . . .
Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

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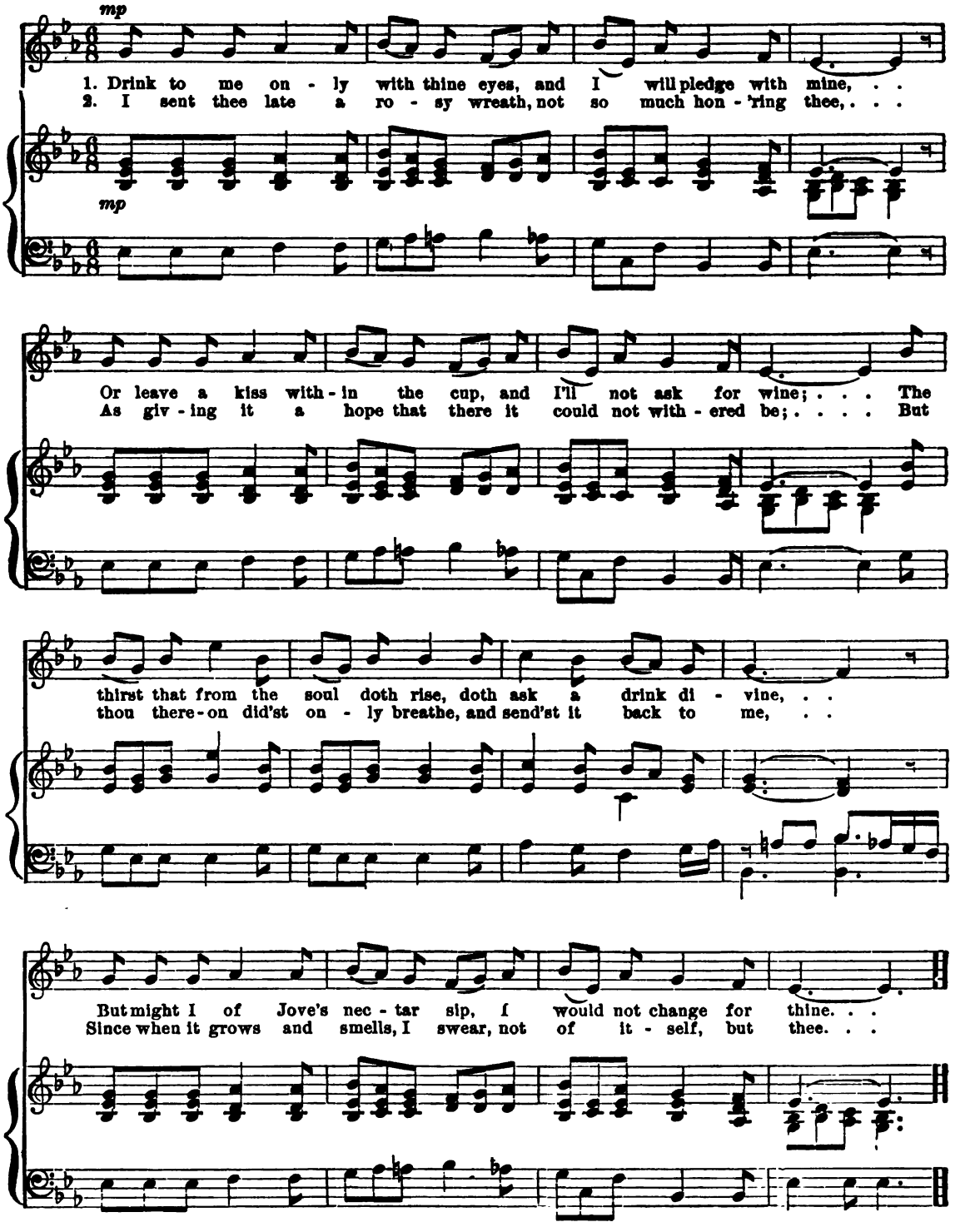
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson. **Old English Air.**

mp
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . . .
mp
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . . But
thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . .
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. . .

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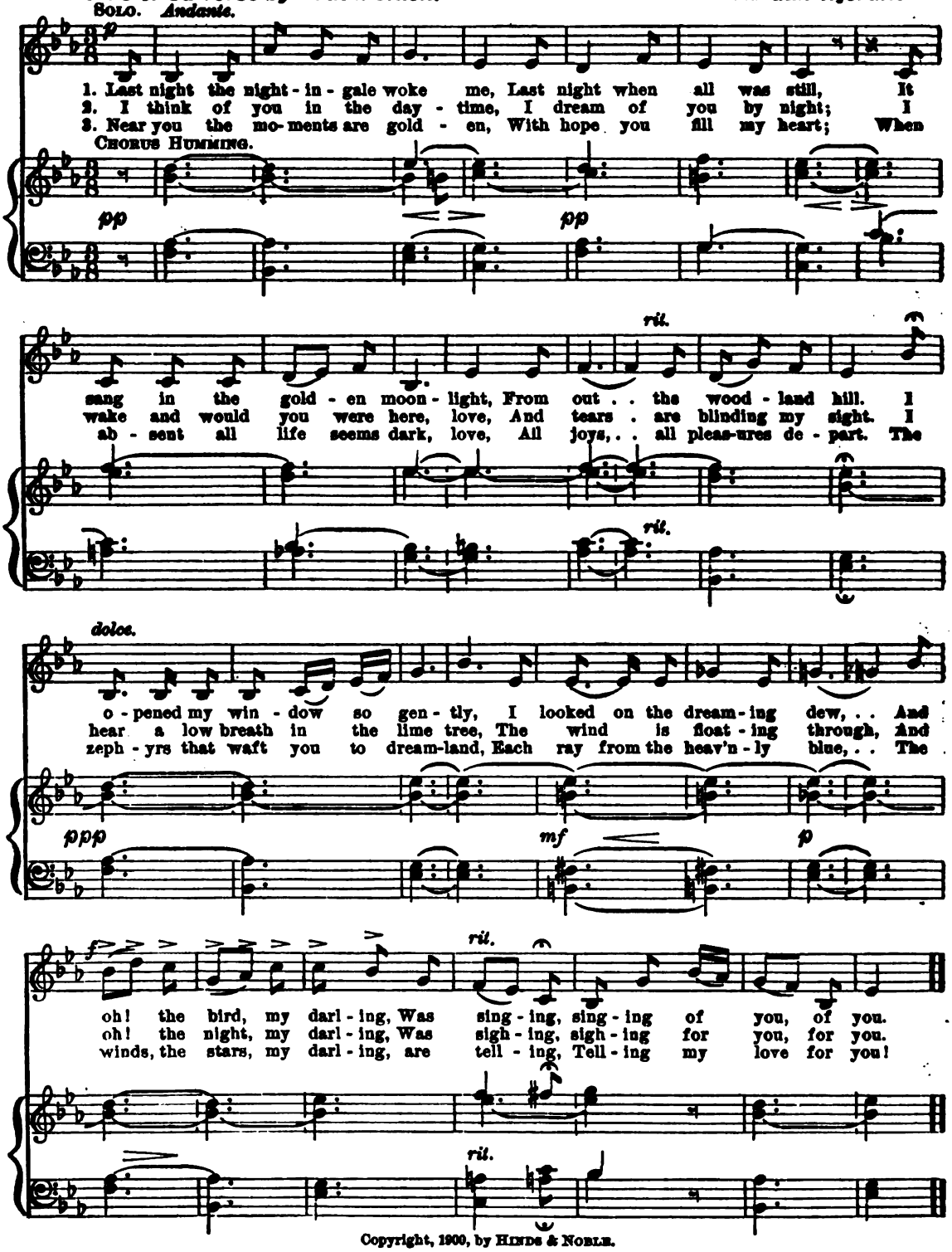
LAST NIGHT.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Nash. Halfdan Kjerulf.

Solo. Andante.
p
1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It
2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night; I
3. Near you the mo - ments are gold - en, With hope you fill my heart; When
Chorus Humming.
pp
pp
sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out . . the wood - land hill. I
wake and would you were here, love, And tears . are blinding my sight. I
ab - sent all life seems dark, love, All joys, . . all pleas-ures de - part. The
rit.
rit.
dolce.
o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, I looked on the dream - ing dew, . . And
hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float - ing through, And
zeph - yrs that waft you to dream-land, Each ray from the heav'n - ly blue, . . The
ppp
mf
p
f
rit.
oh! the bird, my darl - ing, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.
oh! the night, my darl - ing, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.
winds, the stars, my darl - ing, are tell - ing, Tell - ing my love for you!
rit.

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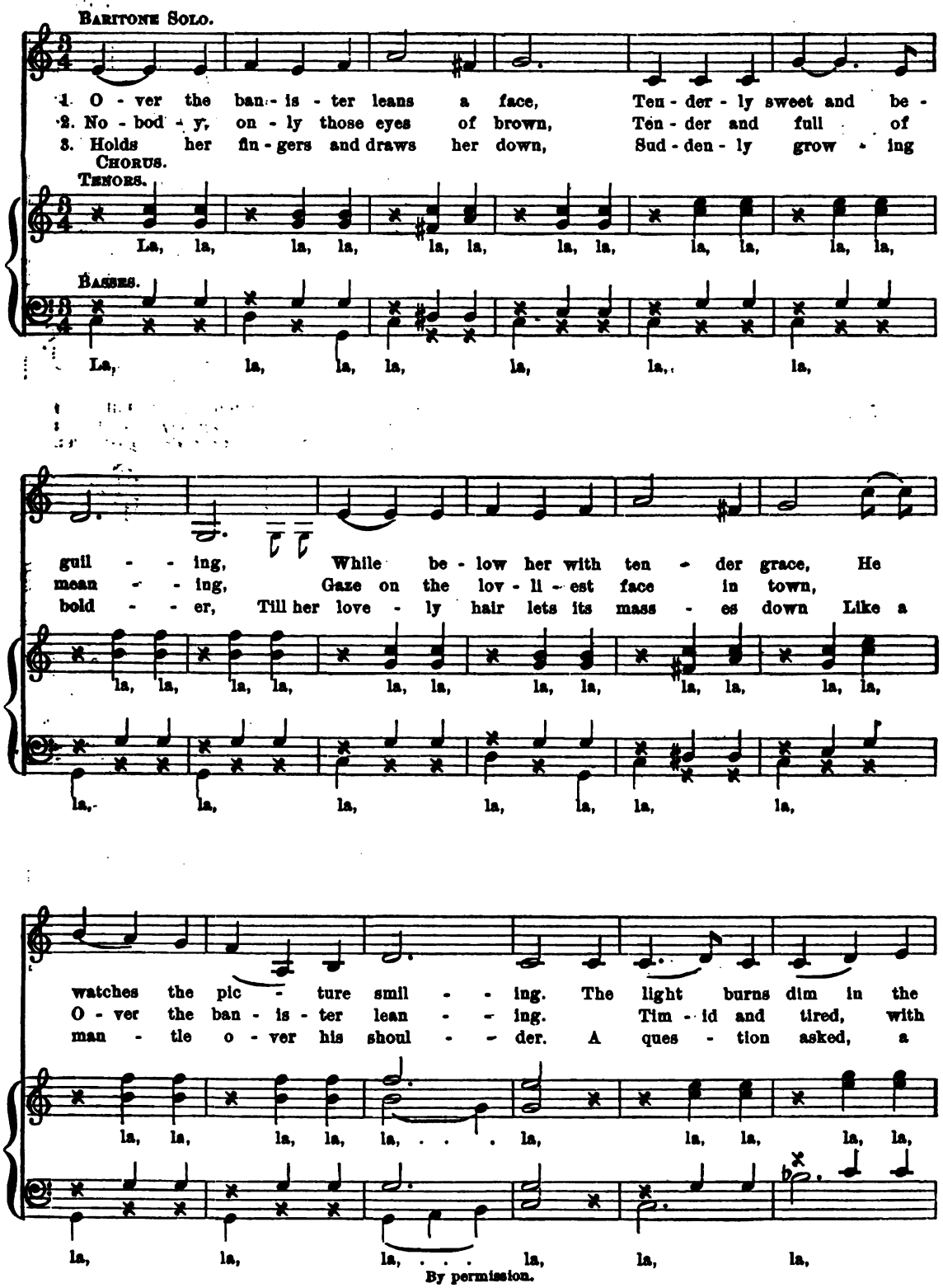
OVER THE BANISTER.

Baritone Solo.
1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -
2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full of
3. Holds her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing
Chorus.
Tenors.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Basses.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la,
guil - - ing, While be - low her with ten - der grace, He
mean - - ing, Gaze on the lov - li - est face in town,
bold - - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down Like a
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
watches the pic - ture smil - - ing. The light burns dim in the
O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - - ing. Tim - id and tired, with
man - tle o - ver his shoul - - der. A ques - tion asked, a
la, la, la, la, la, . . . la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, . . . la, la, la,

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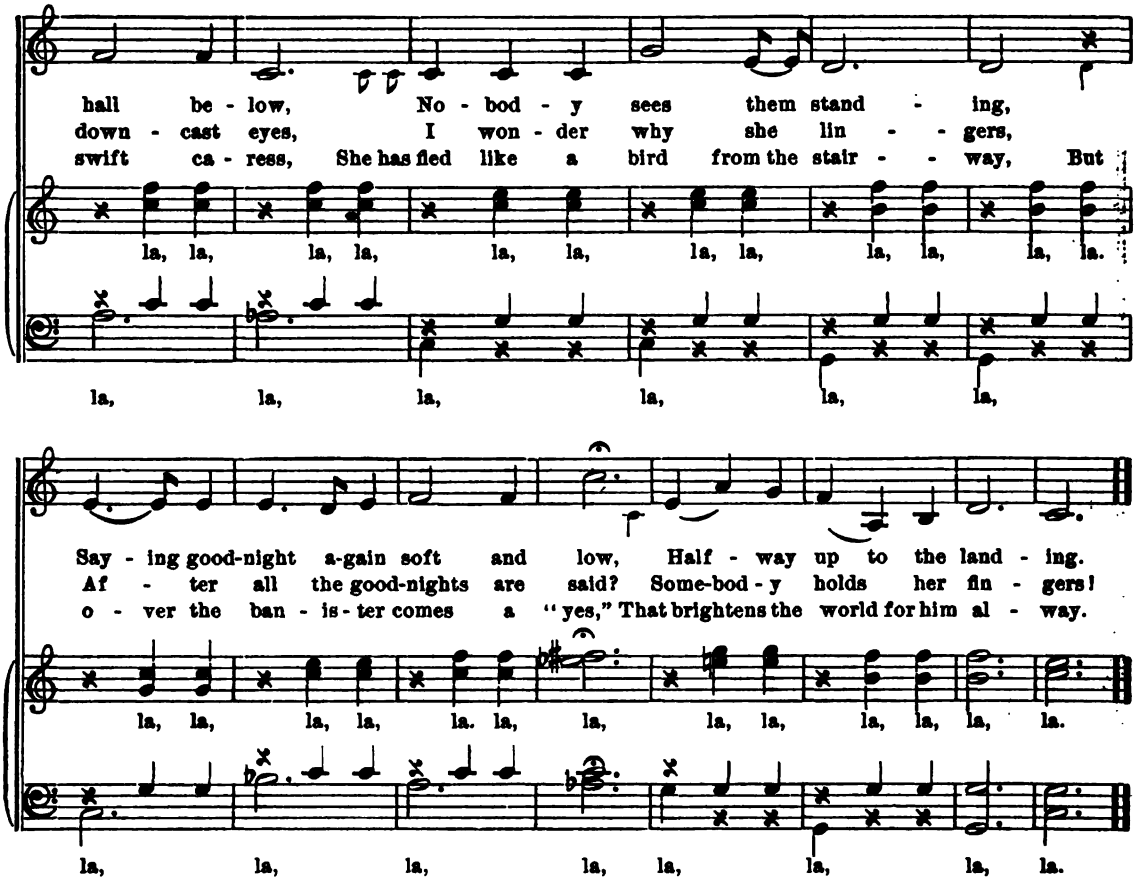
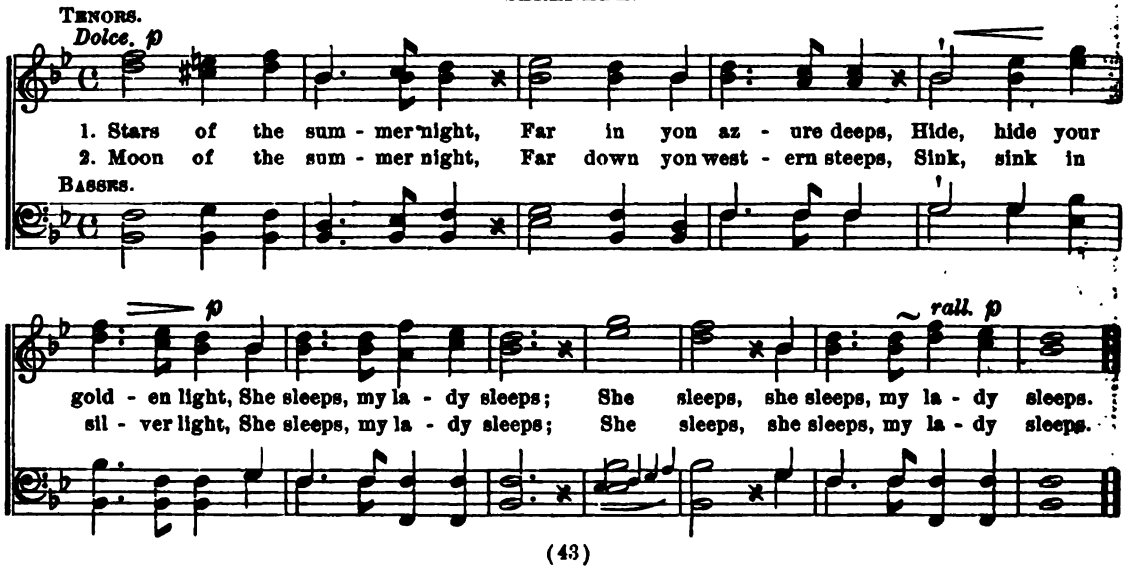
OVER THE BANISTER.

hall be - low, No - bod - y sees them stand - ing,
down - cast eyes, I won - der why she lin - - gers,
swift ca - ress, She has fled like a bird from the stair - - way, But
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la, la, la, la, la, la,
Say - ing good-night a-gain soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.
Af - ter all the good-nights are said? Some-bod - y holds her fin - gers!
o - ver the ban - is - ter comes a "yes," That brightens the world for him al - way.
la, la, la, la, la. la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.

Tenors.
Dolce. p
1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
Basses.
p
rall. p
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

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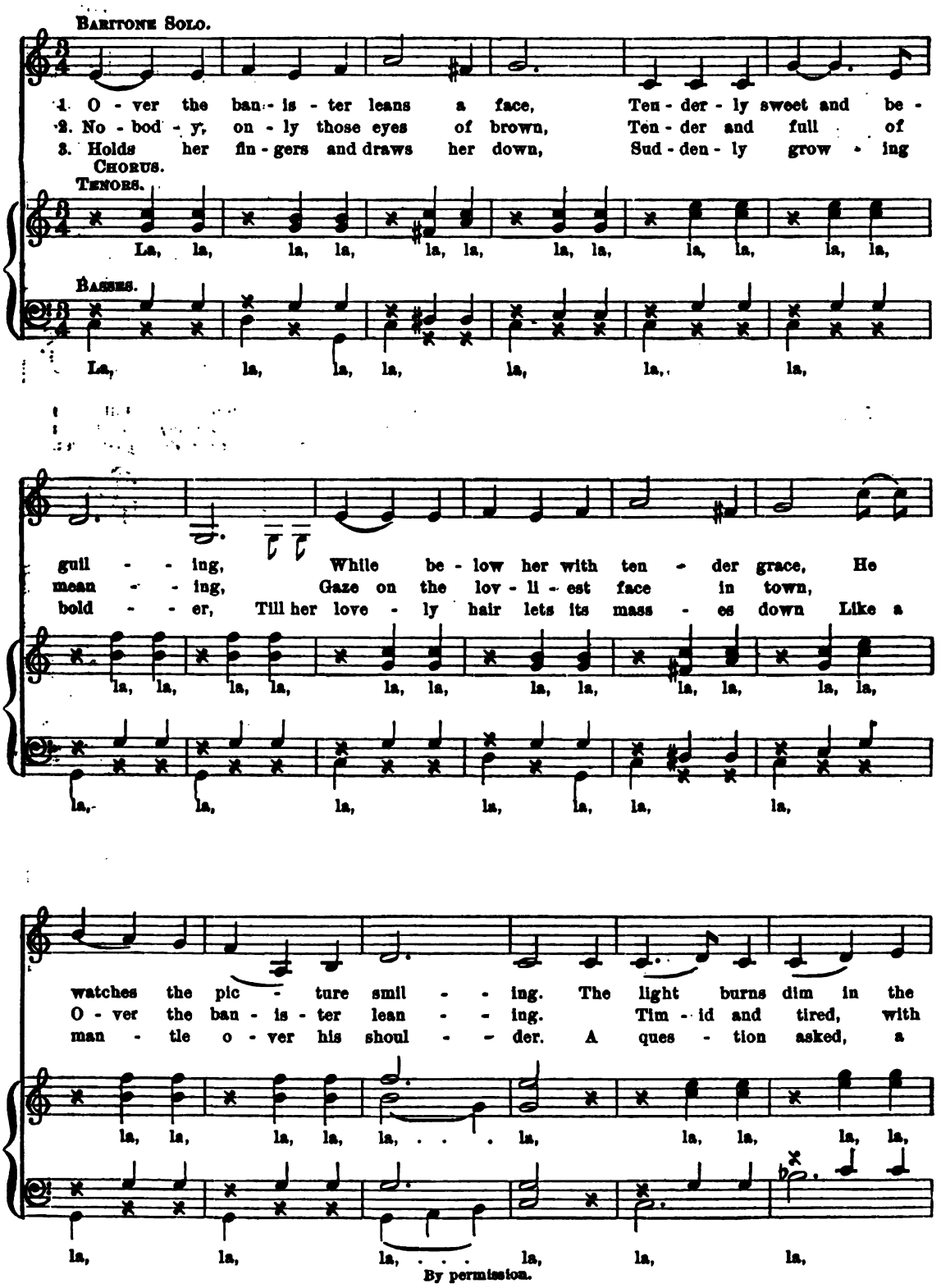
OVER THE BANISTER.


Baritone Solo.
1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -
2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full of
3. Holds her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing
Chorus.
Tenors.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Basses.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la,
guil - - ing, While be - low her with ten - der grace, He
mean - - ing, Gaze on the lov - li - est face in town,
bold - - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down Like a
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
watches the pic - ture smil - - ing. The light burns dim in the
O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - - ing. Tim - id and tired, with
man - tle o - ver his shoul - - der. A ques - tion asked, a
la, la, la, la, la, . . . la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, . . . la, la, la,

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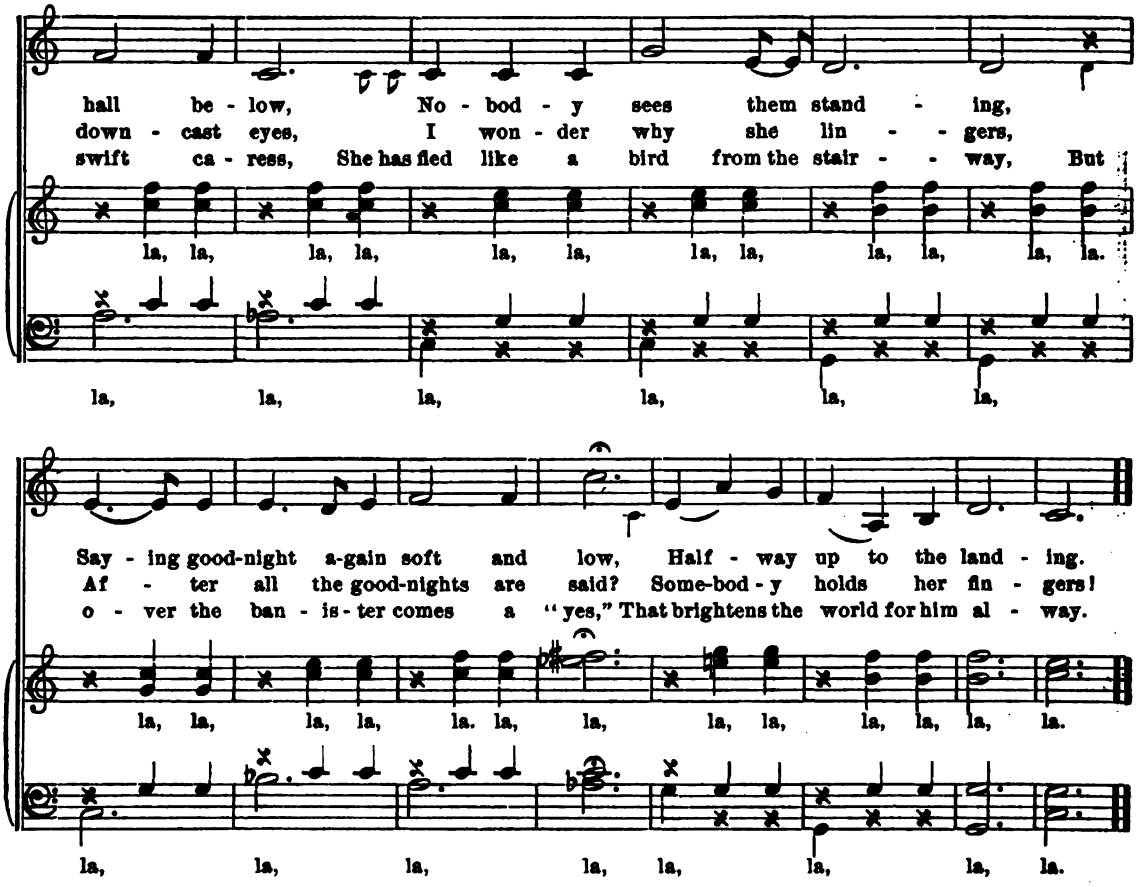
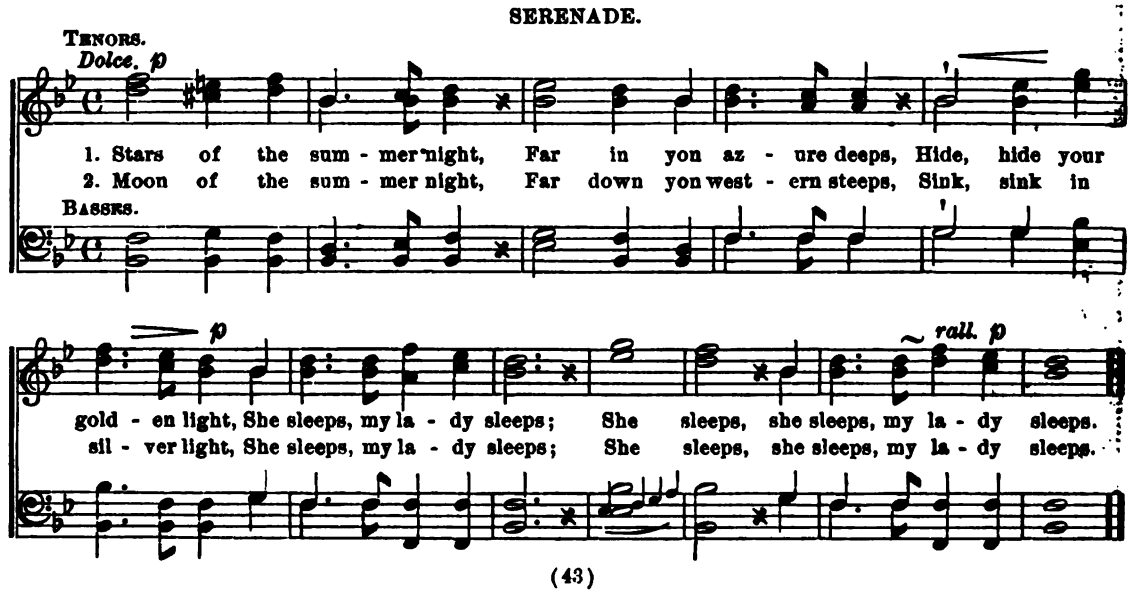
OVER THE BANISTER.

hall be - low, No - bod - y sees them stand - ing,
down - cast eyes, I won - der why she lin - - gers,
swift ca - ress, She has fled like a bird from the stair - - way, But
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la, la, la, la, la, la,
Say - ing good-night a-gain soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.
Af - ter all the good-nights are said? Some-bod - y holds her fin - gers!
o - ver the ban - is - ter comes a "yes," That brightens the world for him al - way.
la, la, la, la, la. la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.

Tenors.
Dolce. p
1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
Basses.
p
rall. p
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

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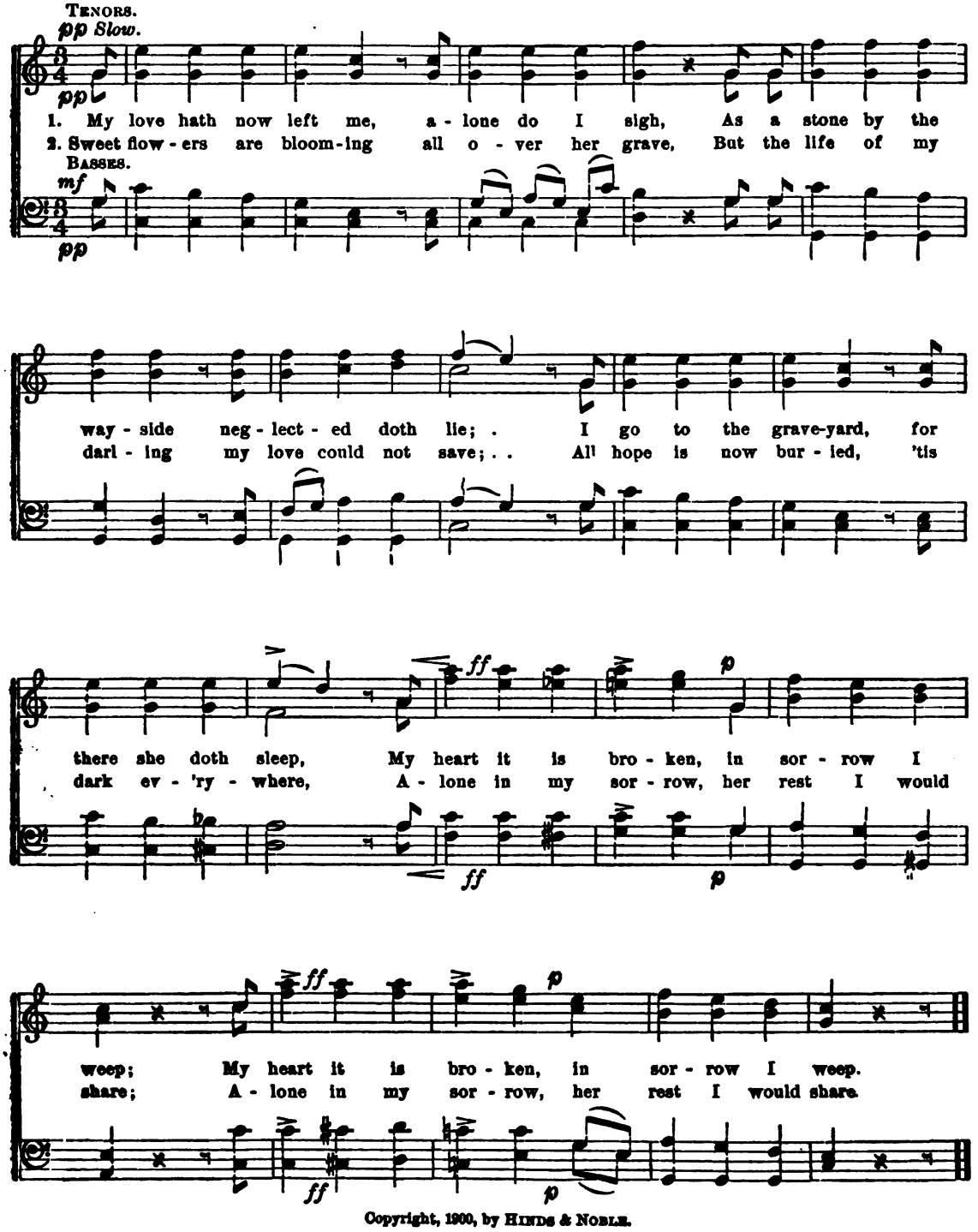
FORSAKEN.

English version by Mrs. G. Federlein. Koschat.

Tenors.
pp Slow.
pp
1. My love hath now left me, a - lone do I sigh, As a stone by the
2. Sweet flow - ers are bloom - ing all o - ver her grave, But the life of my
Basses.
mf
pp
way - side neg - lect - ed doth lie; . I go to the grave-yard, for
dari - ing my love could not save; . . All hope is now bur - ied, 'tis
there she doth sleep, My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I
dark ev - 'ry - where, A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would
ff
p
ff
p
weep; My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I weep.
share; A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would share.
ff
p

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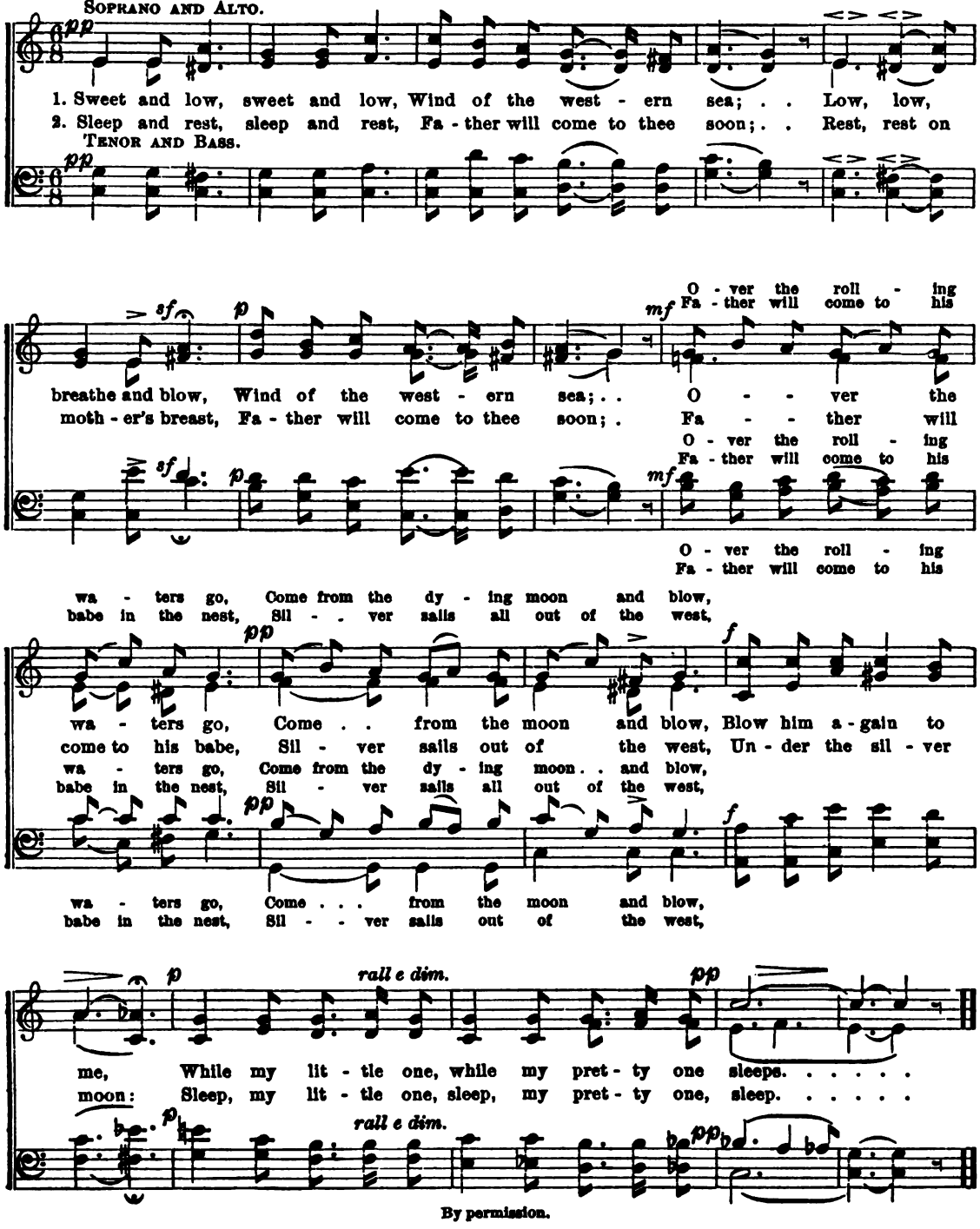
SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson. **J. Barnby.**

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

pp
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on
TENOR AND BASS.
pp
sf
p
mf
O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Fa - - ther will
O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - . ver sails all out of the west,
pp
f
wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,
p
rall e dim.
pp
me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

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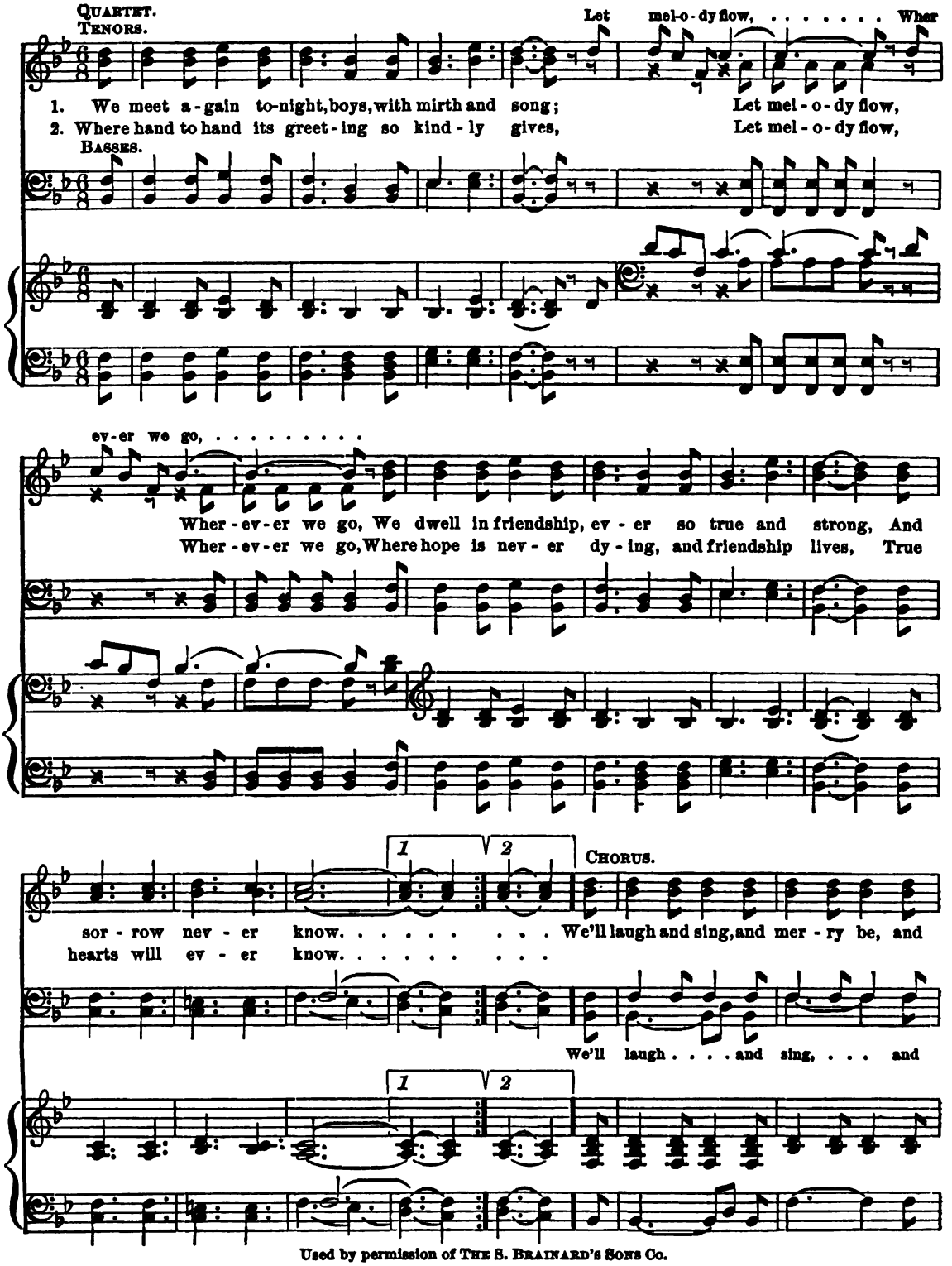
WE MEET AGAIN TO-NIGHT.

Quartet.
Tenors.
Let mel-o-dy flow, ... Wher
1. We meet a-gain to-night, boys, with mirth and song; Let mel-o-dy flow,
2. Where hand to hand its greet-ing so kind-ly gives, Let mel-o-dy flow,
Basses.
ev-er we go, ...
Wher-ev-er we go, We dwell in friendship, ev-er so true and strong, And
Wher-ev-er we go, Where hope is nev-er dy-ing, and friendship lives, True
1
2
Chorus.
sor-row nev-er know. . . . . We'll laugh and sing, and mer-ry be, and
hearts will ev-er know. . . . . .
We'll laugh . . . . and sing, . . . and
1
2

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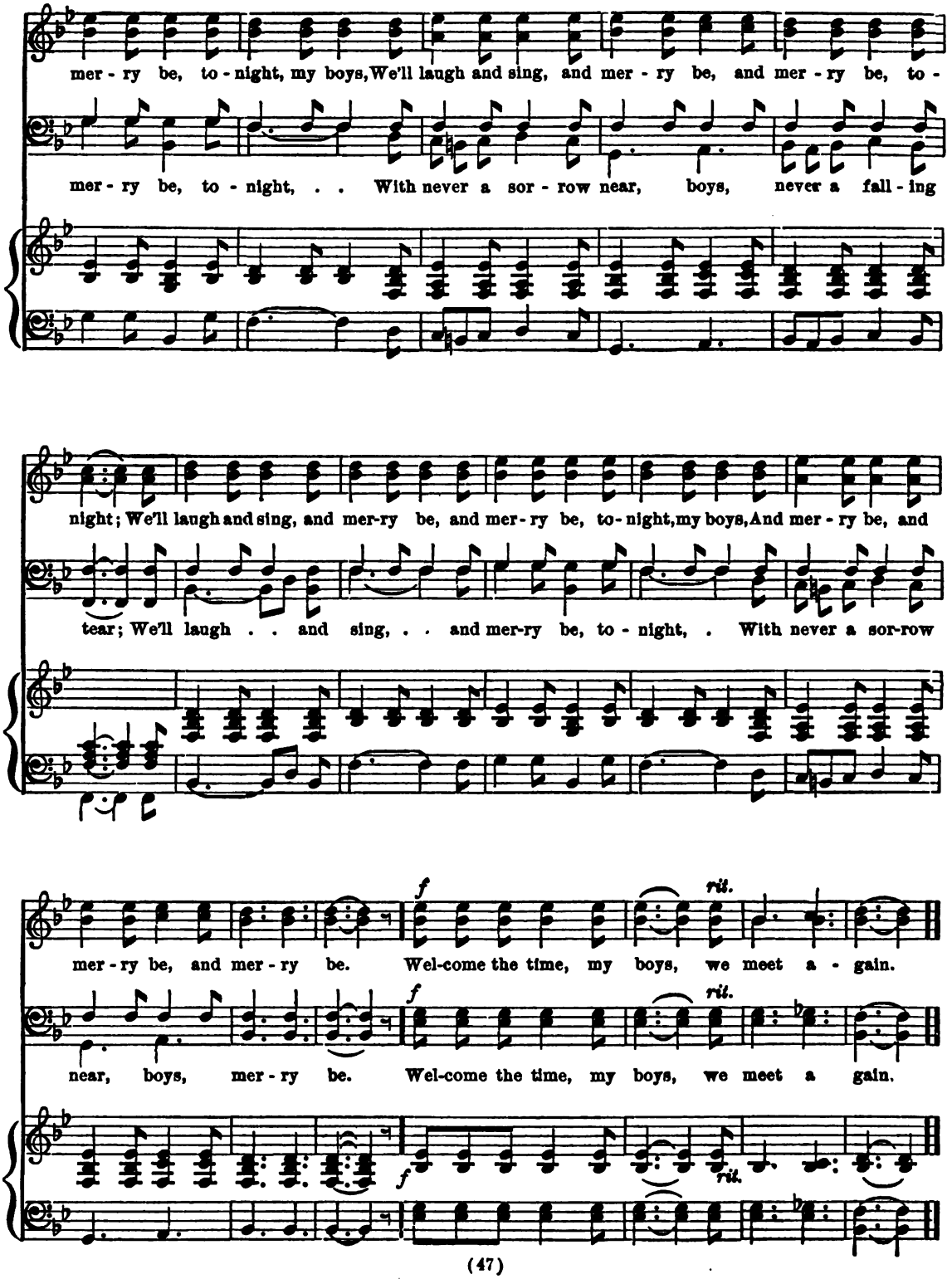
WE MEET AGAIN TO-NIGHT.

mer - ry be, to - night, my boys, We'll laugh and sing, and mer - ry be, and mer - ry be, to -
mer - ry be, to - night, . . With never a sor - row near, boys, never a fall - ing
night; We'll laugh and sing, and mer-ry be, and mer - ry be, to - night, my boys, And mer - ry be, and
tear; We'll laugh . . and sing, . . and mer-ry be, to - night, . With never a sor-row
f
rit.
mer - ry be, and mer - ry be. Wel-come the time, my boys, we meet a - gain.
near, boys, mer - ry be. Wel-come the time, my boys, we meet a gain.

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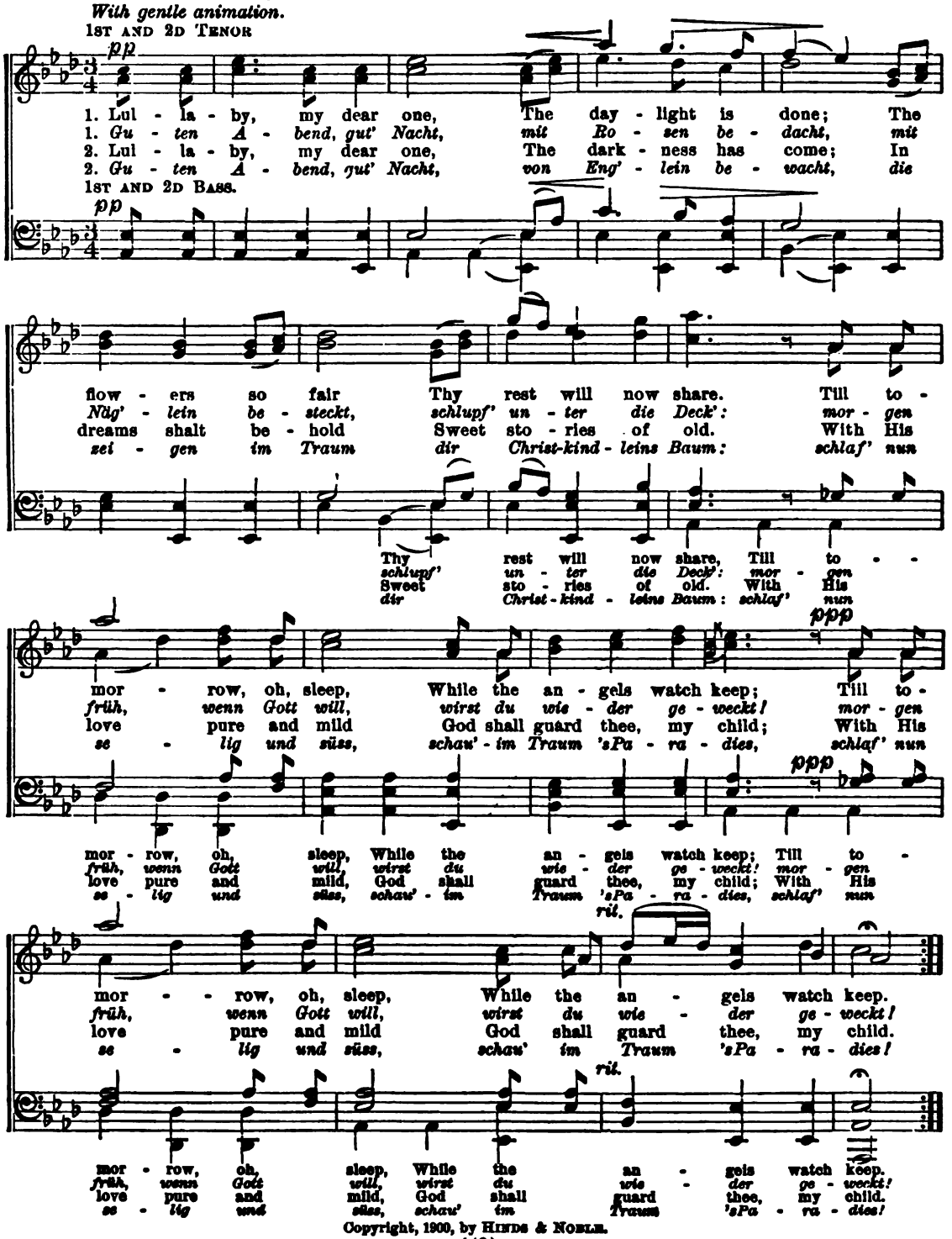
LULLABY.

Arranged for Male Voices by A. Zander.
English Version by Mrs. G. Federlein. **Johannes Brahms.**

With gentle animation.

1ST AND 2D TENOR
pp
1. Lul - la - by, my dear one, The day - light is done; The
1. Gu - ten A - bend, gut' Nacht, mit Ro - sen be - dacht, mit
2. Lul - la - by, my dear one, The dark - ness has come; In
2. Gu - ten A - bend, gut' Nacht, von Eng' - lein be - wacht, die
1ST AND 2D BASS.
pp
flow - ers so fair Thy rest will now share. Till to -
Nüg' - lein be - steckt, schlupf' un - ter die Deck': mor - gen
dreams shalt be - hold Sweet sto - ries of old. With His
zei - gen im Traum dir Christ-kind - leins Baum: schlaf' nun
Thy rest will now share, Till to - -
schlupf' un - ter die Deck': mor - gen
Sweet sto - ries of old. With His
dir Christ - kind - leins Baum: schlaf' nun
ppp
mor - row, oh, sleep, While the an - gels watch keep; Till to -
früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wie - der ge - weckt! mor - gen
love pure and mild God shall guard thee, my child; With His
se - lig und süss, schaw' - im Traum 'sPa - ra - dies, schlaf' nun
ppp
mor - row, oh, sleep, While the an - gels watch keep; Till to -
früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wie - der ge - weckt! mor - gen
love pure and mild, God shall guard thee, my child; With His
se - lig und süss, schaw' - im Traum 'sPa - ra - dies, schlaf' nun
rit.
mor - - row, oh, sleep, While the an - gels watch keep.
früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wie - der ge - weckt!
love pure and mild God shall guard thee, my child.
se - lig und süss, schaw' im Traum 'sPa - ra - dies!
rit.
mor - row, oh, sleep, While the an - gels watch keep.
früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wie - der ge - weckt!
love pure and mild, God shall guard thee, my child.
se - lig und süss, schaw' im Traum 'sPa - ra - dies!

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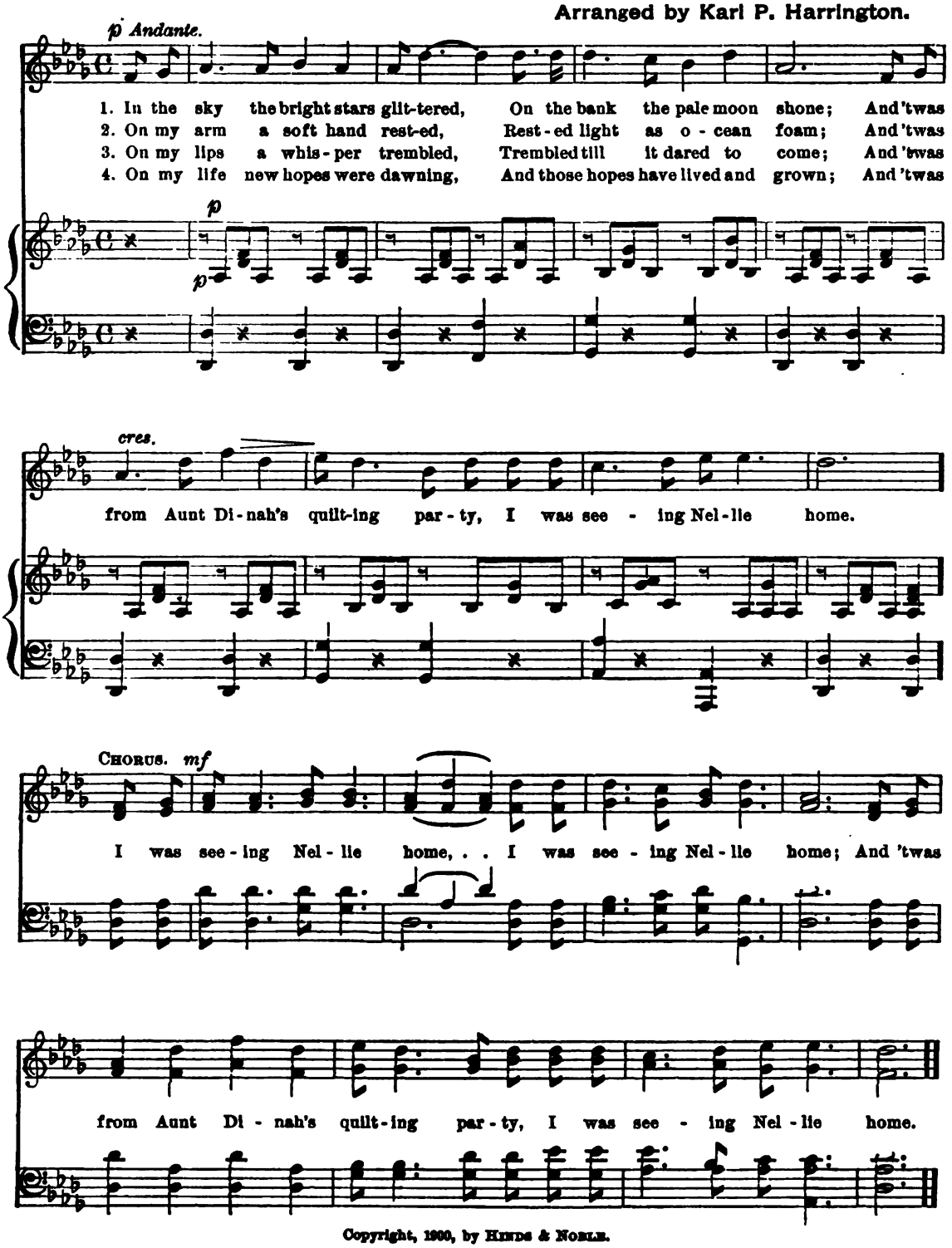
THE QUILTING PARTY.

Arranged by Karl P. Harrington.

p Andante.
1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trembled, Trembled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas
p
p
cres.
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.
Chorus. mf
I was see-ing Nel-lie home, . . I was see - ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas
from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

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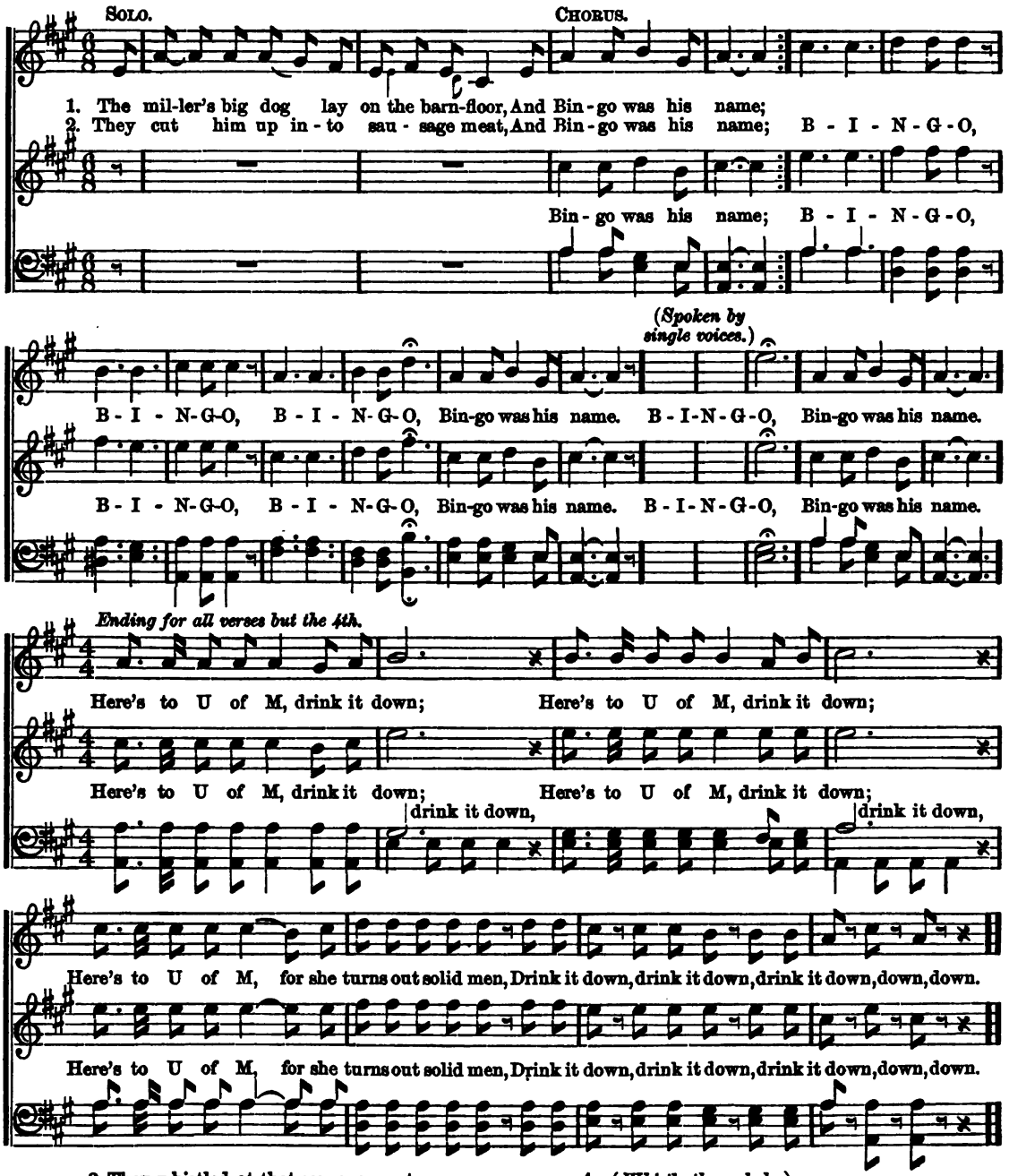
BINGO.

Solo.
Chorus.
1. The mil-ler's big dog lay on the barn-floor, And Bin-go was his name;
2. They cut him up in-to sau-sage meat, And Bin-go was his name; B-I-N-G-O,
Bin-go was his name; B-I-N-G-O,
(Spoken by single voices.)
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, Bin-go was his name. B-I-N-G-O, Bin-go was his name.
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, Bin-go was his name. B-I-N-G-O, Bin-go was his name.
Ending for all verses but the 4th.
Here's to U of M, drink it down; Here's to U of M, drink it down;
Here's to U of M, drink it down; Here's to U of M, drink it down;
drink it down,
drink it down,
Here's to U of M, for she turns out solid men, Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down.
Here's to U of M, for she turns out solid men, Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down.

3 They whistled at that sausage meat,
And Bingo wagged his tail. (*bis.*)
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,
Bingo wagged his tail,
B-I-N-G-O,
Bingo wagged his tail.

4 (*Whistle the melody.*)
Bingo wagged his tail, (*bis.*)
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,
Bingo wagged his tail,
B-I-N-G-O,
Bingo wagged his tail.

Ending for 4th verse.—Here's to U of M, etc.
For each girl's a bonnie gem, etc.

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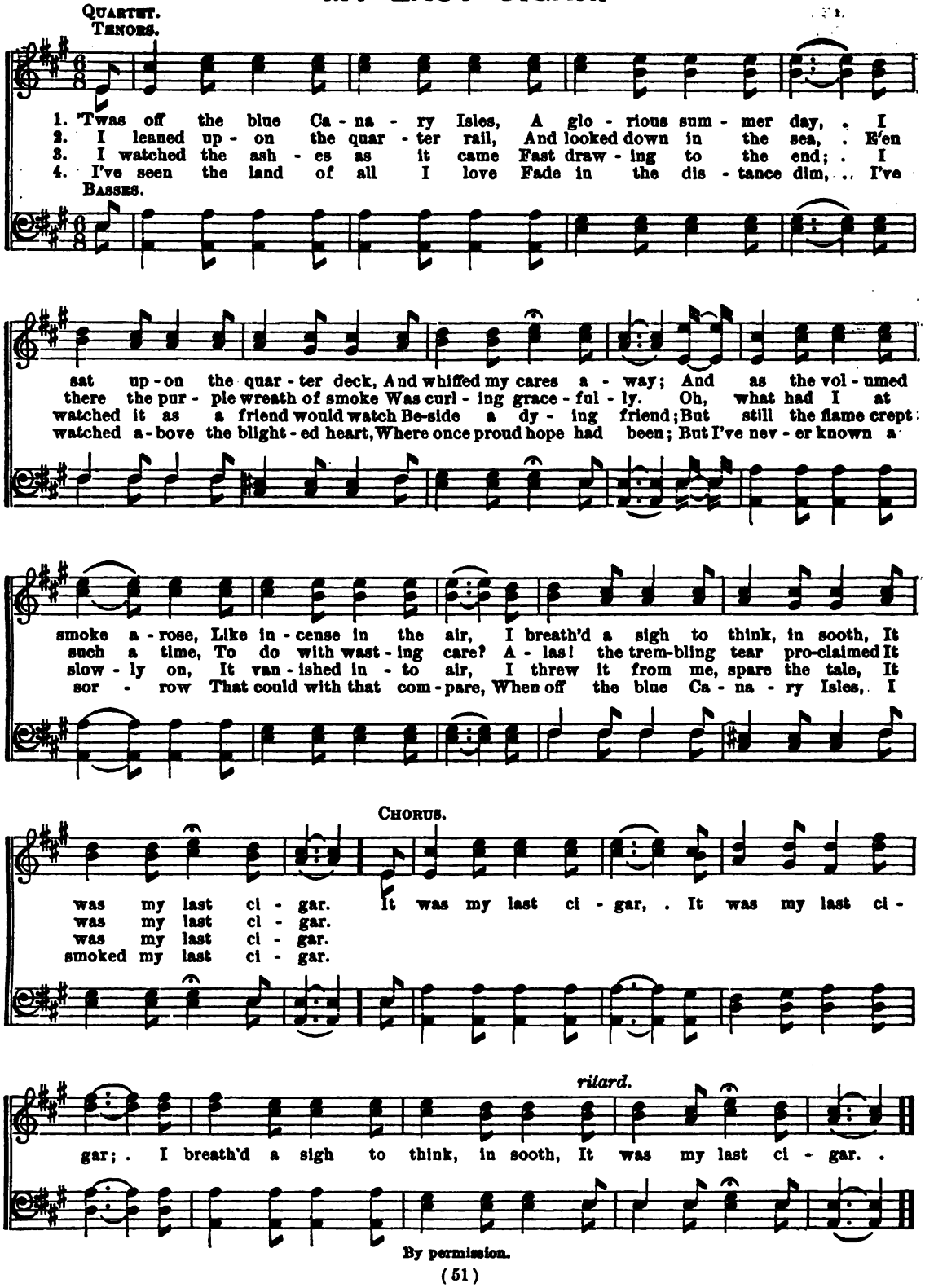
MY LAST CIGAR.

Quartet.
Tenors.
Basses.
1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, . I
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter rail, And looked down in the sea, . E'en
3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; . I
4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, .. I've
sat up - on the quar - ter deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the vol - umed
there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. Oh, what had I at
watched it as a friend would watch Be-side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept
watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've nev - er known a
smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It
such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem-bling tear pro-claimed It
slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, It
sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, I
Chorus.
was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, . It was my last ci -
was my last ci - gar.
was my last ci - gar.
smoked my last ci - gar.
rilard.
gar; . I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. .

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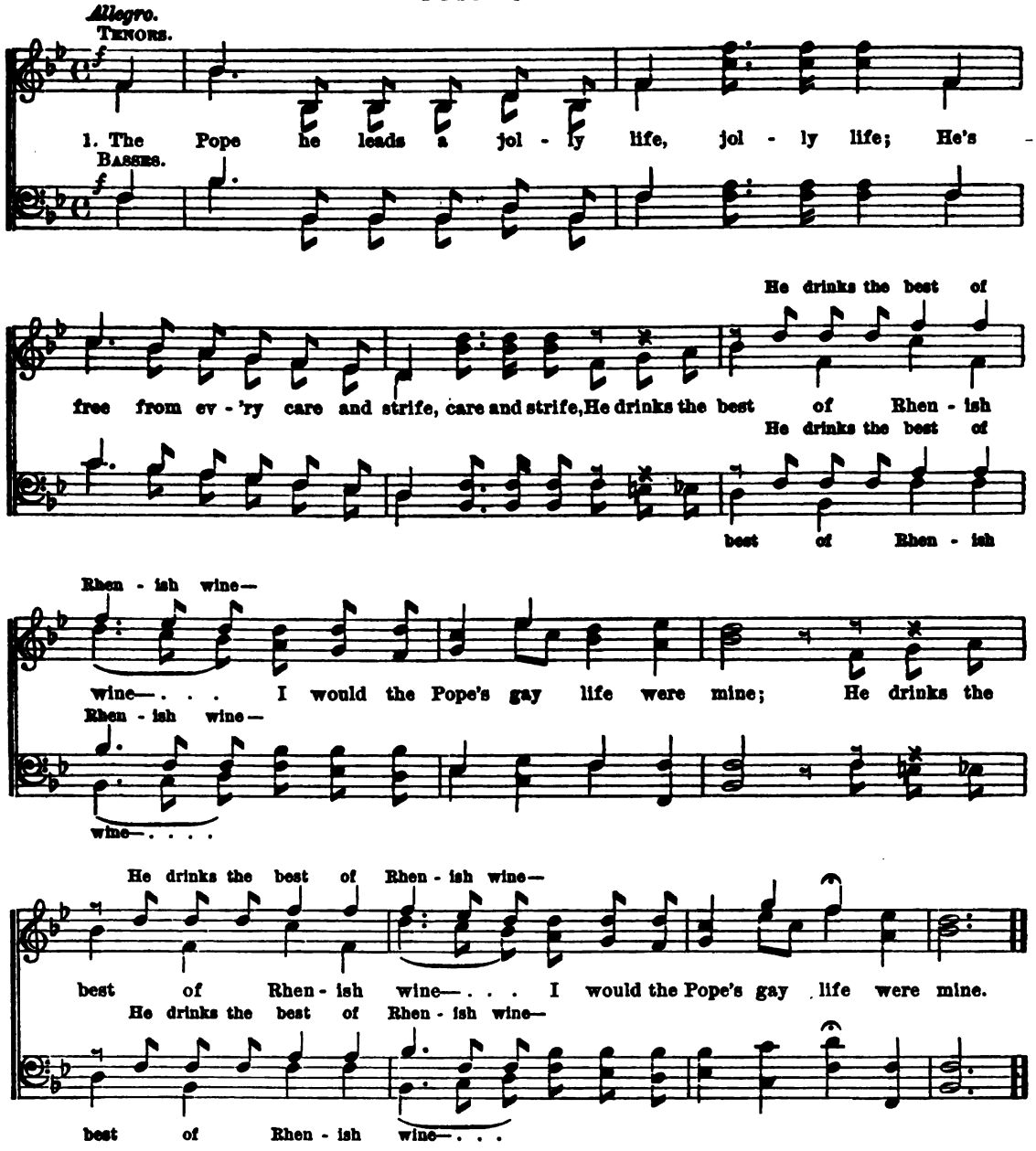
THE POPE.

Allegro.
Tenors.
1. The Pope he leads a jol - ly life, jol - ly life; He's -
Basses.
He drinks the best of
free from ev - 'ry care and strife, care and strife, He drinks the best of Rhen - ish
He drinks the best of
best of Rhen - ish
Rhen - ish wine—
wine— . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine; He drinks the
Rhen - ish wine—
wine— . . . .
He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine—
best of Rhen - ish wine— . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine.
He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine—
best of Rhen - ish wine— . . .

2 But he don't lead a jolly life;
He has no maid or blooming wife,
He has no son to raise his hope—
Oh! I would not be the Pope.

3 The Sultan better pleases me;
His life is full of jollity,
His wives are many as he will—
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

4 But still he is a wretched man;
He must obey the Alkoran,
He dare not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

5 So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be;
And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

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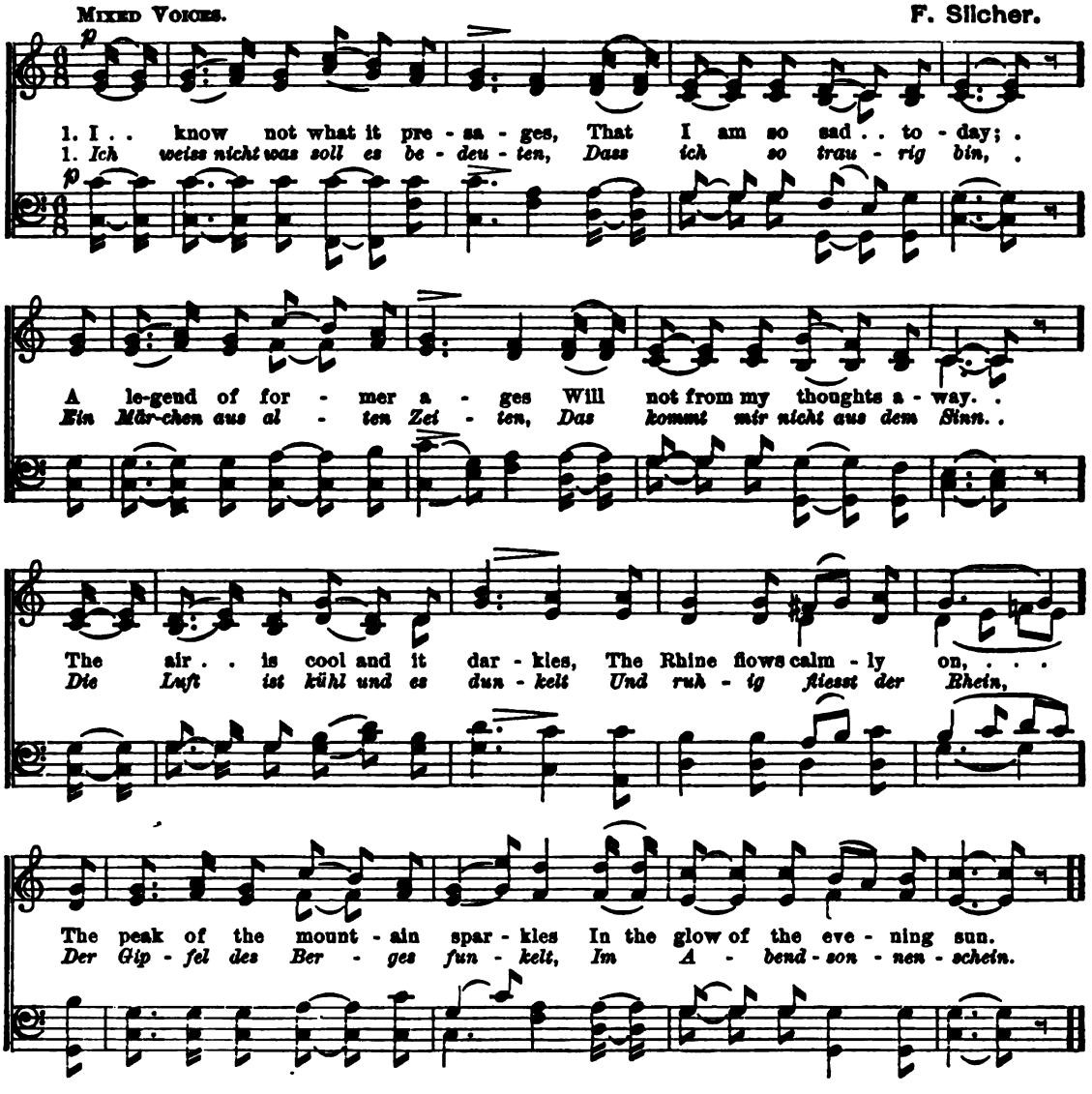
THE LORELEY.

MIXED VOICES. F. Silcher.

1. I . . know not what it pre - sa - ges, That I am so sad . . to - day; .
1. Ich weiss nicht was soll es be - deu - ten, Dass ich so trau - rig bin, .
A le-gend of for - mer a - ges Will not from my thoughts a - way. .
Ein Mär-chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn. .
The air . . is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on, . . .
Die Luft ist kühl und es dun - kelt Und ruh - ig fliesst der Rhein,
The peak of the mount - ain spar - kles In the glow of the eve - ning sun.
Der Gip - fel des Ber - ges fun - kelt, Im A - bend - son - nen - schein.

2 The most beautiful maid is reclining
On the cliff, so wondrous fair;
Her glorious jewels are shining,
She is combing her golden hair;
With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings a song thereby,
That thrills with its mystic meaning
And powerful melody.

3 It seizes with wildest yearning
The boatman, entranc'd in his skiff;
He sees not the treacherous breakers,
He gazes alone on the cliff.
And soon will the waves engulf them,
Both boat and boatman strong,
For thus in her toils hath she bound them,
The Loreley with her song.

2 *Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet*
Dort oben wunderbar
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt sich ihr goldenes Haar
Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

3 *Den Schiffer in kleinem Schiffe*
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.
Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen,
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

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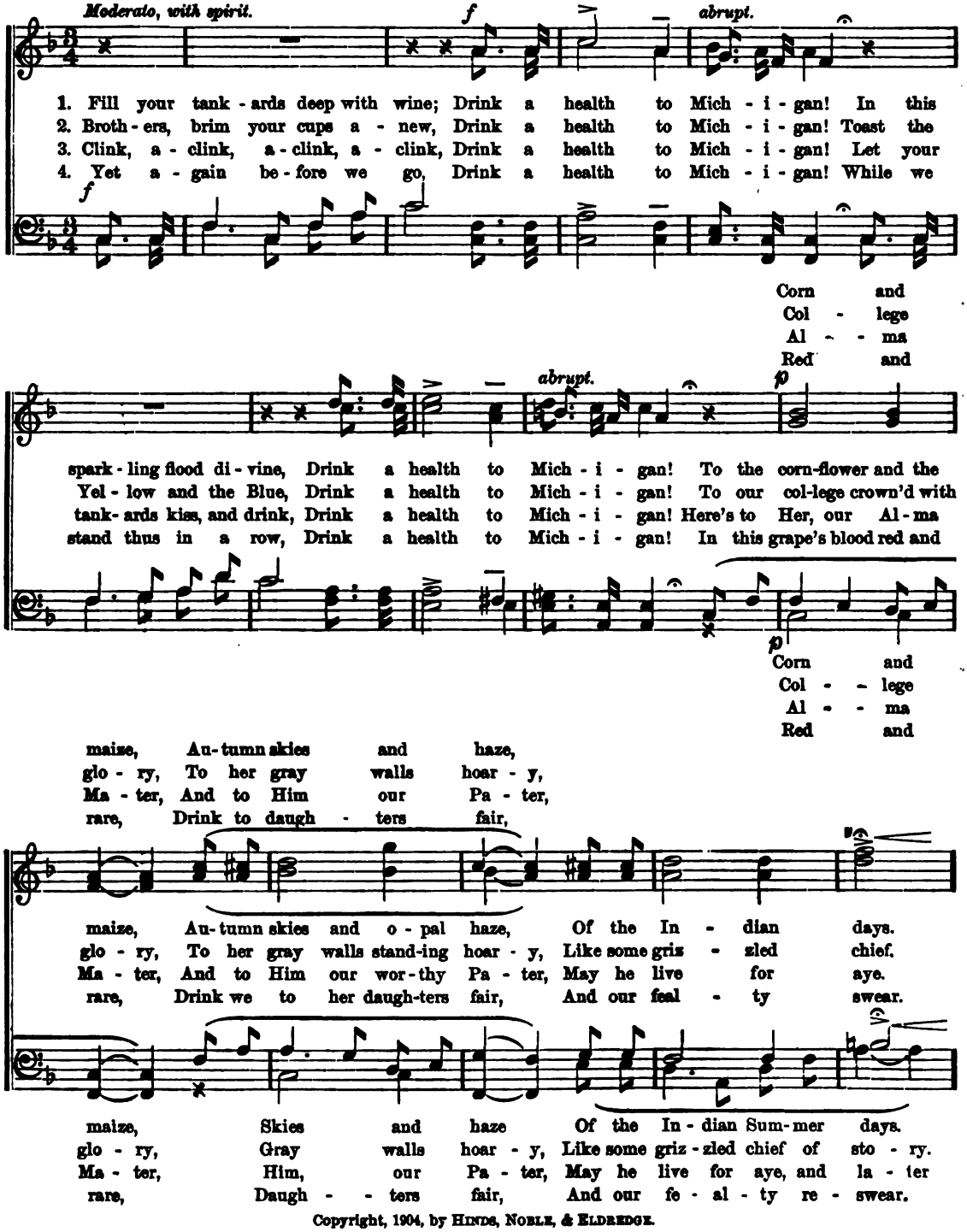
A TOAST TO MICHIGAN.

Richard R. Kirk, '03. Louis Elbel.

Moderato, with spirit.
f
abrupt.
1. Fill your tank - ards deep with wine; Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! In this
2. Broth - ers, brim your cups a - new, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! Toast the
3. Clink, a - clink, a - clink, a - clink, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! Let your
4. Yet a - gain be - fore we go, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! While we
Corn and
Col - lege
Al - - ma
Red and
spark - ling flood di - vine, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! To the corn-flower and the
Yel - low and the Blue, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! To our col-lege crown'd with
tank- ards kiss, and drink, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! Here's to Her, our Al - ma
stand thus in a row, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! In this grape's blood red and
Corn and
Col - - lege
Al - - ma
Red and
maize, Au- tumn skies and haze,
glo - ry, To her gray walls hoar - y,
Ma - ter, And to Him our Pa - ter,
rare, Drink to daugh - ters fair,
maize, Au- tumn skies and o - pal haze, Of the In - dian days.
glo - ry, To her gray walls stand-ing hoar - y, Like some griz - zled chief.
Ma - ter, And to Him our wor - thy Pa - ter, May he live for aye.
rare, Drink we to her daugh-ters fair, And our feal - ty swear.
maize, Skies and haze Of the In - dian Sum - mer days.
glo - ry, Gray walls hoar - y, Like some griz - zled chief of sto - ry.
Ma - ter, Him, our Pa - ter, May he live for aye, and la - ter
rare, Daugh - - ters fair, And our fe - al - ty re - swear.

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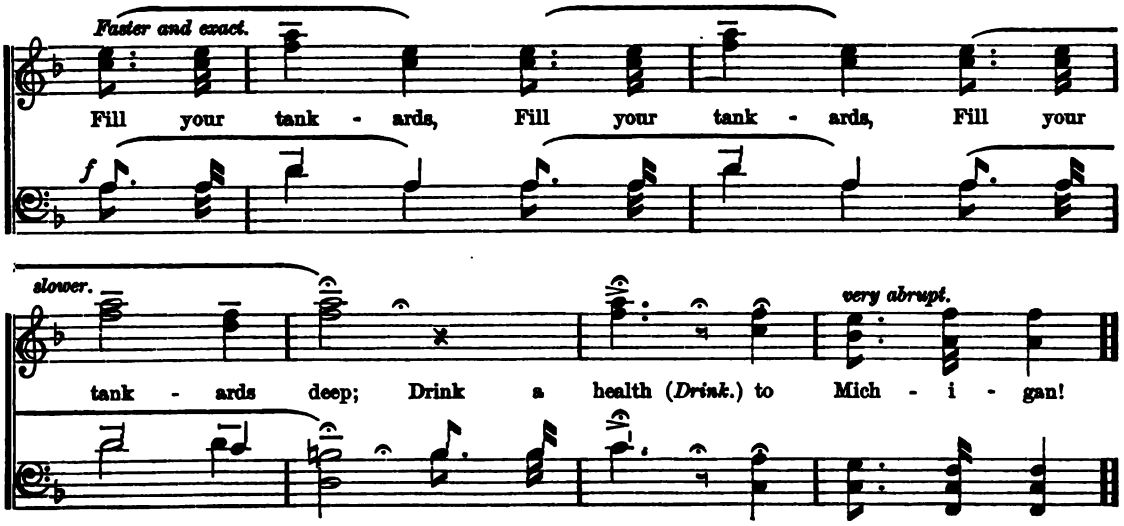
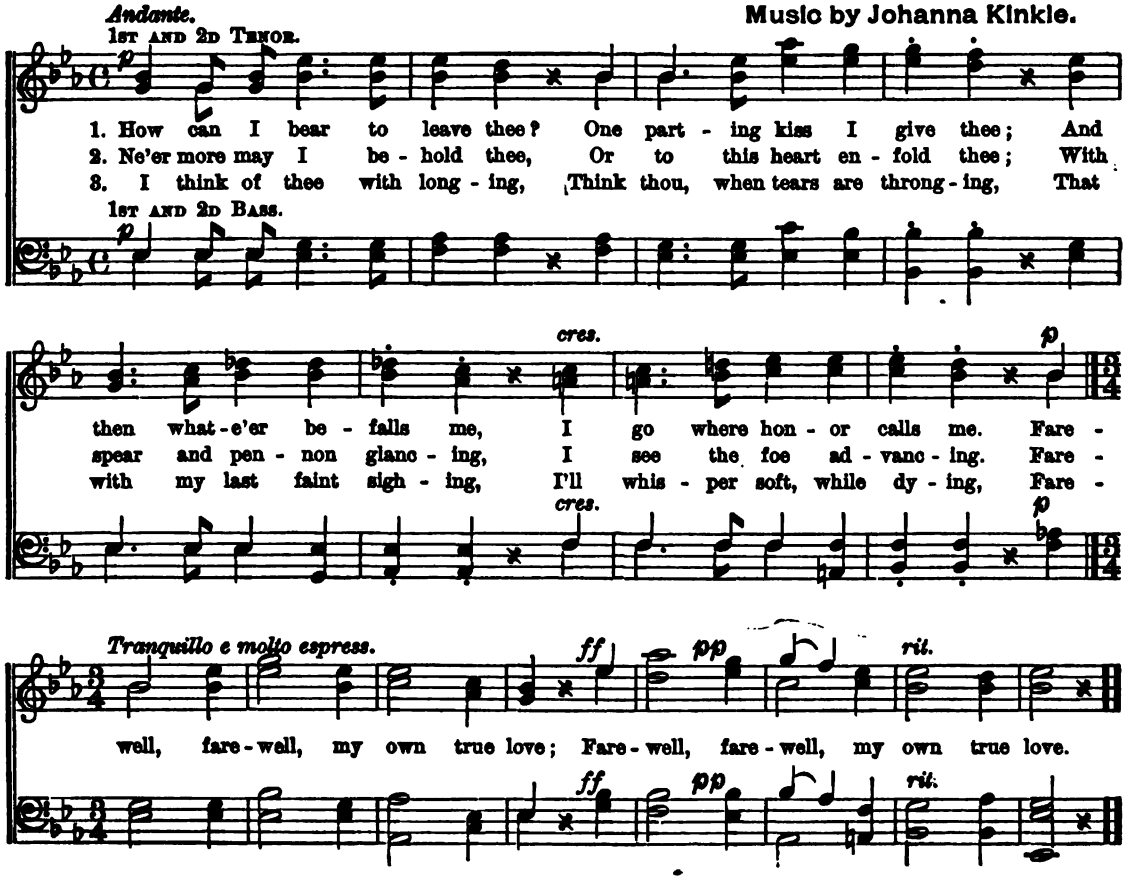
A TOAST TO MICHIGAN.

Faster and exact.
Fill your tank - ards, Fill your tank - ards, Fill your
f
slower.
very abrupt.
tank - ards deep; Drink a health (Drink.) to Mich - i - gan!

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Music by Johanna Kinkle.


Andante.
1st and 2d Tenor.
p
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That
1st and 2d Bass.
p
cres.
p
then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -
cres.
p
Tranquillo e molto espress.
ff
pp
rit.
well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.
ff
pp
rit.

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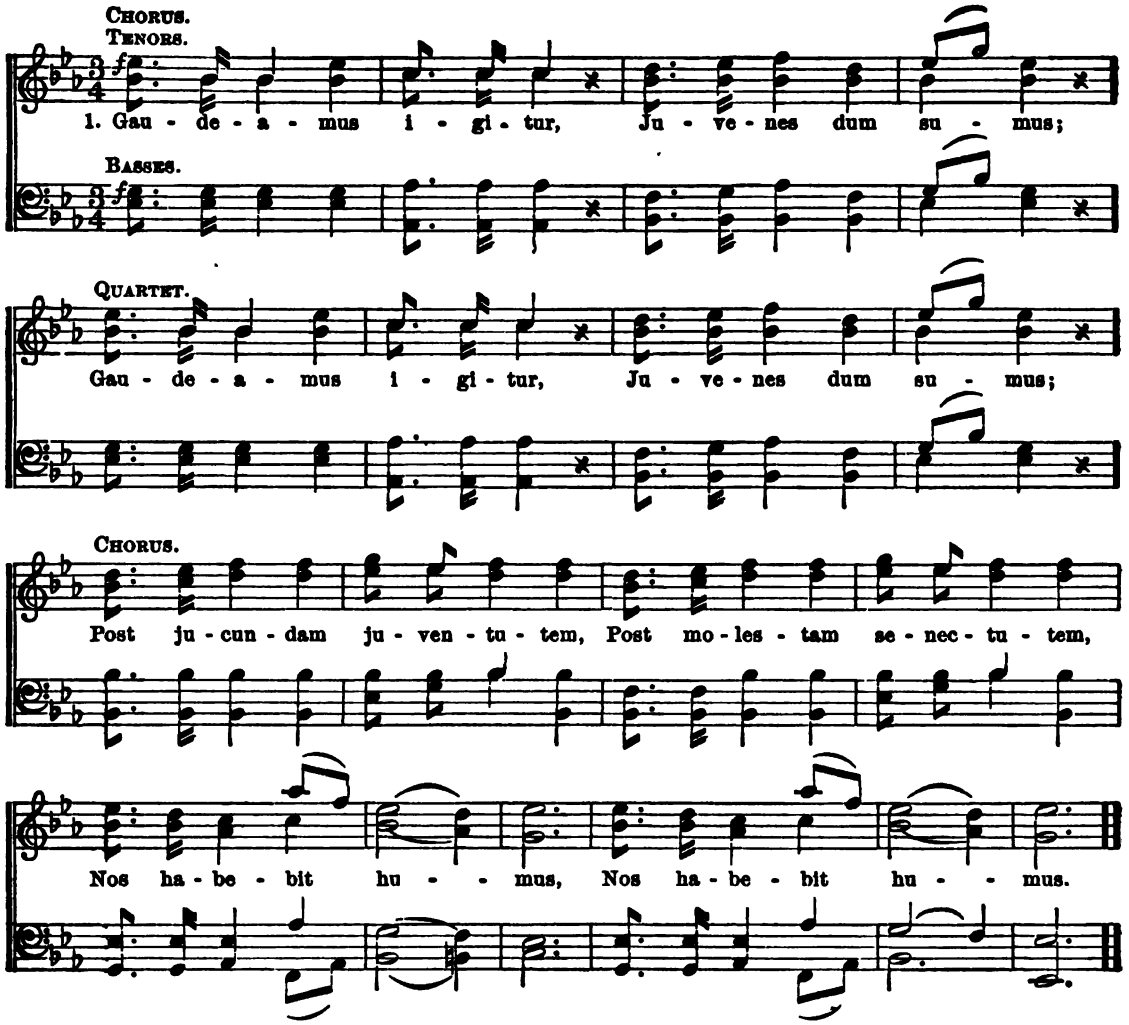
GAUDEAMUS.

Chorus.
Tenors.
1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
Basses.
Quartet.
Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
Chorus.
Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,
Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus.

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ

6 Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

8 Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

9 Alma Mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.

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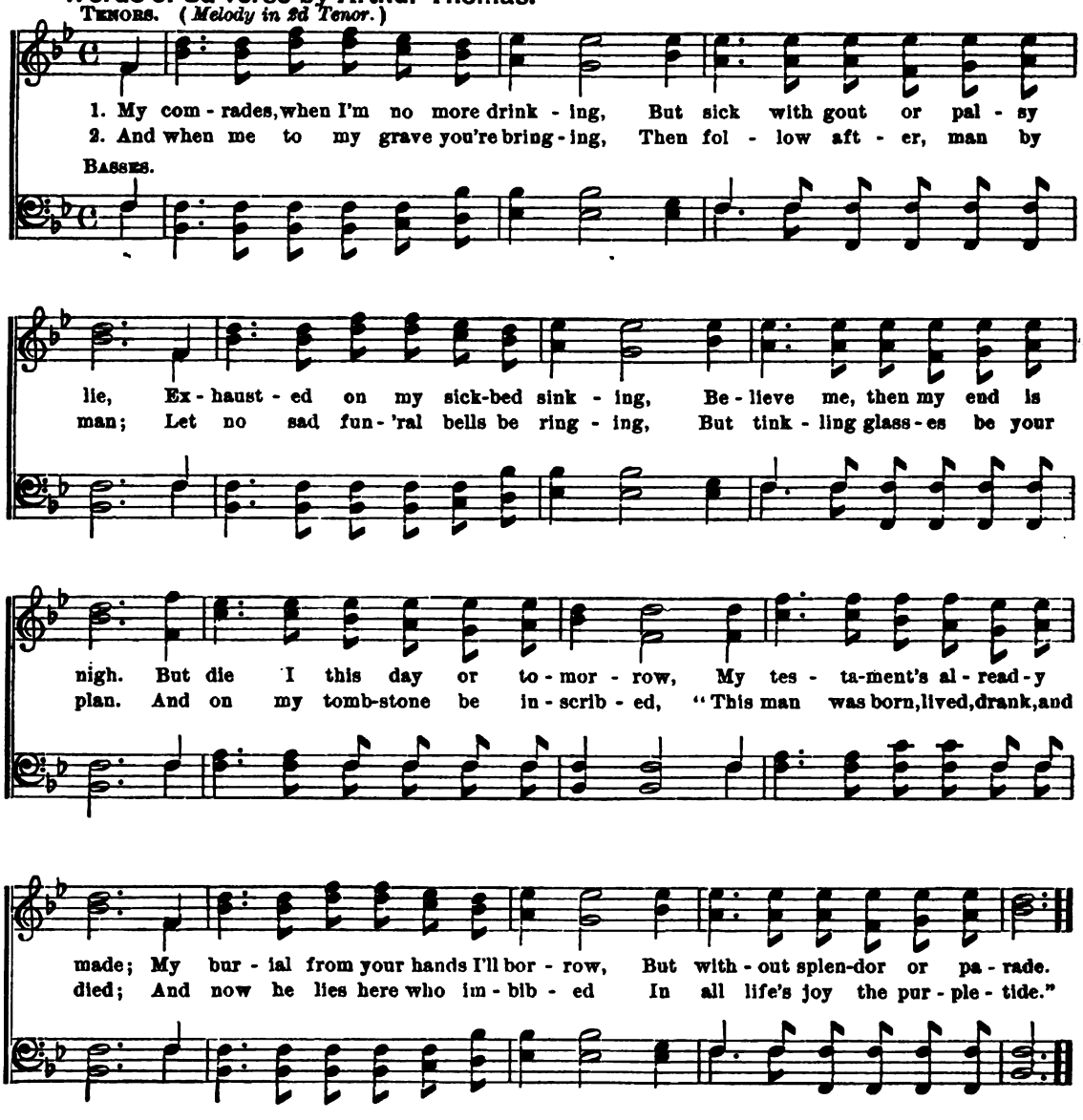
DRINKING SONG.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Thomas.

TENORS. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. My com - rades, when I'm no more drink - ing, But sick with gout or pal - sy
2. And when me to my grave you're bring - ing, Then fol - low aft - er, man by
BASSES.
lie, Ex - haust - ed on my sick-bed sink - ing, Be - lieve me, then my end is
man; Let no sad fun - 'ral bells be ring - ing, But tink - ling glass - es be your
nigh. But die I this day or to - mor - row, My tes - ta-ment's al - read - y
plan. And on my tomb-stone be in - scrib - ed, "This man was born, lived, drank, and
made; My bur - ial from your hands I'll bor - row, But with - out splen-dor or pa - rade.
died; And now he lies here who im - bib - ed In all life's joy the pur - ple - tide."

3 Should any ask you why I quitted,
So soon have handed in my checks;
Just tell them simply that I flitted,—
Their honest souls I would not vex!
Of course you know the real reason,—
A rule or two I had defied!
If my demise *is* out of season,
Just tell 'em — well — I — up and died!

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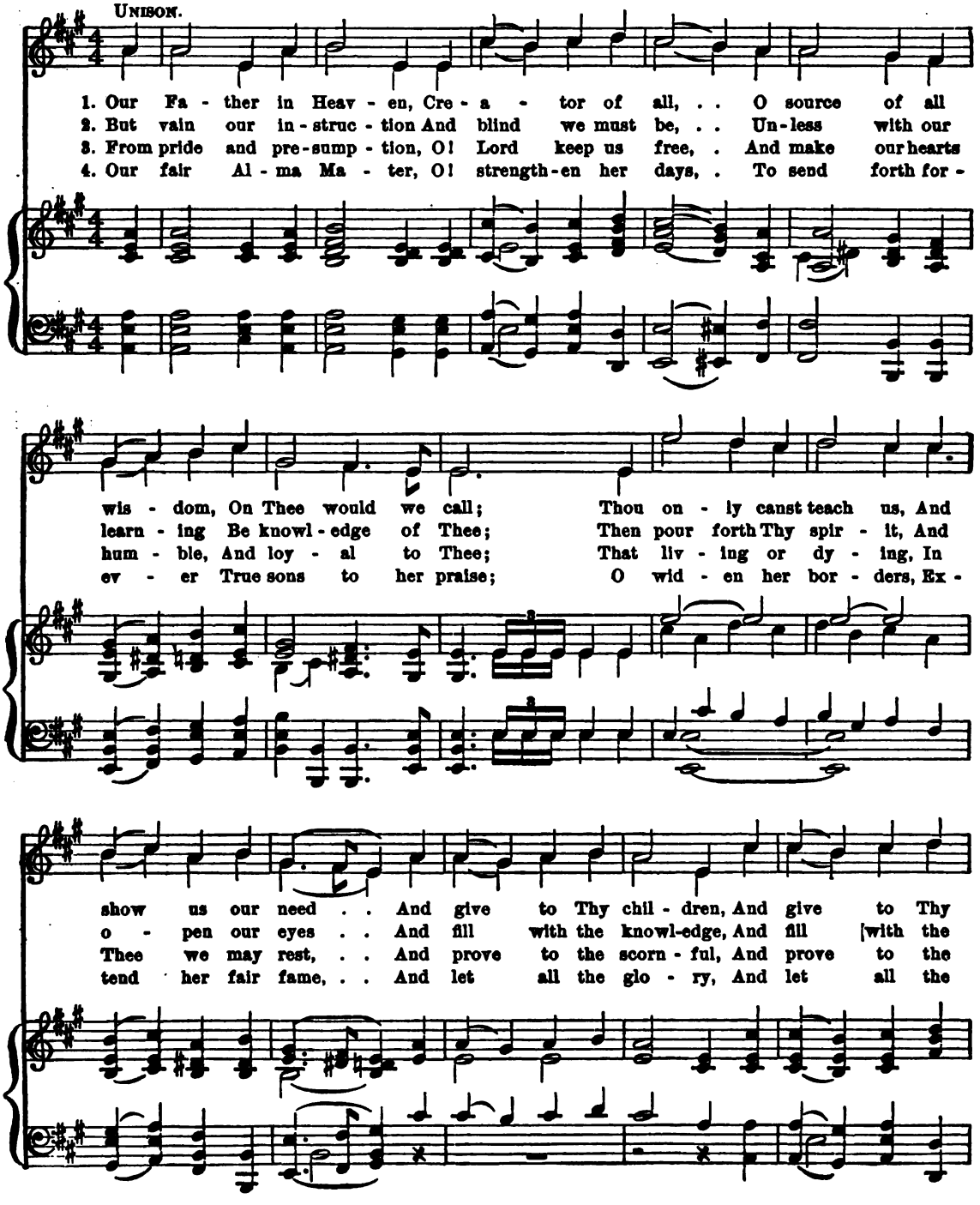
A UNIVERSITY HYMN.

(FOR VOICES IN UNISON WITH ACCOMPANIMENT.)

Words by Thomas Wistar.

Air, "Adeste Fideles."
Adapted by Edward G. McCollin.

UNISON.
1. Our Fa - ther in Heav - en, Cre - a - tor of all, . . O source of all
2. But vain our in - struc - tion And blind we must be, . . Un - less with our
3. From pride and pre - sump - tion, O! Lord keep us free, . And make our hearts
4. Our fair Al - ma Ma - ter, O! strength - en her days, . To send forth for -
wis - dom, On Thee would we call; Thou on - ly canst teach us, And
learn - ing Be knowl - edge of Thee; Then pour forth Thy spir - it, And
hum - ble, And loy - al to Thee; That liv - ing or dy - ing, In
ev - er True sons to her praise; O wid - en her bor - ders, Ex -
show us our need . . And give to Thy chil - dren, And give to Thy
o - pen our eyes . . And fill with the knowl - edge, And fill [with the
Thee we may rest, . . And prove to the scorn - ful, And prove to the
tend her fair fame, . . And let all the glo - ry, And let all the

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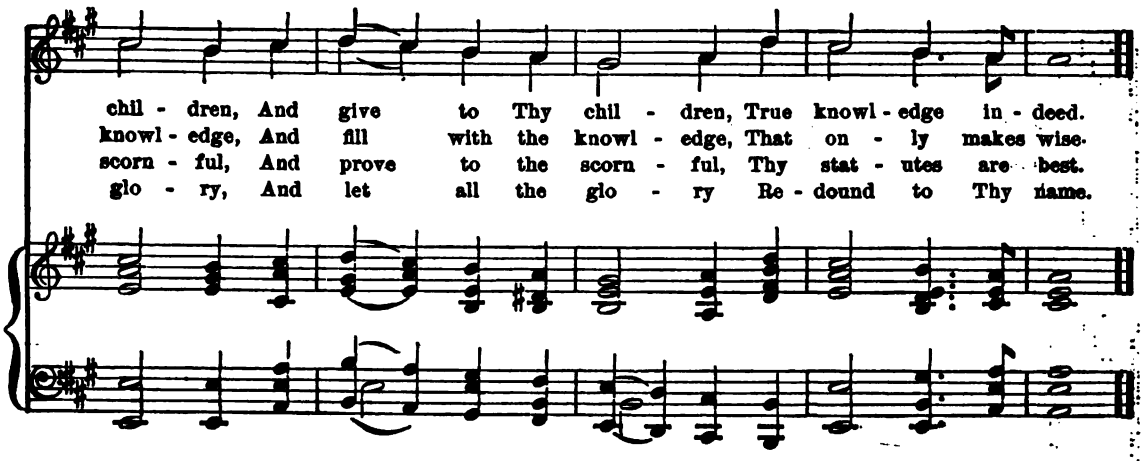
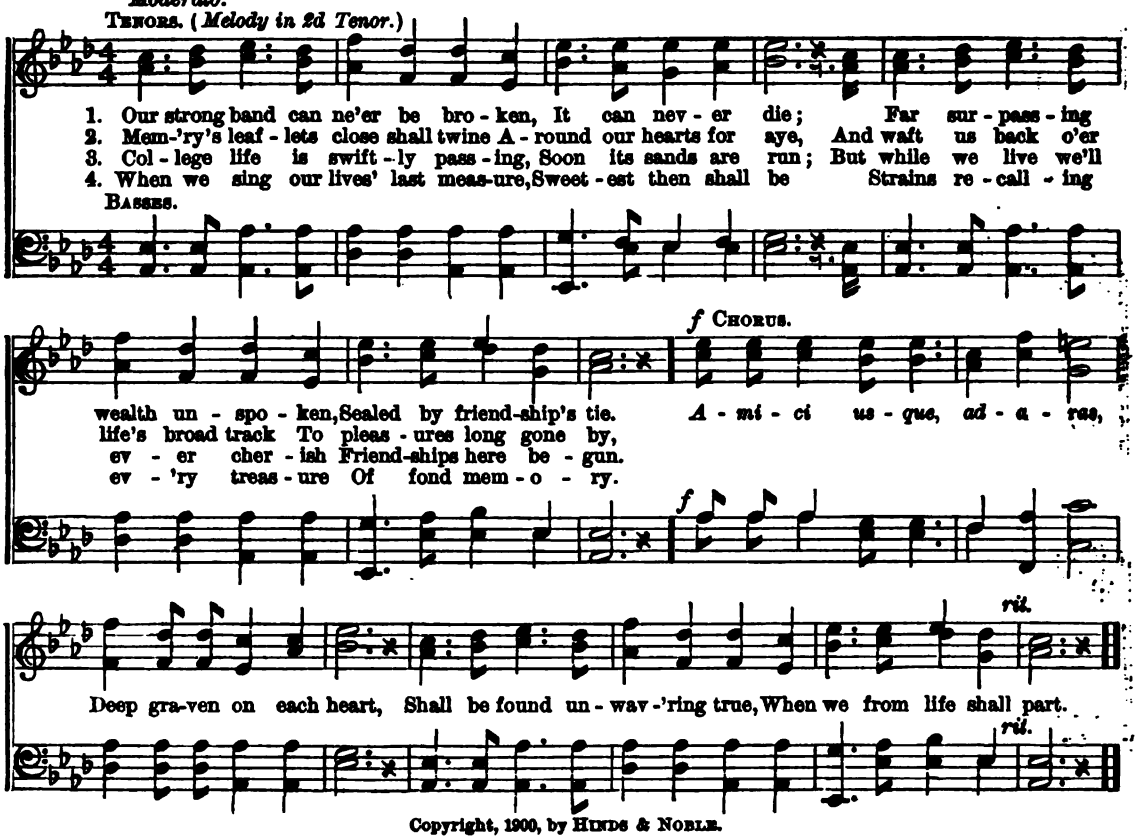
A UNIVERSITY HYMN.

chil - dren, And give to Thy chil - dren, True knowl - edge in - deed.
knowl - edge, And fill with the knowl - edge, That on - ly makes wise.
scorn - ful, And prove to the scorn - ful, Thy stat - utes are best.
glo - ry, And let all the glo - ry Re - dound to Thy name.

AMICI.

Words of 4th verse by Arthur Rogers.

Moderato.


Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. Our strong band can ne'er be bro - ken, It can nev - er die; Far sur - pass - ing
2. Mem-'ry's leaf - lets close shall twine A - round our hearts for aye, And waft us back o'er
3. Col - lege life is swift - ly pass - ing, Soon its sands are run; But while we live we'll
4. When we sing our lives' last meas-ure, Sweet - est then shall be Strains re - call - ing
Basses.
wealth un - spo - ken, Sealed by friend-ship's tie.
life's broad track To pleas - ures long gone by,
ev - er cher - ish Friend-ships here be - gun.
ev - 'ry treas - ure Of fond mem - o - ry.
f Chorus.
A - mi - ci us - que, ad - a - ras,
f
rit.
Deep gra-ven on each heart, Shall be found un - wav - 'ring true, When we from life shall part.
rit.

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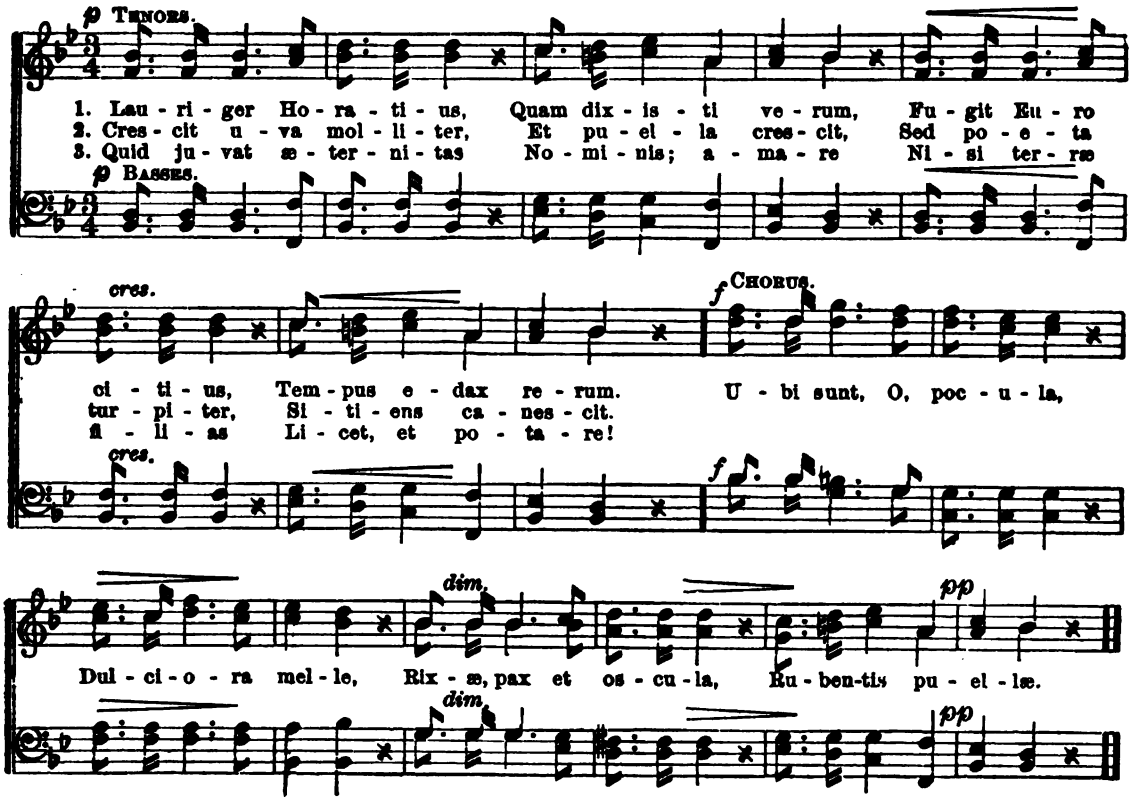
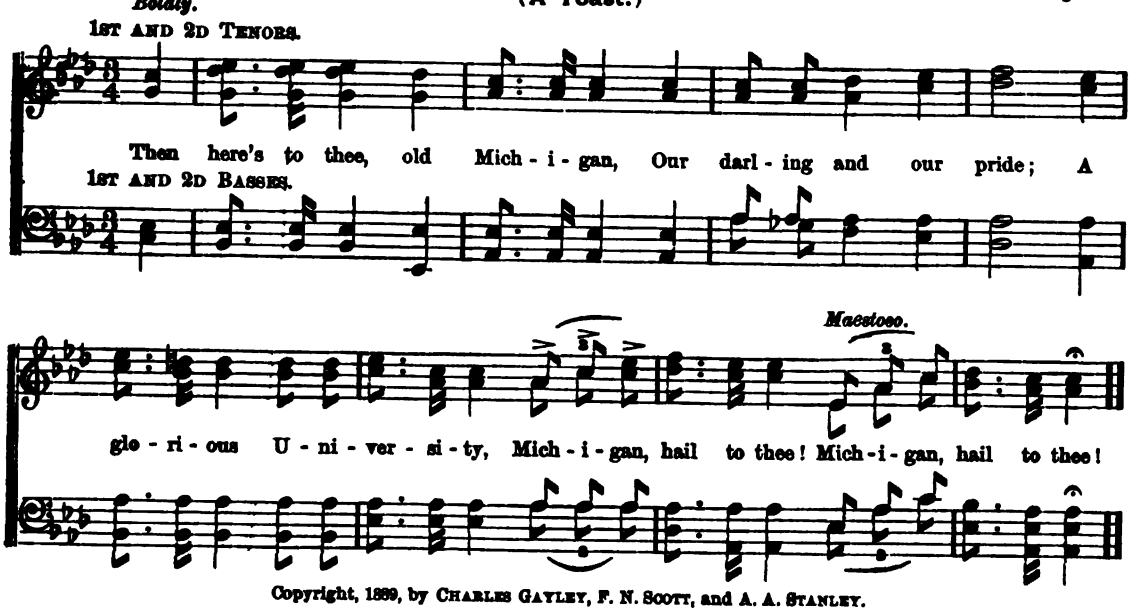
LAURIGER HORATIUS.

p Tenors.
1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum, Fu - git Eu - ro
2. Cres - cit u - va mol - li - ter, Et pu - el - la cres - cit, Sed po - e - ta
3. Quid ju - vat æ - ter - ni - tas No - mi - nis; a - ma - re Ni - si ter - ræ
p Basses.
cres.
ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum.
tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca - nes - cit.
fi - li - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!
f Chorus.
U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la,
cres.
f
dim.
pp
Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - læ.
dim.
pp

GLORIA VICTORIA.

Fred N. Scott, '84.

(A Toast.)

A. A. Stanley.


Boldly.
1st and 2d Tenors.
Then here's to thee, old Mich - i - gan, Our darl - ing and our pride; A
1st and 2d Basses.
Maestoso.
glo - ri - ous U - ni - ver - si - ty, Mich - i - gan, hail to thee! Mich - i - gan, hail to thee!

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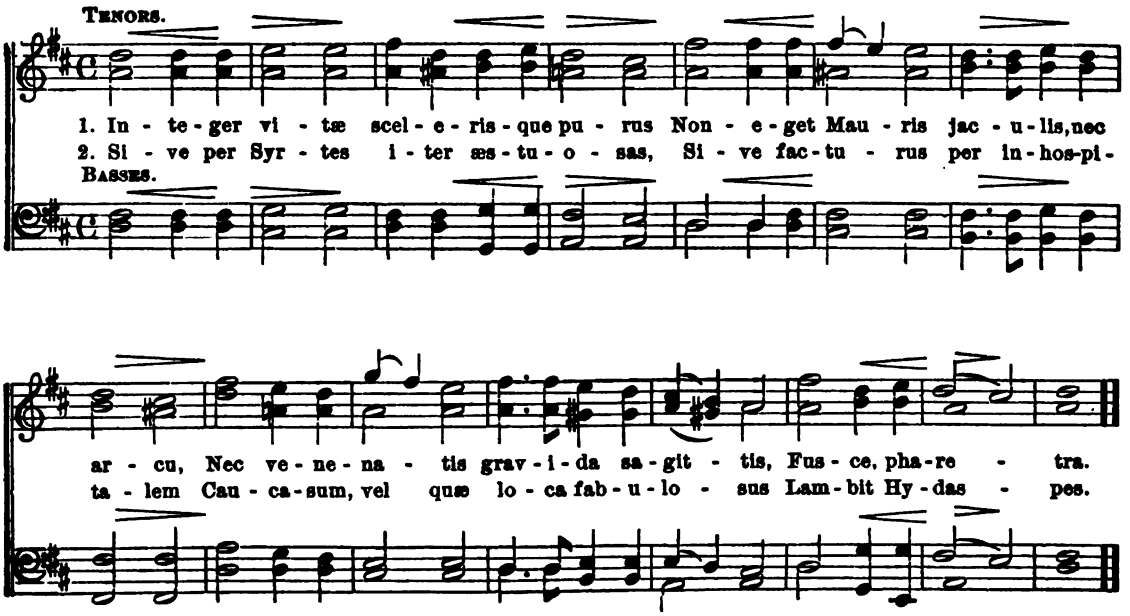
INTEGER VITÆ.

LIB. I., ODE XXII. Horatii Flacci.

Tenors.
1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non - e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -
Basses.
ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis grav - i - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

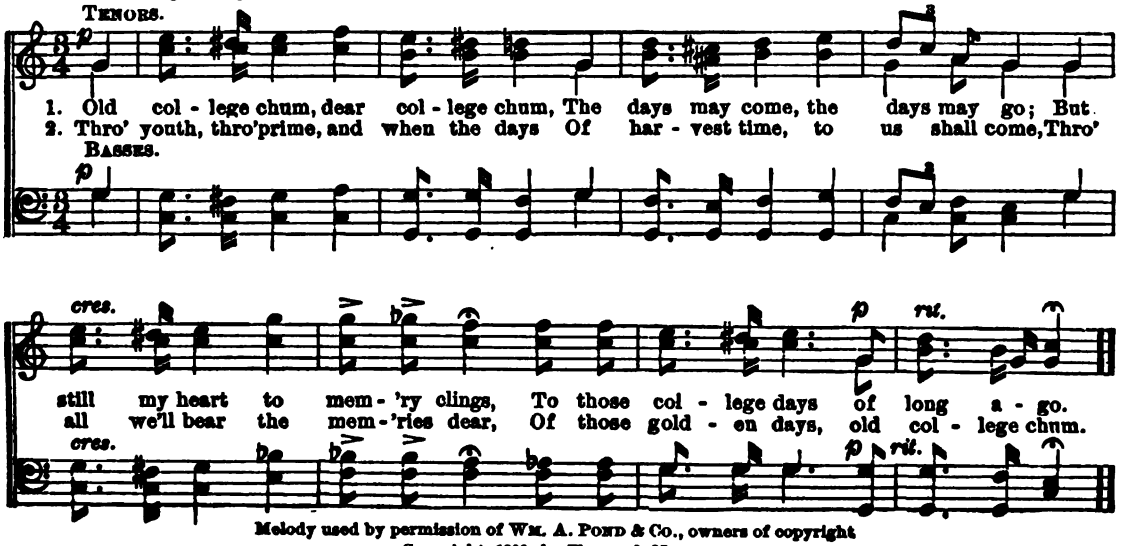
4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget;

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

Words by Lloyd Adams. Arranged for Male Voices.


Tenors.
p
1. Old col - lege chum, dear col - lege chum, The days may come, the days may go; But
2. Thro' youth, thro'prime, and when the days Of har - vest time, to us shall come, Thro'
Basses.
p
cres.
still my heart to mem - 'ry clings, To those col - lege days of long a - go.
all we'll bear the mem - 'ries dear, Of those gold - en days, old col - lege chum.
cres.
p
rit.

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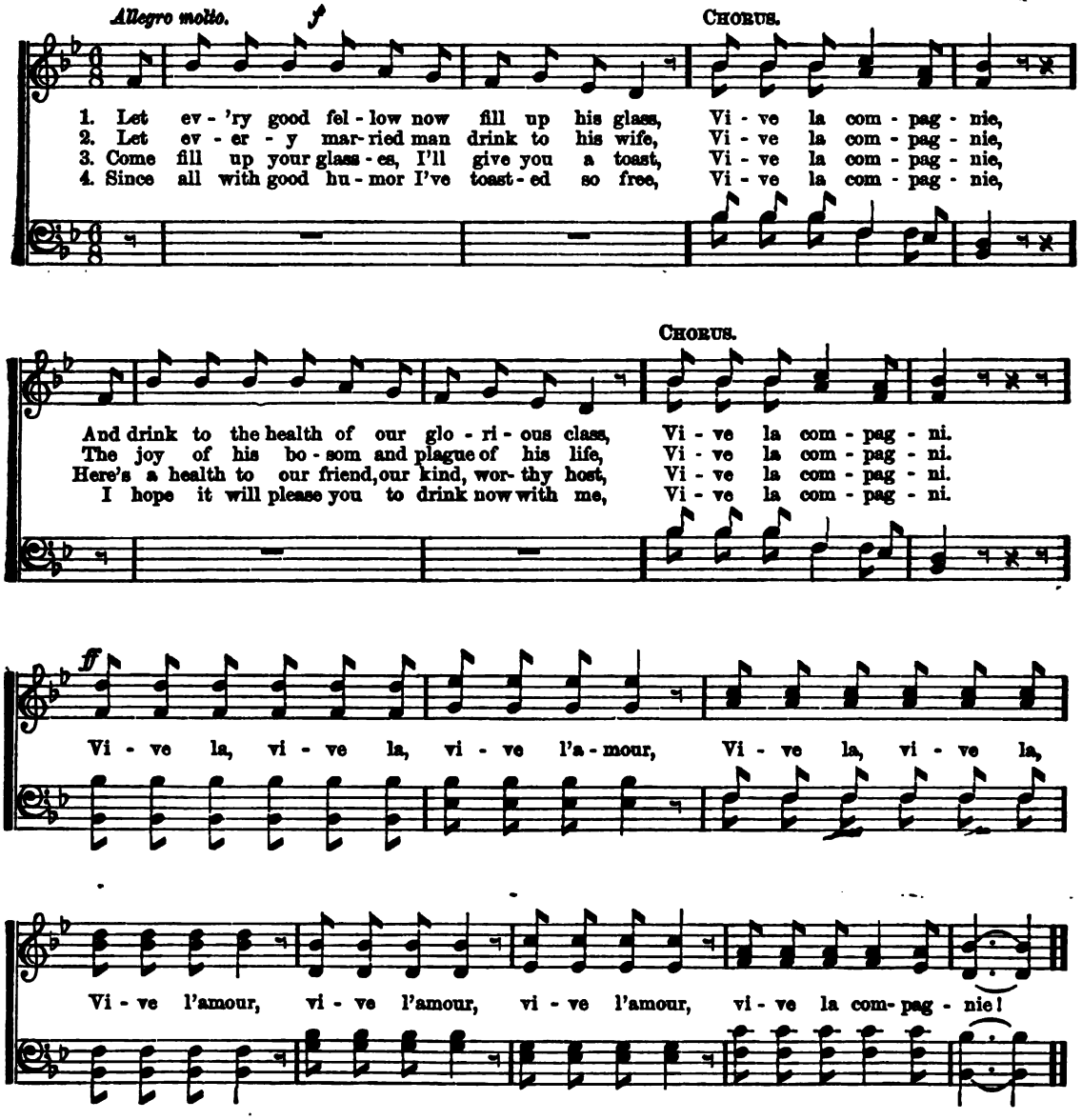
VIVE L'AMOUR.

Allegro molto.
f
CHORUS.
1. Let ev - 'ry good fel - low now fill up his glass, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
2. Let ev - er - y mar-ried man drink to his wife, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
3. Come fill up your glass - es, I'll give you a toast, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
4. Since all with good hu - mor I've toast - ed so free, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
CHORUS.
And drink to the health of our glo - ri - ous class, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
The joy of his bo - som and plague of his life, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
Here's a health to our friend, our kind, wor- thy host, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
I hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
ff
Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve la, vi - ve la,
Vi - ve l'amour, vi - ve l'amour, vi - ve l'amour, vi - ve la com- pag - nie!

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

Words by Harold M. Bowman, '00.

Tune:—As sung by "The Friars."

Where no one asks the "who" or "why;"
Where no one doth the sinner ply
With his embarrassments of guile;
Where's ne'er a frown but brings a smile,
And cares are crimes,—'tis sin to sigh,

'Tis wrong to let a jest go by,
And hope is truth, and life is nigh,
The bourns of the Enchanted Isle
In College Days.

Then raise the rosy goblet high,—
The singer's chalice,—and belie
The tongues that trouble and defile;
For we have yet a little while
To linger,—You and Youth and I,
In College Days.

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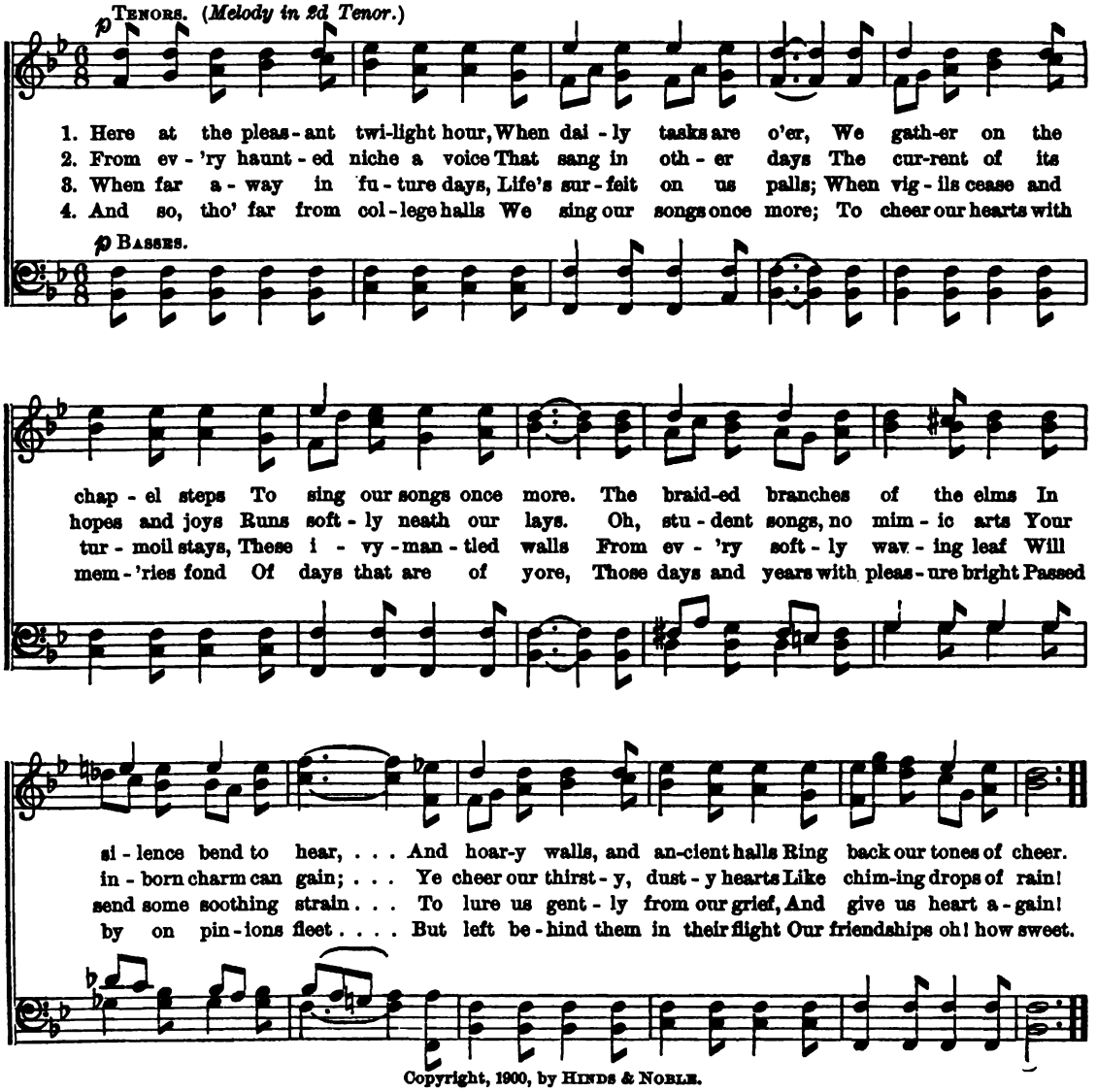
ON THE CHAPEL STEPS.

Words by J. N. Eno, Arthur Thomas, and Caspar G. Dickson. **Music by G. C. Gow.**

p Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. Here at the pleas - ant twi-light hour, When dai - ly tasks are o'er, We gath-er on the
2. From ev - 'ry haunt - ed niche a voice That sang in oth - er days The cur-rent of its
3. When far a - way in fu - ture days, Life's sur - feit on us palls; When vig - ils cease and
4. And so, tho' far from col - lege halls We sing our songs once more; To cheer our hearts with
p Basses.
chap - el steps To sing our songs once more. The braid-ed branches of the elms In
hopes and joys Runs soft - ly neath our lays. Oh, stu - dent songs, no mim - ic arts Your
tur - moil stays, These i - vy - man - tled walls From ev - 'ry soft - ly wav - ing leaf Will
mem - 'ries fond Of days that are of yore, Those days and years with pleas - ure bright Passed
si - lence bend to hear, . . . And hoar-y walls, and an-cient halls Ring back our tones of cheer.
in - born charm can gain; . . . Ye cheer our thirst - y, dust - y hearts Like chim-ing drops of rain!
send some soothing strain . . . To lure us gent - ly from our grief, And give us heart a - gain!
by on pin - ions fleet . . . . But left be - hind them in their flight Our friendships oh! how sweet.

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THE MICHIGAN MARCHING SONG.

The winds of night around me sighing,
'Neath the elm trees murm'ring low;
Let no boisterous sounds arising
Break our merry voices' flow.
'Tis of Michigan we sing,
With a loud and tuneful ring,
As we gaily march along,
We will shout a joyful song,
Of Ann Arbor and her chimes,
And her happy high old times,
And we all our songs shall raise
Of Ann Arbor and her praise.

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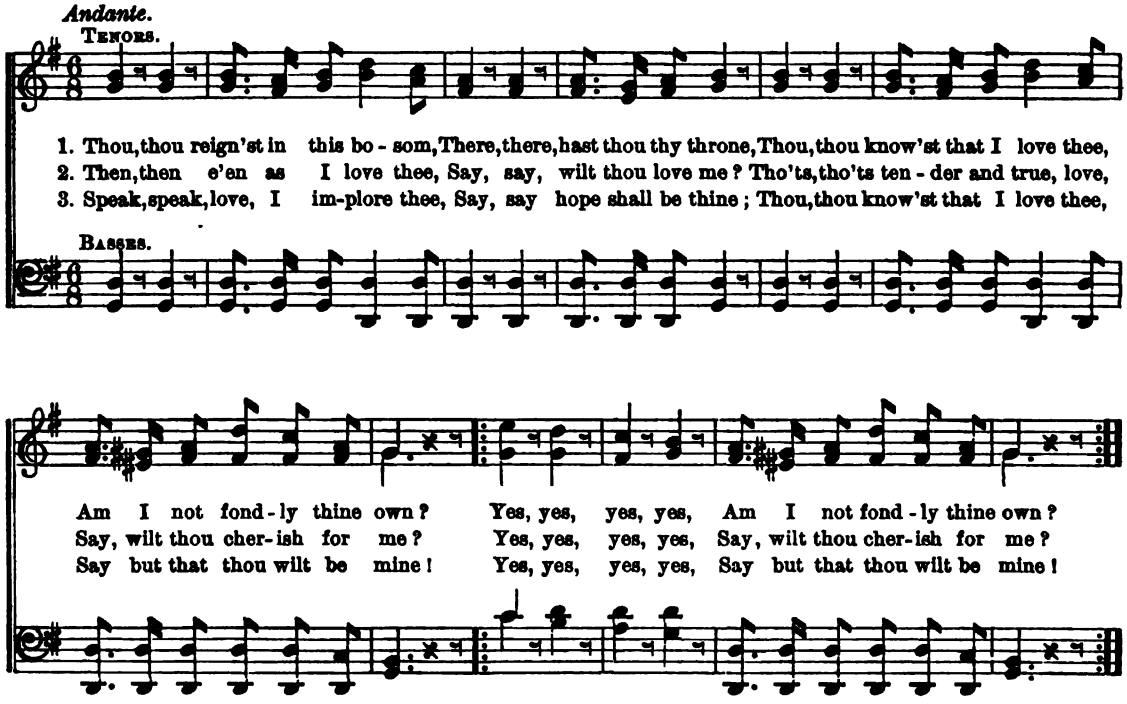
AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?


Andante.
Tenors.
1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bo - som, There, there, hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
2. Then, then e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Tho'ts, tho'ts ten - der and true, love,
3. Speak, speak, love, I im-plore thee, Say, say hope shall be thine; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
Basses.
Am I not fond - ly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?
Say, wilt thou cher - ish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say, wilt thou cher - ish for me?
Say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine!

MICHIGAN.

Tune:—"Heidelberg," from "Prince of Pilsen."

O Michigan, dear Michigan,
Thy sons will ne'er forget;
The golden haze of student days
Is round about us yet.
Those days of yore will come on more,
But through our manly years,
The thoughts of you, so kind, so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears;
The thoughts of you, dear Michigan,
Will fill our eyes with tears.

'TIS OF MICHIGAN WE SING.

'Tis of Michigan we sing,
With a merry, merry ring;
As we gaily march along,
We will sing a jolly song
Of Ann Arbor and her chimes,
And her merry, merry times;
Yes, a joyous song we'll raise
To Ann Arbor and her praise!
Yes, a joyous song we'll raise
To Ann Arbor and her praise!

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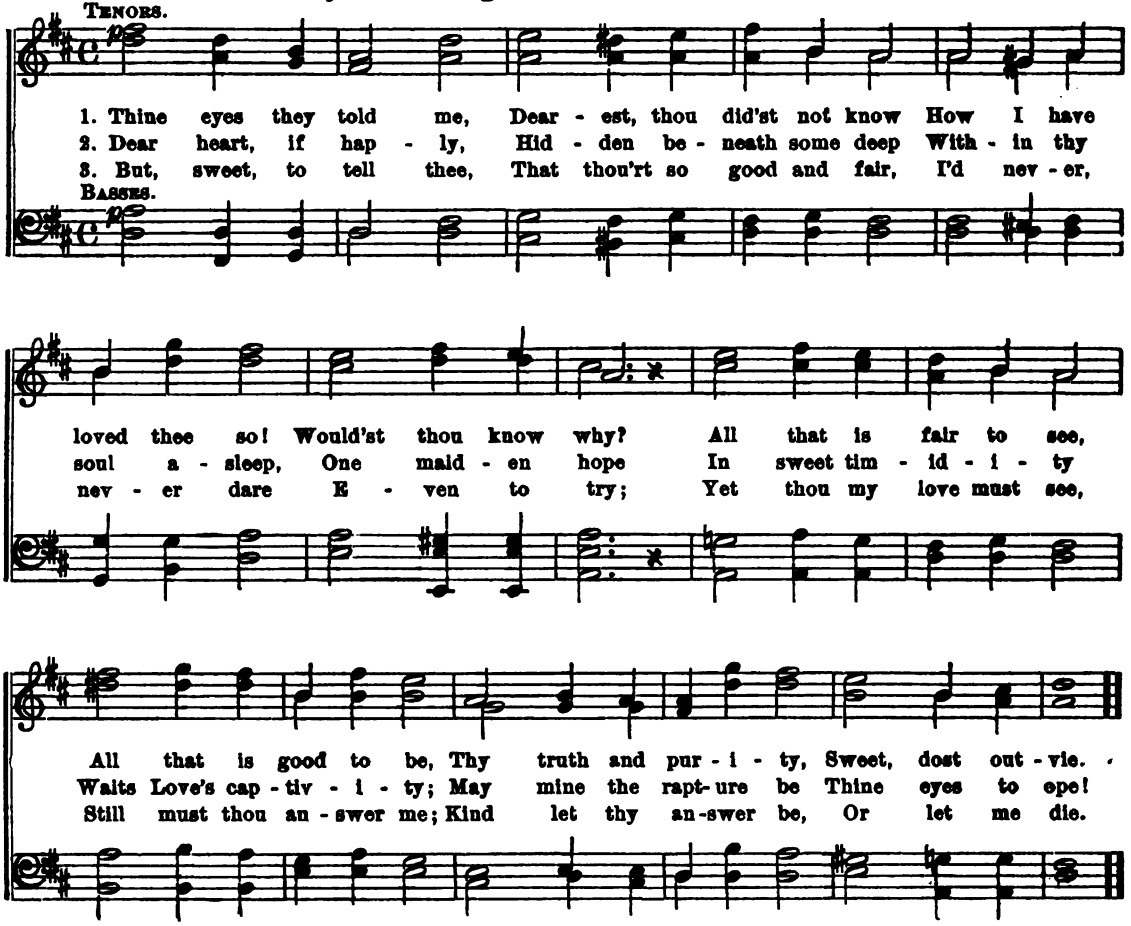
HOW I HAVE LOVED THEE.

Words by Frank Julian Price.
Words of 2d verse by Arthur Rogers.

TENORS.
1. Thine eyes they told me, Dear - est, thou did'st not know How I have
2. Dear heart, if hap - ly, Hid - den be - neath some deep With - in thy
3. But, sweet, to tell thee, That thou'rt so good and fair, I'd nev - er,
BASSES.
loved thee so! Would'st thou know why? All that is fair to see,
soul a - sleep, One maid - en hope In sweet tim - id - i - ty
nev - er dare E - ven to try; Yet thou my love must see,
All that is good to be, Thy truth and pur - i - ty, Sweet, dost out - vie.
Waits Love's cap - tiv - i - ty; May mine the rapt-ure be Thine eyes to ope!
Still must thou an - swer me; Kind let thy an-swer be, Or let me die.

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THE MICHIGAN STEIN SONG.

Leigh Veigh, '02. **Will P. Ultes, '04.**

1 Come gather 'round ye Wolverines and with us sing the praise of Michigan,
We'll celebrate in song and drink our passing College days in Michigan,
May Miss Minerva, Hercules, the old God Bacchus too,
Smile favor ever on the wearers of the Maize and Blue.

CHORUS.

Michigan, Michigan, your Glory never pale,
To your prosperity, we drink down our ale.
May our sons of future years, like their Dads to-day;
Whooper up for Michigan, hooray, hooray, hooray!

2 When out into the world we go to make our marks and shine, oh, Michigan,
We'll hold in fondest memory the days of Auld Lang Syne in Michigan
So take a cup and fill it up each loyal college man,
And with a shout let's whoop it out—"Hoch! Prosit! Michigan."

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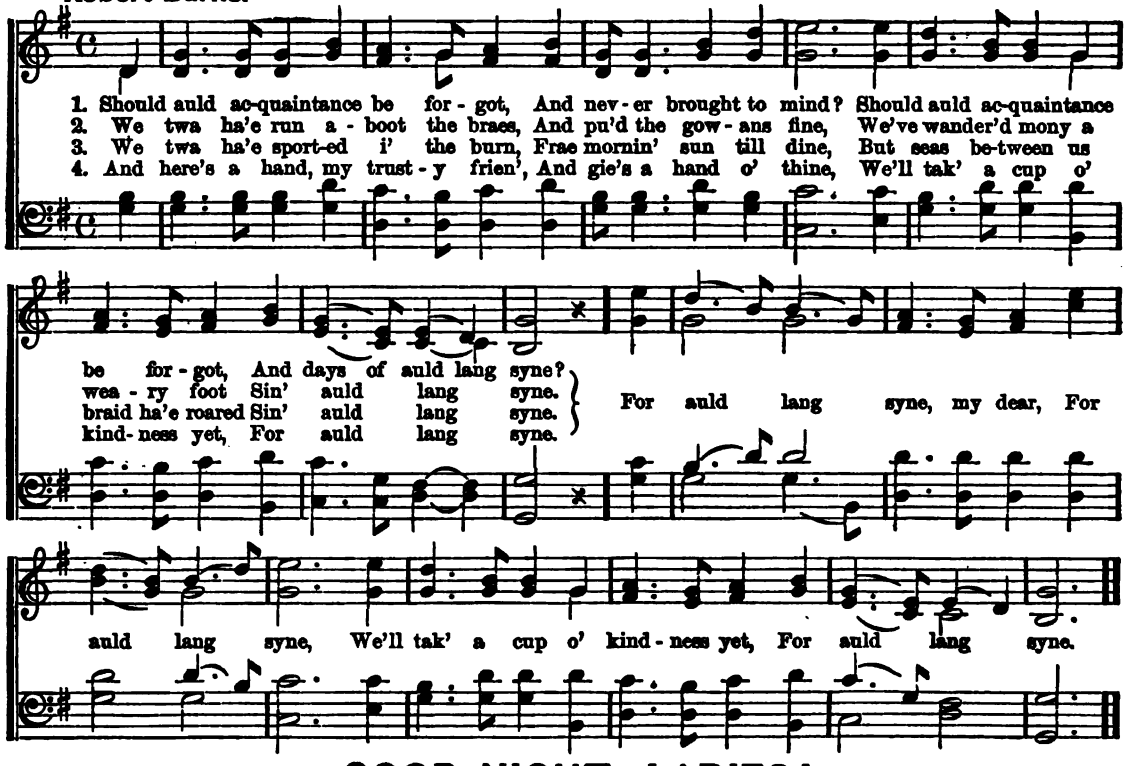
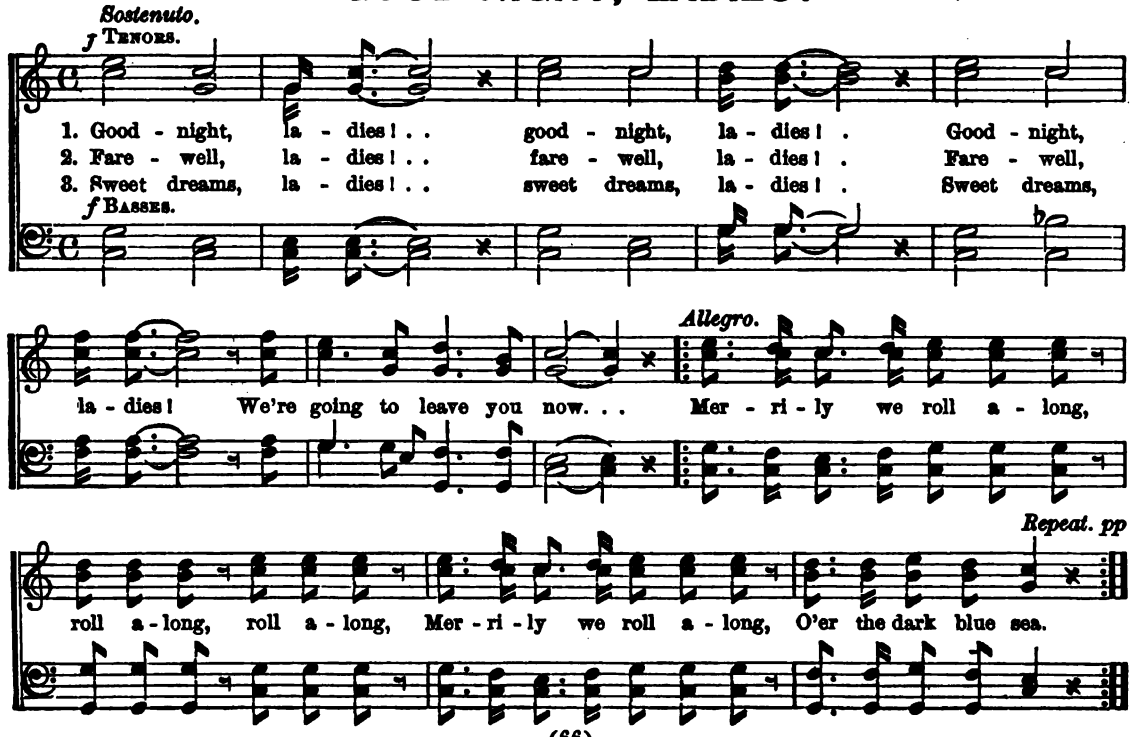
AULD LANG SYNE.

Robert Burns.

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Sostenuto.
f Tenors.
1. Good-night, la-dies! . . good-night, la-dies! . Good-night,
2. Fare-well, la-dies! . . fare-well, la-dies! . Fare-well,
3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! . . sweet dreams, la-dies! . Sweet dreams,
f Basses.
la-dies! We're going to leave you now. . .
Allegro.
Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long,
roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O'er the dark blue sea.
Repeat. pp

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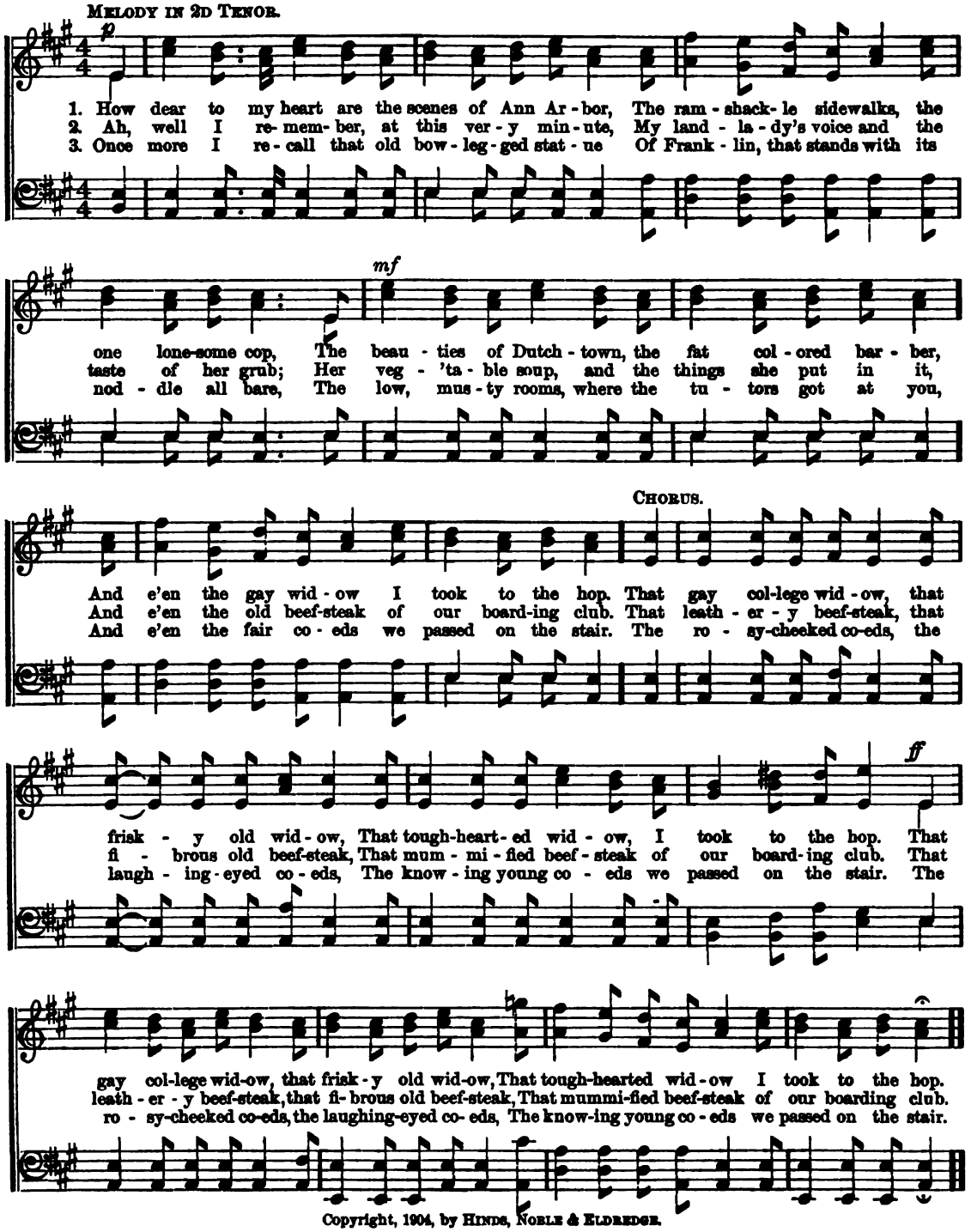
REMINISCENCES OF COLLEGE DAYS.

Fred N. Scott, '84.

MELODY IN 2D TENOR.

p
1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of Ann Ar-bor, The ram-shack-le sidewalks, the
2. Ah, well I re-mem-ber, at this ver-y min-ute, My land-la-dy's voice and the
3. Once more I re-call that old bow-leg-ged stat-ue Of Frank-lin, that stands with its
mf
one lone-some cop, The beau-ties of Dutch-town, the fat col-ored bar-ber,
taste of her grub; Her veg-'ta-ble soup, and the things she put in it,
nod-dle all bare, The low, mus-ty rooms, where the tu-tors got at you,
CHORUS.
And e'en the gay wid-ow I took to the hop. That gay col-lege wid-ow, that
And e'en the old beef-steak of our board-ing club. That leath-er-y beef-steak, that
And e'en the fair co-eds we passed on the stair. The ro-sy-cheeked co-eds, the
ff
frisk-y old wid-ow, That tough-heart-ed wid-ow, I took to the hop. That
fi-brous old beef-steak, That mum-mi-fied beef-steak of our board-ing club. That
laugh-ing-eyed co-eds, The know-ing young co-eds we passed on the stair. The
gay col-lege wid-ow, that frisk-y old wid-ow, That tough-hearted wid-ow I took to the hop.
leath-er-y beef-steak, that fi-brous old beef-steak, That mummi-fied beef-steak of our boarding club.
ro-sy-cheeked co-eds, the laughing-eyed co-eds, The know-ing young co-eds we passed on the stair.

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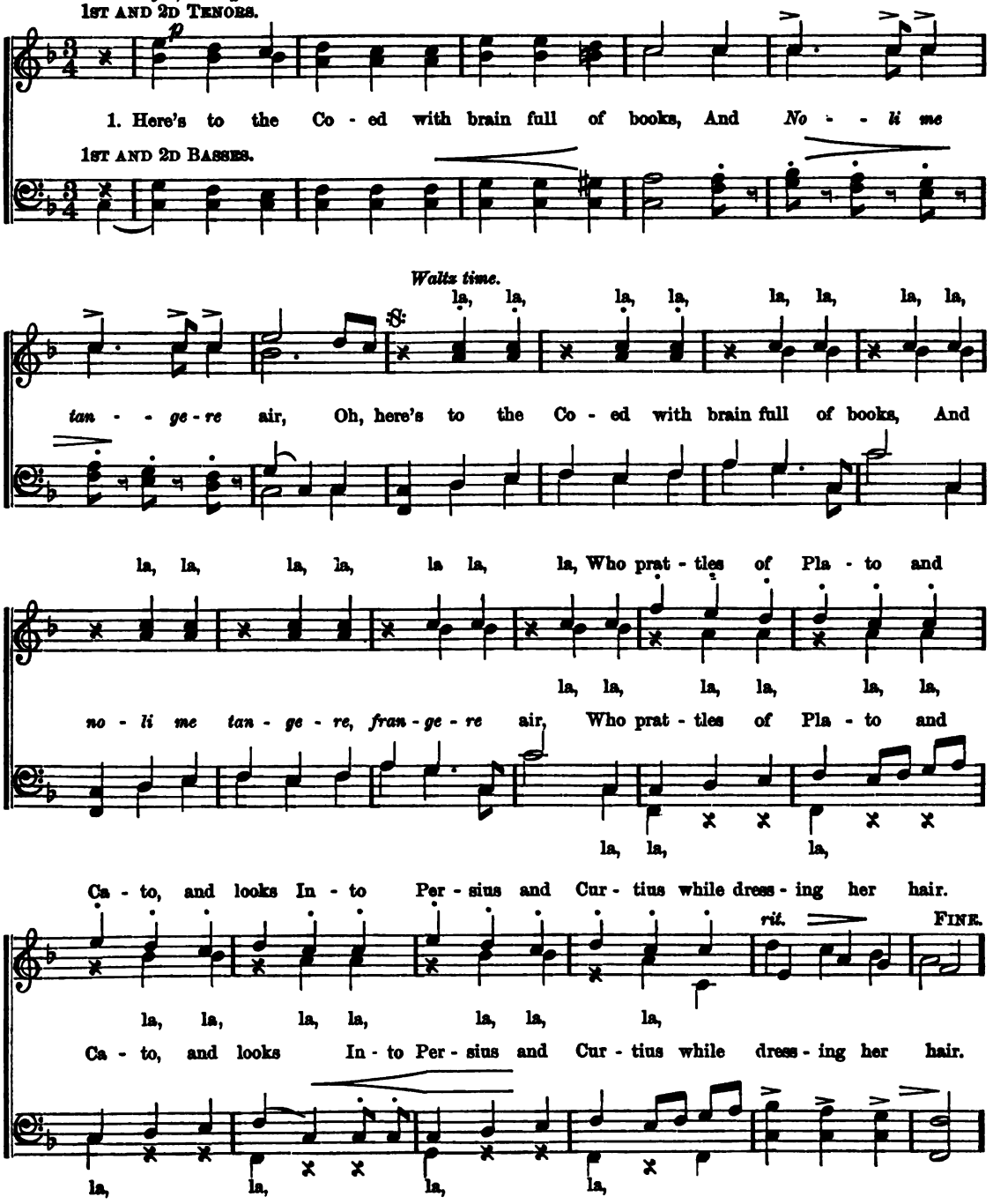
THE CO-ED THAT VANQUISHES ME.

From the Basque. **A. A. Stanley.**

Poco adagio, con affetuoso.

1ST AND 2D TENORS.

p
1. Here's to the Co - ed with brain full of books, And No - li me
1ST AND 2D BASSES.
Waltz time.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
tan - - ge - re air, Oh, here's to the Co - ed with brain full of books, And
la, la, la, la, la la, la, Who prat - tles of Pla - to and
la, la, la, la, la, la,
no - li me tan - ge - re, fran - ge - re air, Who prat - tles of Pla - to and
la, la, la,
Ca - to, and looks In - to Per - sius and Cur - tius while dress - ing her hair.
rit.
FINE.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Ca - to, and looks In - to Per - sius and Cur - tius while dress - ing her hair.
la, la, la, la,

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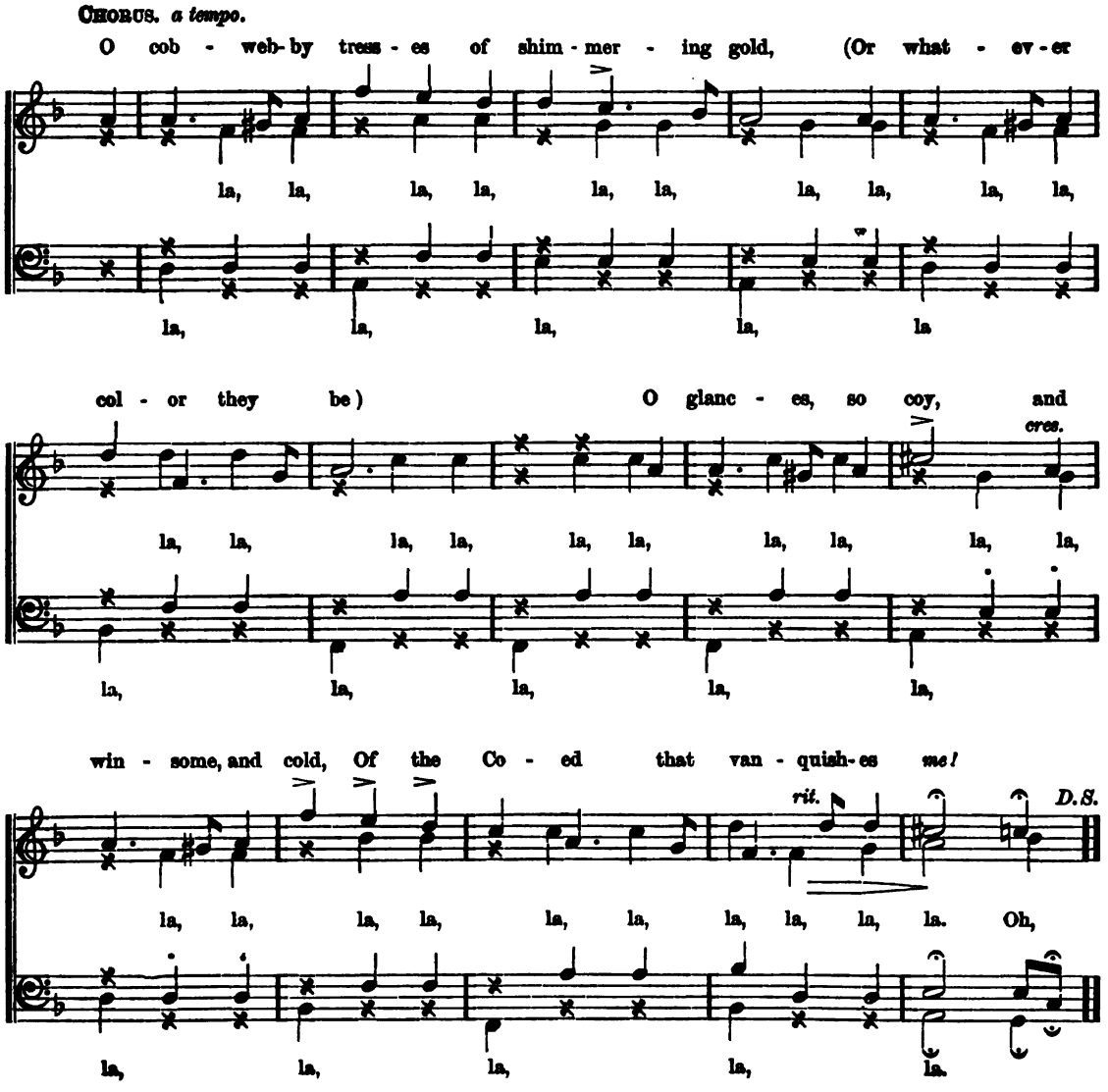
THE CO-ED THAT VANQUISHES ME.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*
O cob - web-by tress - es of shim - mer - ing gold, (Or what - ev - er
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la
col - or they be) O glanc - es, so coy, and
cres.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la,
win - some, and cold, Of the Co - ed that van - quish-es *me!*
rit.
D.S.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Oh,
la, la, la, la, la.

2 Here's to the Co-ed potential in gaze,
With Hegel and Schlegel and Hobbes in her arms;
And eyes where the stars of philosophy blaze,
And lips of unspeakable, seekable charms!

CHORUS.

O ruby-lipped, to-be-sipped petals of rose,
O eyes of the far apogee,
O arms, O arms, O statuesque arms
Of the Co-ed that vanquishes *me!*

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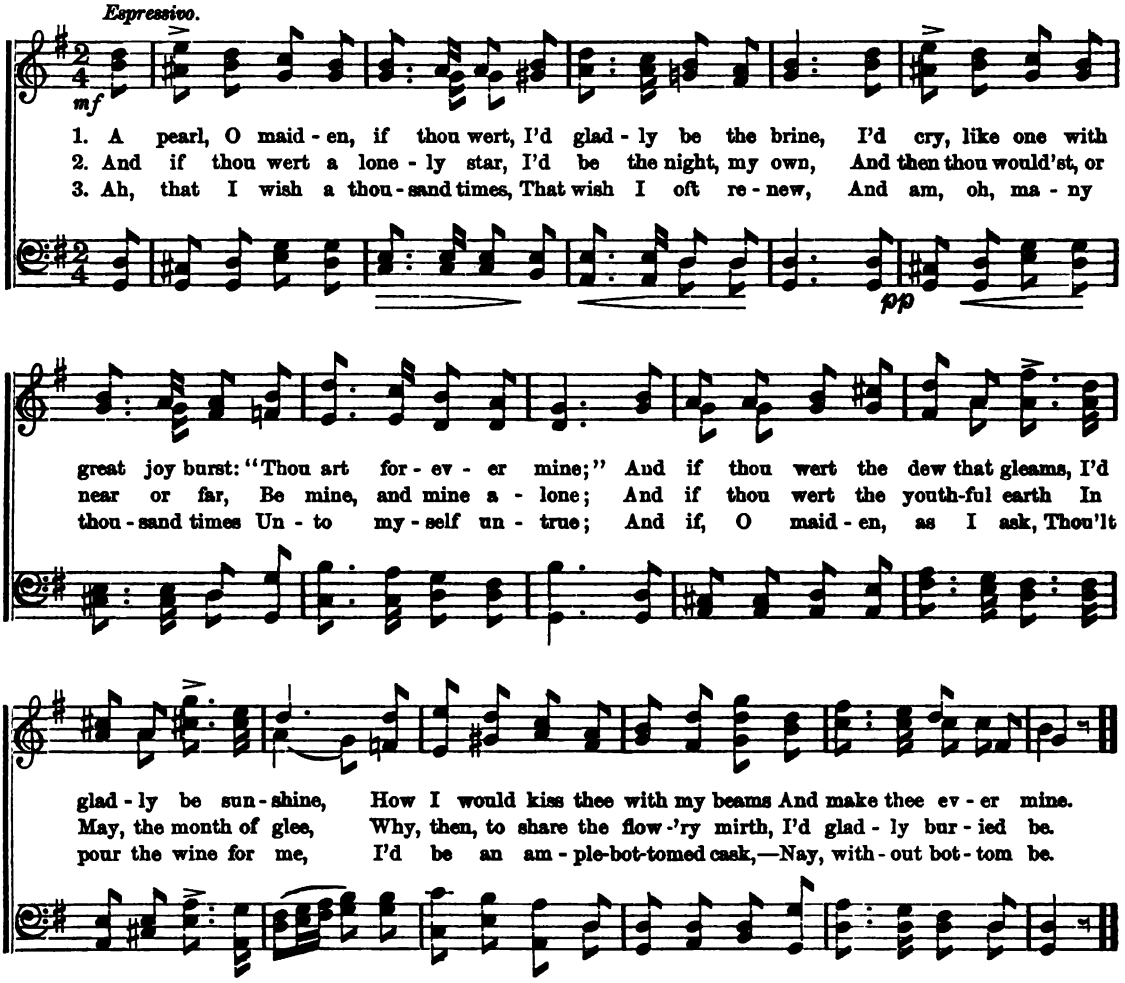
A PEARL, O MAIDEN IF THOU WERT.

Fr. Hornseck, Transl. by E. L. Miller. Ad. Muller.

Espressivo.
mf
1. A pearl, O maid - en, if thou wert, I'd glad - ly be the brine, I'd cry, like one with great joy burst: "Thou art for - ev - er mine;" And if thou wert the dew that gleams, I'd glad - ly be sun - shine, How I would kiss thee with my beams And make thee ev - er mine.
2. And if thou wert a lone - ly star, I'd be the night, my own, And then thou would'st, or near or far, Be mine, and mine a - lone; And if thou wert the youth-ful earth In May, the month of glee, Why, then, to share the flow-'ry mirth, I'd glad - ly bur - ied be.
3. Ah, that I wish a thou - sand times, That wish I oft re - new, And am, oh, ma - ny thou - sand times Un - to my - self un - true; And if, O maid - en, as I ask, Thou'lt pour the wine for me, I'd be an am - ple-bot-tomed cask,—Nay, with - out bot - tom be.
pp

SONG OF THE CLASSES.

Adapted by Wm. Beuscater, '02. Air:—"Hebrew Children."

Where, oh, where, are the verdant Freshmen?
Where, oh, where, are the verdant Freshmen?
Where, oh, where, are the verdant Freshmen?
Safe now in the Sophomore Class.
They've gone out from their pré-scribed English;
They've gone out from their pré-scribed English;
They've gone out from their pré-scribed English;
Safe now in the Sophomore Class.

Where, oh, where, are the merry Sophomores?
Safe now in the Junior Class.
They've gone out from Wenley's Ph'l'os'phy;
Safe now in the Junior Class.

(*Fast time.*)

Where, oh, where, are the jolly, jolly Juniors?
Safe now in the Senior Class.

They've gone out from Hank's Economies;
Safe now in the Senior Class.

(*Slow chant.*)

Where, oh, where, are the grave old Seniors?
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
They've gone out from their Alma Mater;
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

(*Fast.*)

By and by we'll go out and meet them;
By and by we'll go out and meet them;
By and by we'll go out and meet them;

(*Slow.*)

WAY—OUT—in the wide, wide world.

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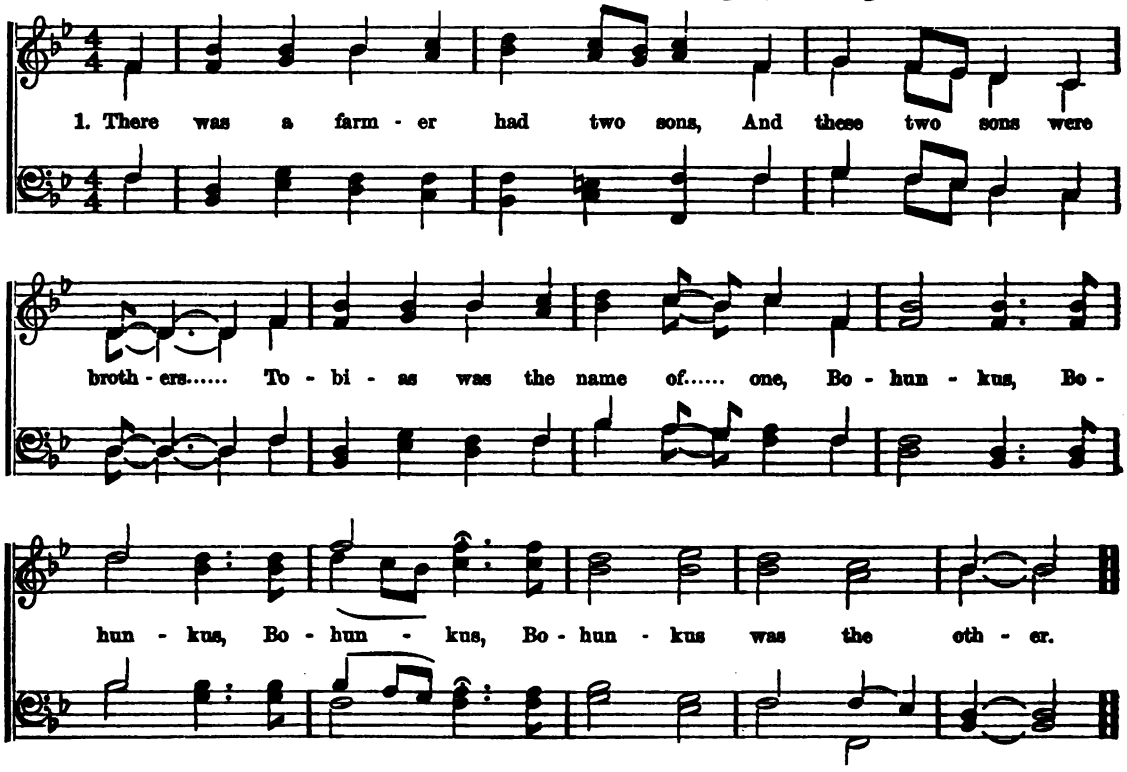
TOBIAS AND BOHUNKUS.

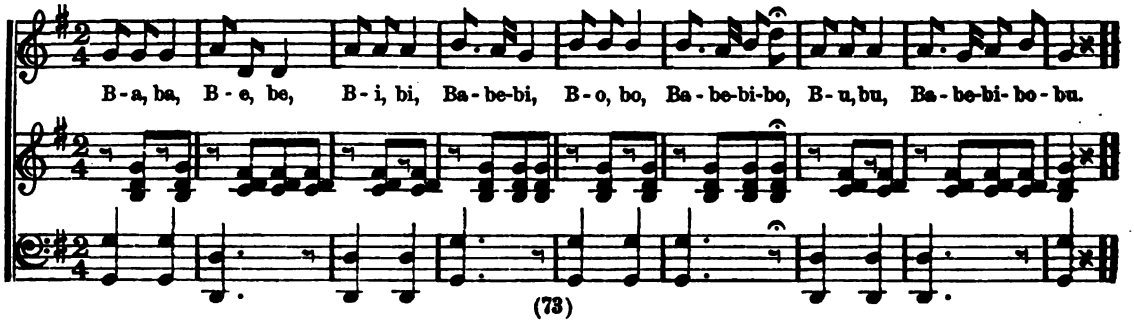
As sung by Michigan Glee Clubs.

1. There was a farm - er had two sons, And these two sons were
broth - ers..... To - bi - as was the name of..... one, Bo - hun - kus, Bo -
hun - kus, Bo - hun - kus, Bo - hun - kus was the oth - er.

2 Now these two boys had suits of clothes,
And they were made for Sunday,
Tobias wore his every day,
Bohunkus his on Monday.

3 And these two boys to the theater went
Whenever they saw fit;
Tobias in the gallery sat,
Bohunkus in the pit.

4 Now these two boys are dead and gone,
Long may their ashes rest;
Tobias of the Cholera died,
Bohunkus by request.

5 Now these two boys, their story told,
And they did tell it well;
Tobias he to heaven went,
Bohunkus to —— Chicago.

BA-BE-BI-BO-BU.

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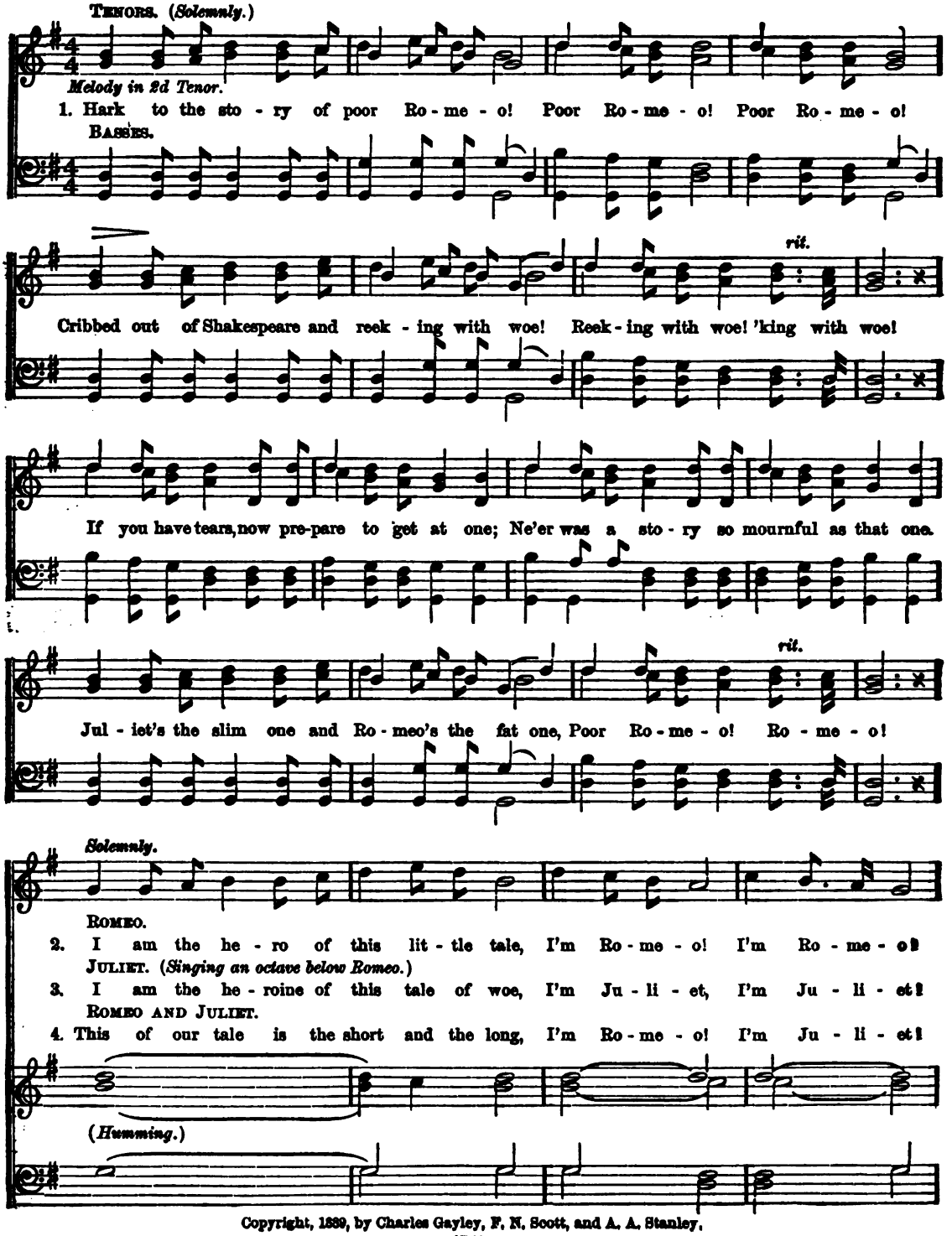
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Words by F. N. Scott.


TENORS. (Solemnly.)
Melody in 2d Tenor.
1. Hark to the sto - ry of poor Ro - me - o! Poor Ro - me - o! Poor Ro - me - o!
BASSES.
rit.
Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reek - ing with woe! Reek - ing with woe! 'king with woe!
If you have tears, now pre-pare to get at one; Ne'er was a sto - ry so mournful as that one.
rit.
Jul - iet's the slim one and Ro - meo's the fat one, Poor Ro - me - o! Ro - me - o!
Solemnly.
ROMEO.
2. I am the he - ro of this lit - tle tale, I'm Ro - me - o! I'm Ro - me - o!
JULIET. (Singing an octave below Romeo.)
3. I am the he - roine of this tale of woe, I'm Ju - li - et, I'm Ju - li - et!
ROMEO AND JULIET.
4. This of our tale is the short and the long, I'm Ro - me - o! I'm Ju - li - et!
(Humming.)

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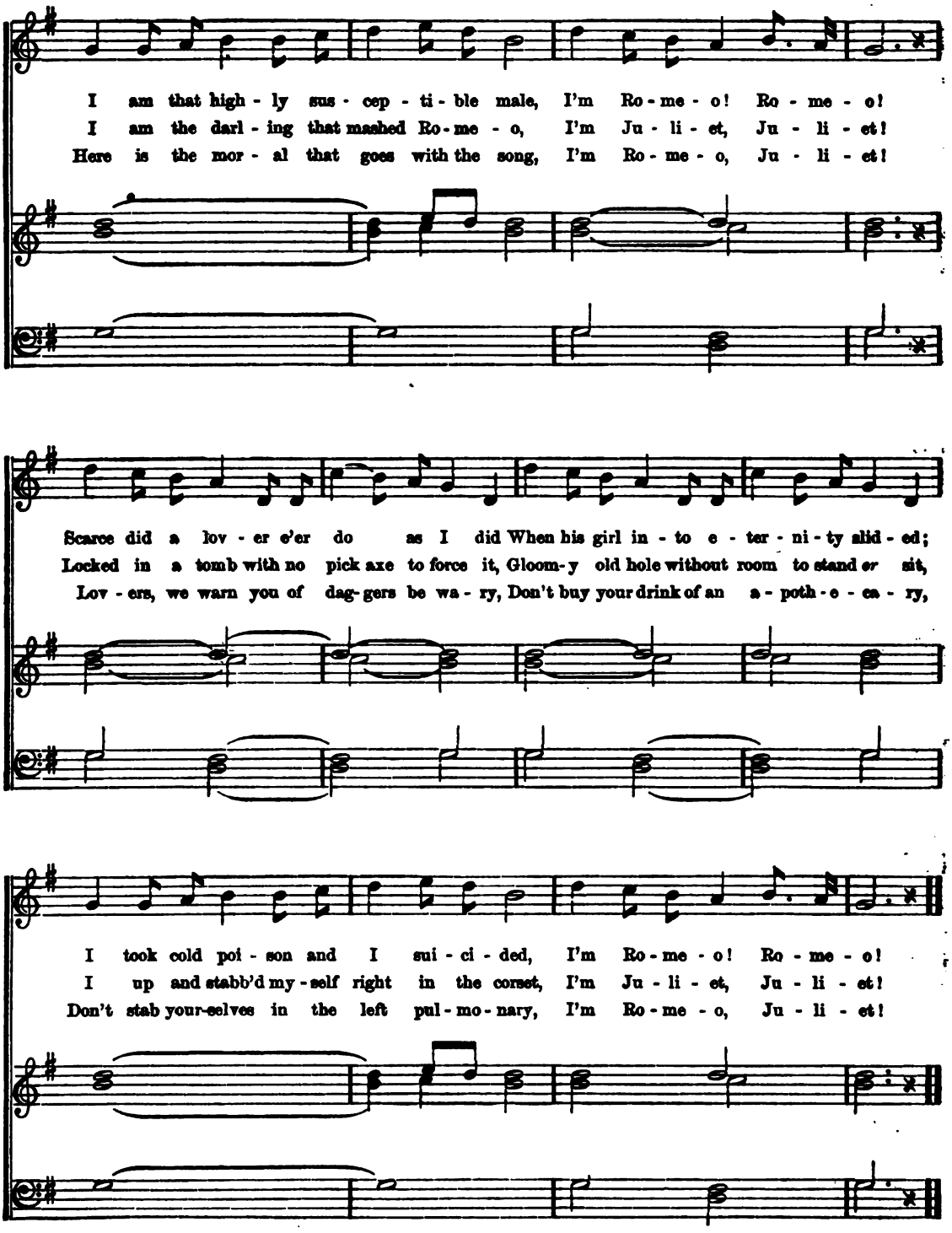
ROMEO AND JULIET.

I am that high - ly sus - cep - ti - ble male, I'm Ro - me - o! Ro - me - o!
I am the darl - ing that mashed Ro - me - o, I'm Ju - li - et, Ju - li - et!
Here is the mor - al that goes with the song, I'm Ro - me - o, Ju - li - et!
Scarce did a lov - er e'er do as I did When his girl in - to e - ter - ni - ty slid - ed;
Locked in a tomb with no pick axe to force it, Gloom - y old hole without room to stand *or* sit,
Lov - ers, we warn you of dag - gers be wa - ry, Don't buy your drink of an a - poth - e - ca - ry,
I took cold poi - son and I sui - ci - ded, I'm Ro - me - o! Ro - me - o!
I up and stabb'd my - self right in the corset, I'm Ju - li - et, Ju - li - et!
Don't stab your-selves in the left pul - mo - nary, I'm Ro - me - o, Ju - li - et!

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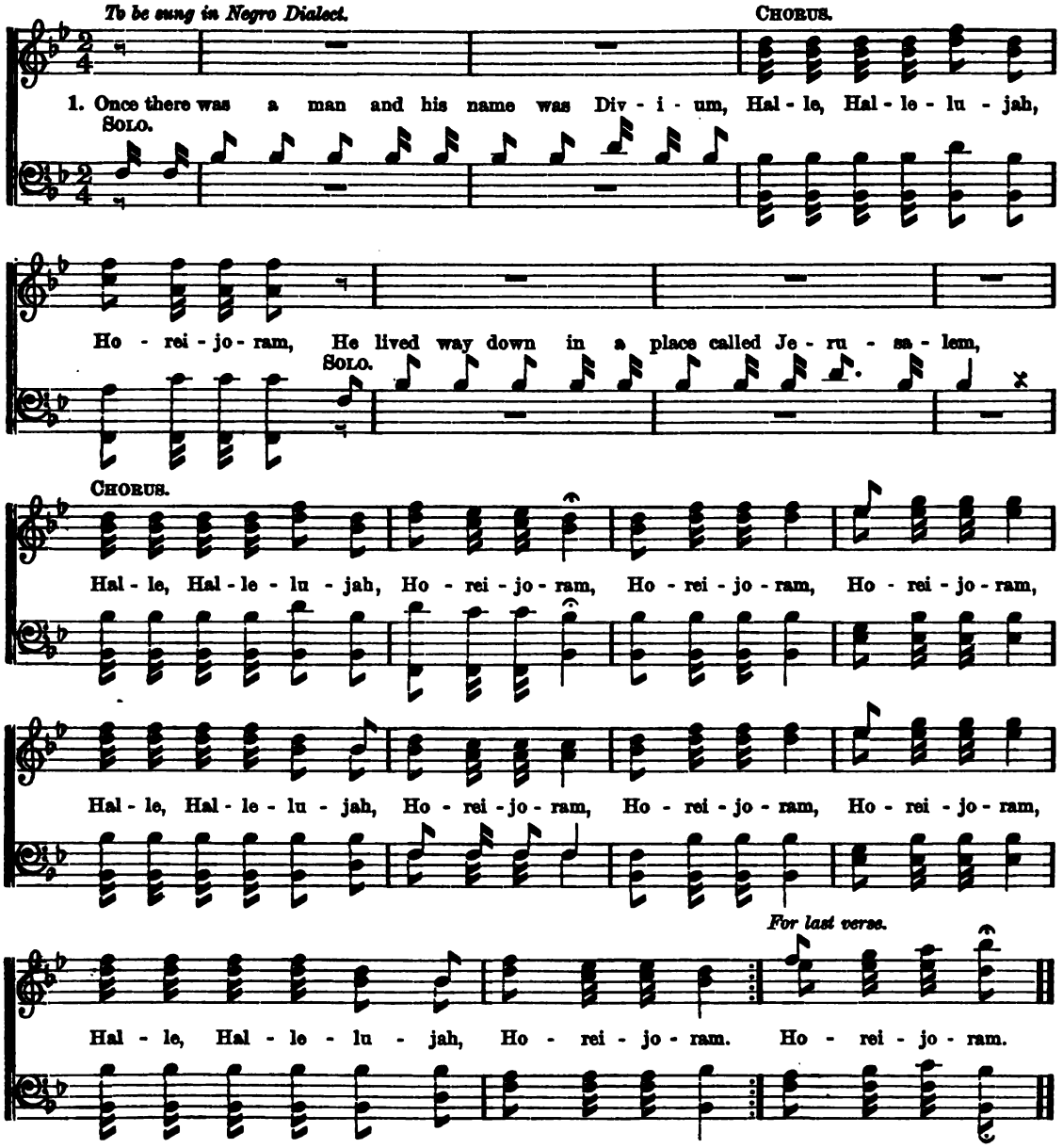
DIVES DIVIUM.


To be sung in Negro Dialect.
CHORUS.
1. Once there was a man and his name was Div - i - um, Hal - le, Hal - le - lu - jah,
SOLO.
Ho - rei - jo - ram, He lived way down in a place called Je - ru - sa - lem,
SOLO.
CHORUS.
Hal - le, Hal - le - lu - jah, Ho - rei - jo - ram, Ho - rei - jo - ram, Ho - rei - jo - ram,
Hal - le, Hal - le - lu - jah, Ho - rei - jo - ram, Ho - rei - jo - ram, Ho - rei - jo - ram,
For last verse.
Hal - le, Hal - le - lu - jah, Ho - rei - jo - ram. Ho - rei - jo - ram.

2 And Lazarus sat at the temple gatium,
Halle, Hallelujah, Horeijoram;
'Flicted with the spinal meninghitium,
Halle, Hallelujah, Horeijoram.

3 And Lazarus died and went to hevium,
Dined with the saints at half past levium.

4 And Dives died and he went to hellium,
The devil gave him a seat upon the stovium.

5 Then said Dives, "It's getting pretty hottium,
I wish I had a brandy and a sodium."

6 Then said the devil, getting pretty maddium,
"Do you take this for a hotellium?"

7 "Just because you run the stock exchange down in old Jerusalem,
You think you can run me and this ancient institutium."

8 Then said Dives, getting awful 'fraidium,
"I guess, Mr. Evil, One, I'll take a lemonadium."

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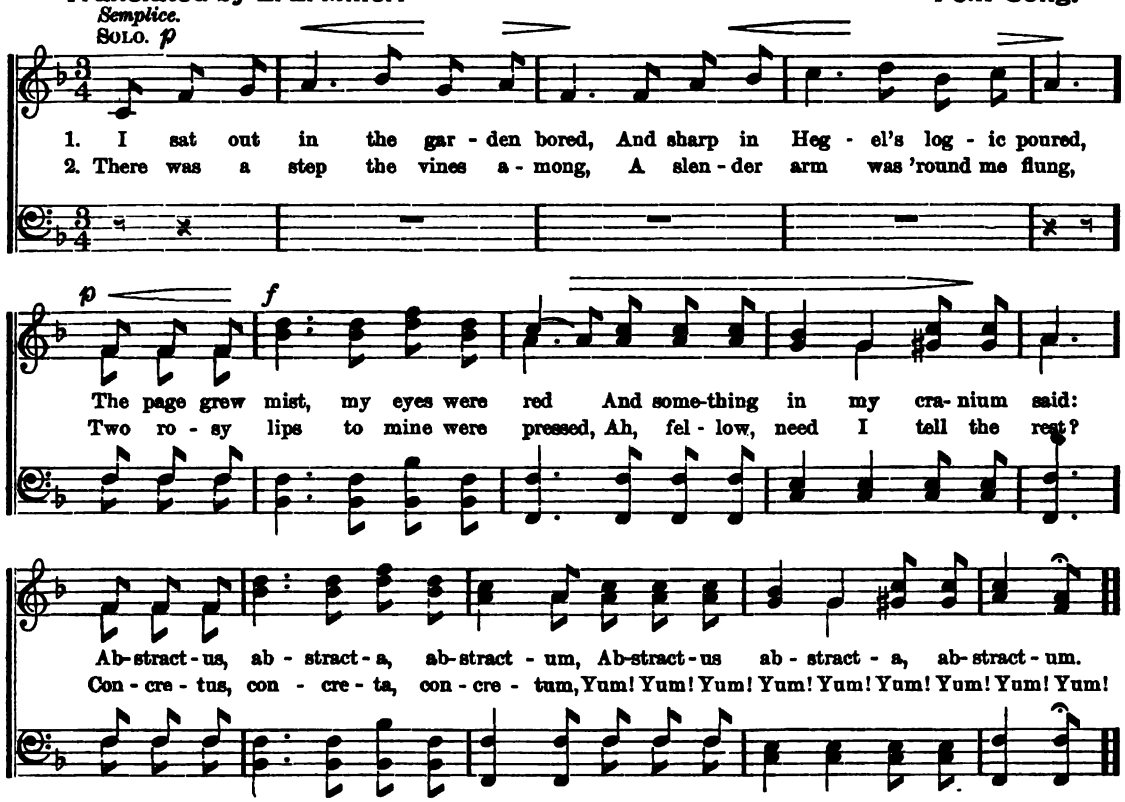
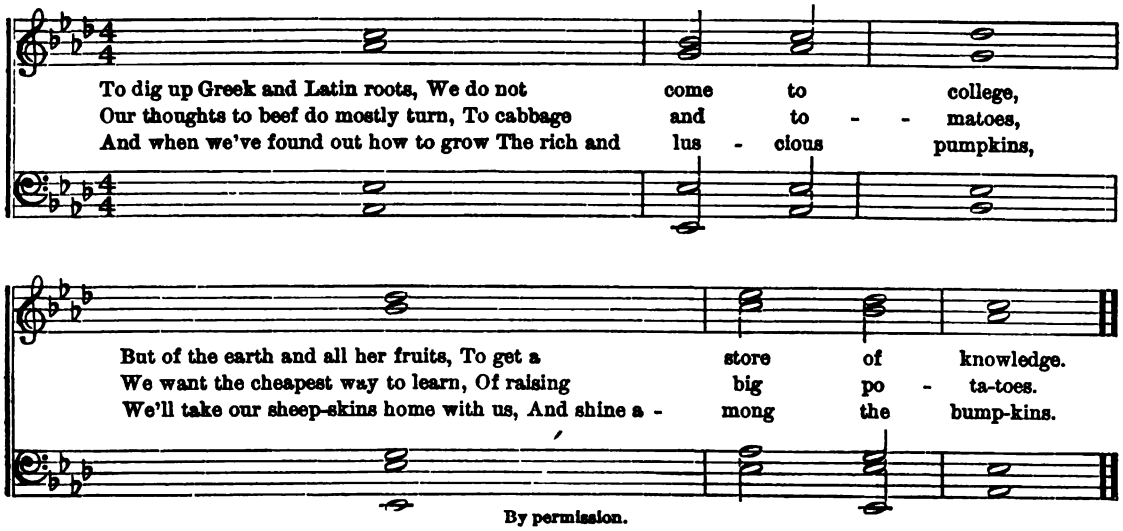
THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Translated by E. L. Miller. **Folk-Song.**

Semplice.
Solo. p
1. I sat out in the gar - den bored, And sharp in Heg - el's log - ic poured,
2. There was a step the vines a - mong, A slen - der arm was 'round me flung,
p
f
The page grew mist, my eyes were red And some-thing in my cra- nium said:
Two ro - sy lips to mine were pressed, Ah, fel - low, need I tell the rest?
Ab-stract-us, ab - stract-a, ab-stract - um, Ab-stract-us ab - stract - a, ab-stract-um.
Con - cre - tus, con - cre - ta, con - cre - tum, Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

CHANT OF THE "SHORT AGS."


To dig up Greek and Latin roots, We do not come to college,
Our thoughts to beef do mostly turn, To cabbage and to - - matoes,
And when we've found out how to grow The rich and lus - cious pumpkins,
But of the earth and all her fruits, To get a store of knowledge.
We want the cheapest way to learn, Of raising big po - ta-toes.
We'll take our sheep-skins home with us, And shine a - mong the bump-kins.

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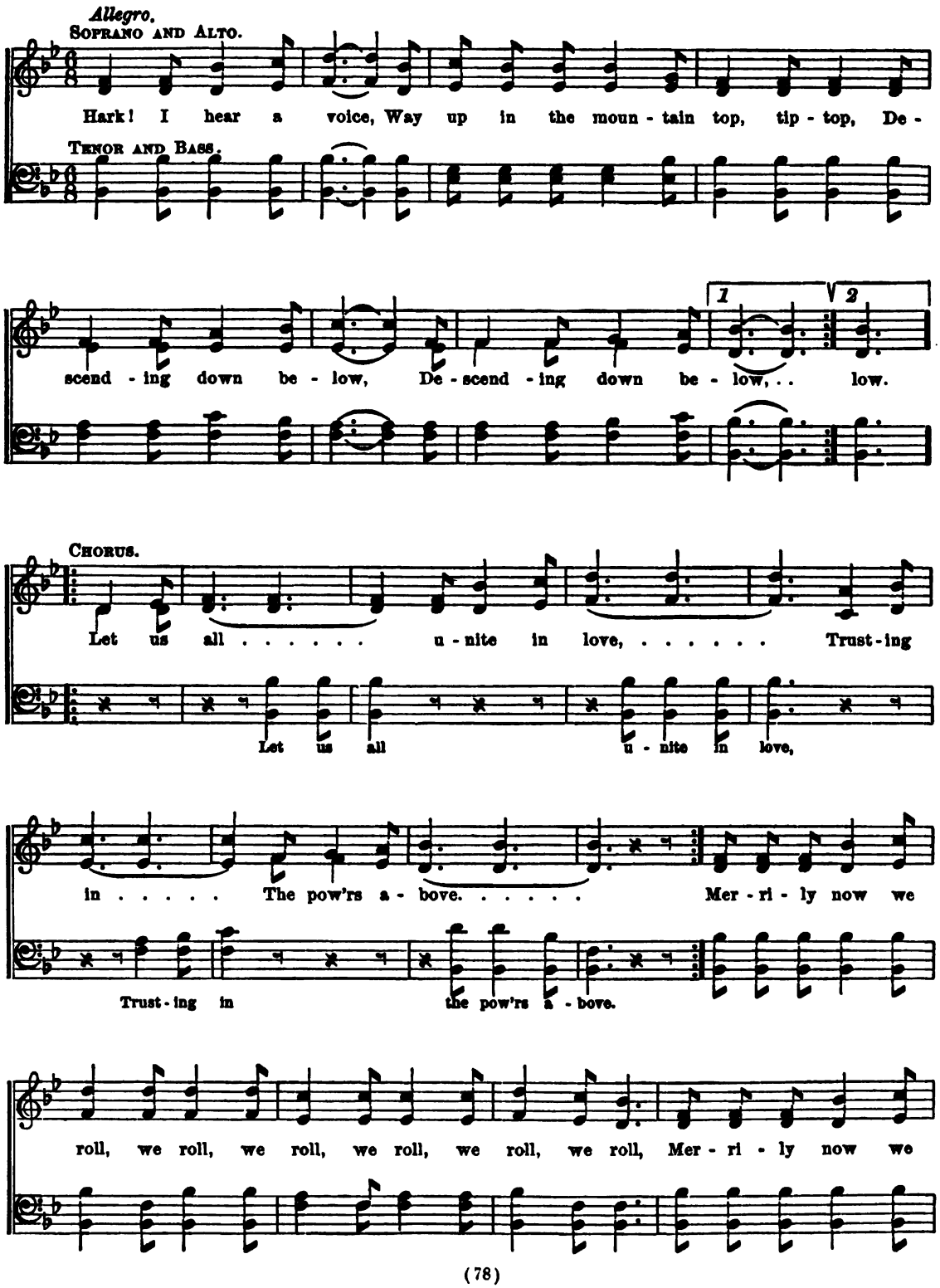
HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

Allegro.
Soprano and Alto.
Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the moun - tain top, tip - top, De -
Tenor and Bass.
scend - ing down be - low, De - scend - ing down be - low, . . low.
1
2
Chorus.
Let us all . . . . . u - nite in love, ... Trust - ing
Let us all u - nite in love,
in . . . . . The pow'rs a - bove. . . . . Mer - ri - ly now we
Trust - ing in the pow'rs a - bove.
roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we

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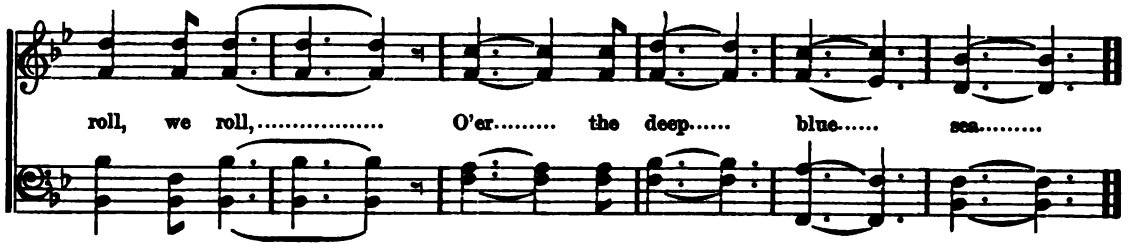
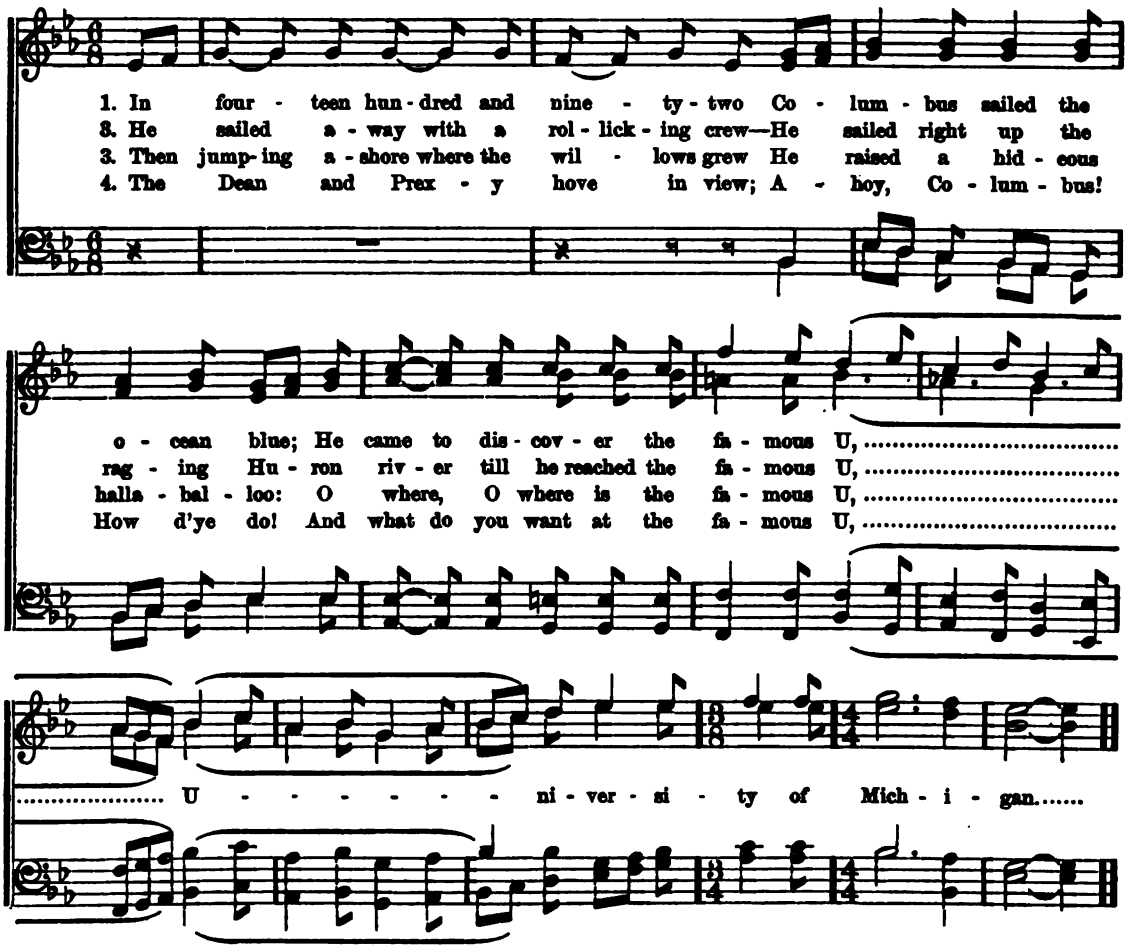
HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

COLUMBUS.

Fred N. Scott '84. **Adapted.**

1. In four - teen hun - dred and nine - ty - two Co - lum - bus sailed the
2. He sailed a - way with a rol - lick - ing crew—He sailed right up the
3. Then jump - ing a - shore where the wil - lows grew He raised a hid - eous
4. The Dean and Prex - y hove in view; A - hoy, Co - lum - bus!
o - cean blue; He came to dis - cov - er the fa - mous U, ...
rag - ing Hu - ron riv - er till he reached the fa - mous U, ...
halla - bal - loo: O where, O where is the fa - mous U, ...
How d'ye do! And what do you want at the fa - mous U, ...
..... U - - - - - - - ni - ver - si - ty of Mich - i - gan.....

5 Columbus said, "I've a world or two
I'll trade you off for the Yellow and Blue,
Or any old thing at the famous U,
University of Michigan."

6 "Avast!" cried Prex, "What we want of you
Is forty-five dollars of annual due
For non-*residents* at the famous U,
University of Michigan."

7 Then they upp'd the sail and away they flew
By the town of Geddes, and Ypsi, too,
And they never came back to the famous U,
University of Michigan.

8 So whoop and hurrah for the Yellow and Blue,
And tell all your sons, and your daughters, too,
Of the good old times at the famous U,
University of Michigan.

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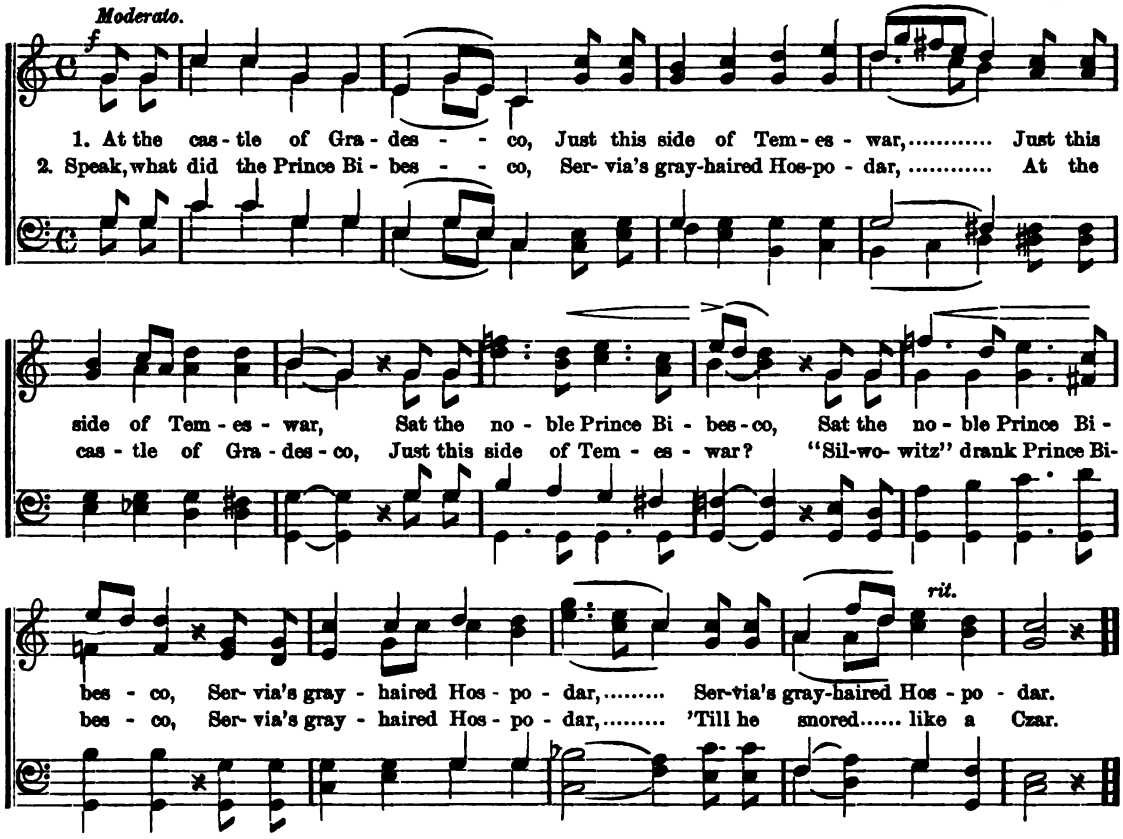
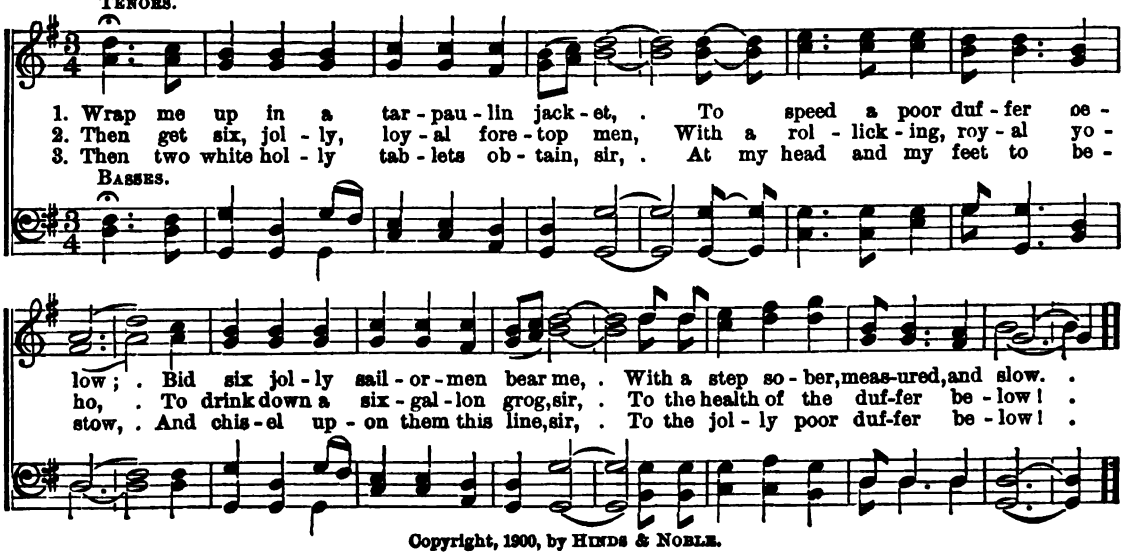
BIBESCO.

Old Melody.

Moderato.
f
1. At the cas - tle of Gra - des - - co, Just this side of Tem - es - war, ... Just this
2. Speak, what did the Prince Bi - bes - - co, Ser- via's gray-haired Hos-po - dar, ... At the
side of Tem - es - war, Sat the no - ble Prince Bi - bes - co, Sat the no - ble Prince Bi -
cas - tle of Gra - des - co, Just this side of Tem - es - war? "Sil-wo- witz" drank Prince Bi-
rit.
bes - co, Ser- via's gray - haired Hos - po - dar, ... Ser-via's gray-haired Hos - po - dar.
bes - co, Ser- via's gray - haired Hos - po - dar, ... 'Till he snored..... like a Czar.

TARPAULIN JACKET.

Words by Arthur Nash. Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.


Tenors.
1. Wrap me up in a tar - pau - lin jack - et, . To speed a poor duf - fer oe -
2. Then get six, jol - ly, loy - al fore - top men, With a rol - lick - ing, roy - al yo -
3. Then two white hol - ly tab - lets ob - tain, sir, . At my head and my feet to be -
Basses.
low; . Bid six jol - ly sail - or - men bear me, . With a step so - ber, meas-ured, and slow. .
ho, . To drink down a six - gal - lon grog, sir, . To the health of the duf-fer be - low! .
stow, . And chis - el up - on them this line, sir, . To the jol - ly poor duf-fer be - low! .

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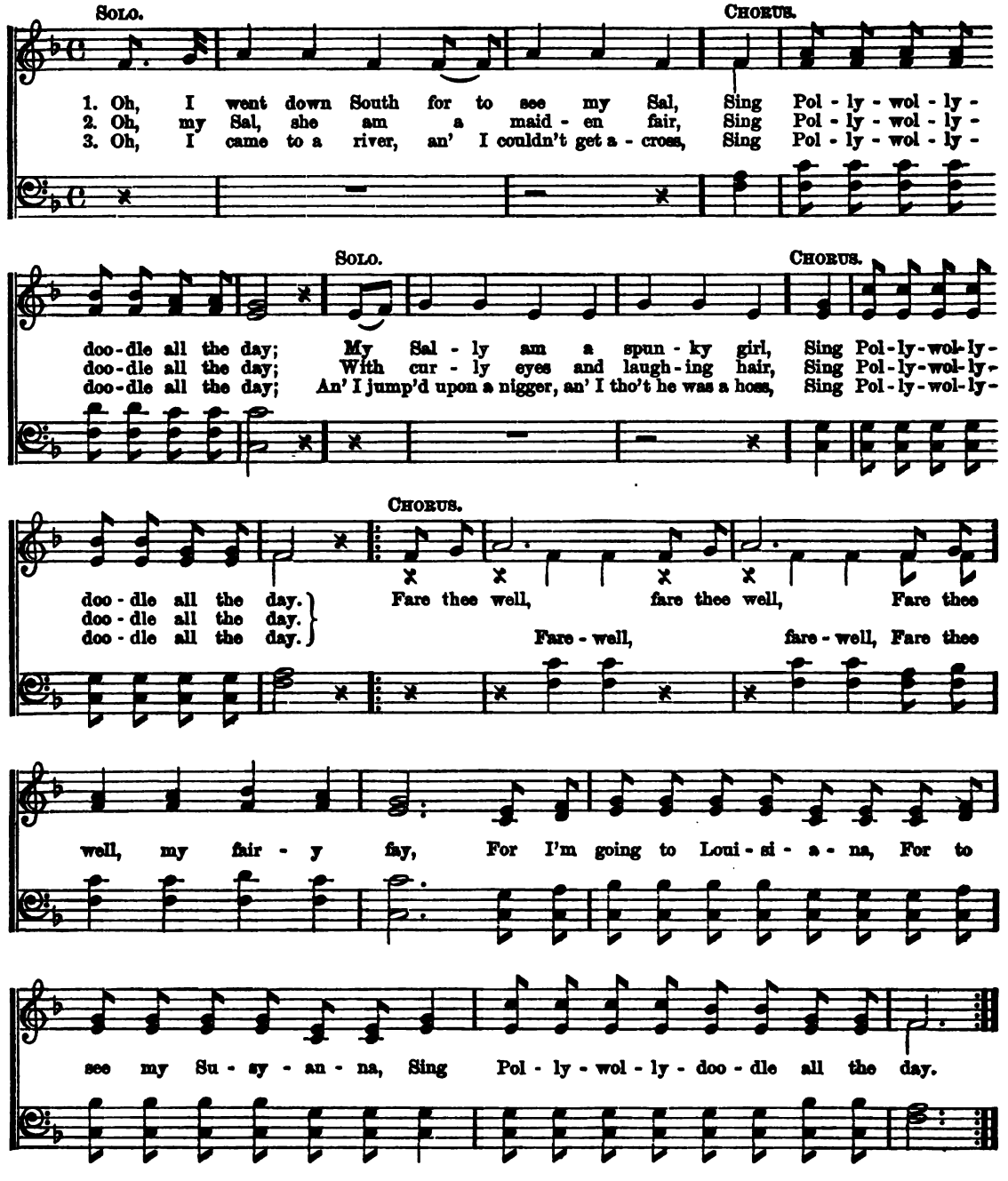
POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.


Solo.
Chorus.
1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid - en fair, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get a - cross, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
Solo.
Chorus.
doo-dle all the day; My Sal - ly am a spun - ky girl, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-
doo-dle all the day; With cur - ly eyes and laugh - ing hair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-
doo-dle all the day; An' I jump'd upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-
Chorus.
doo - dle all the day.
doo - dle all the day.
doo - dle all the day.
Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee
Fare - well, fare - well, Fare thee
well, my fair - y fay, For I'm going to Loui - si - a - na, For to
see my Su - sy - an - na, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle all the day.

4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze

7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.
And so on, *ad infin.*

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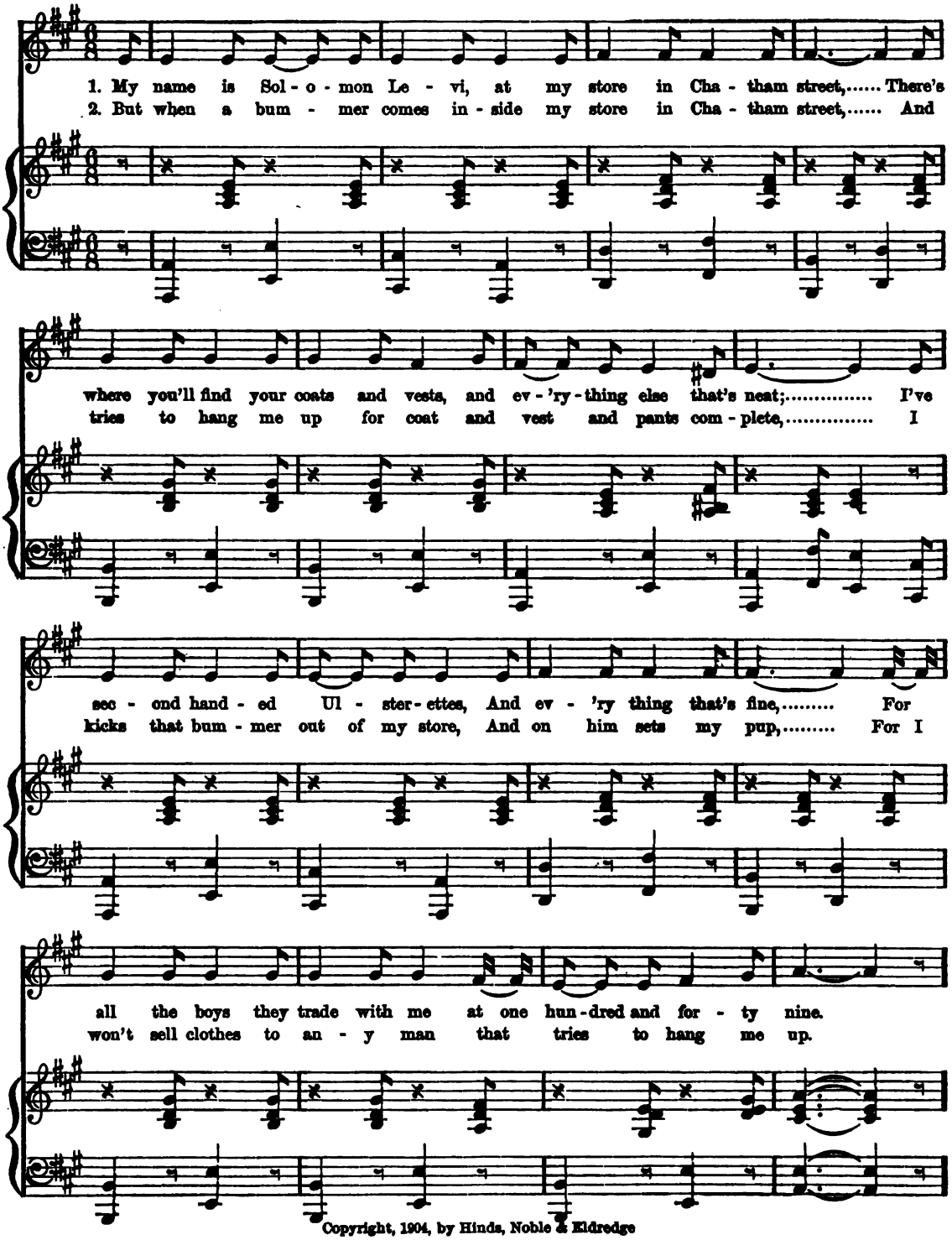
SOLOMON LEVI.

1. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, at my store in Cha - tham street,..... There's
2. But when a bum - mer comes in - side my store in Cha - tham street,..... And
where you'll find your coats and vests, and ev - 'ry - thing else that's neat;..... I've
tries to hang me up for coat and vest and pants com - plete,..... I
sec - ond hand - ed Ul - ster - ettes, And ev - 'ry thing that's fine,..... For
kicks that bum - mer out of my store, And on him sets my pup,..... For I
all the boys they trade with me at one hun - dred and for - ty nine.
won't sell clothes to an - y man that tries to hang me up.

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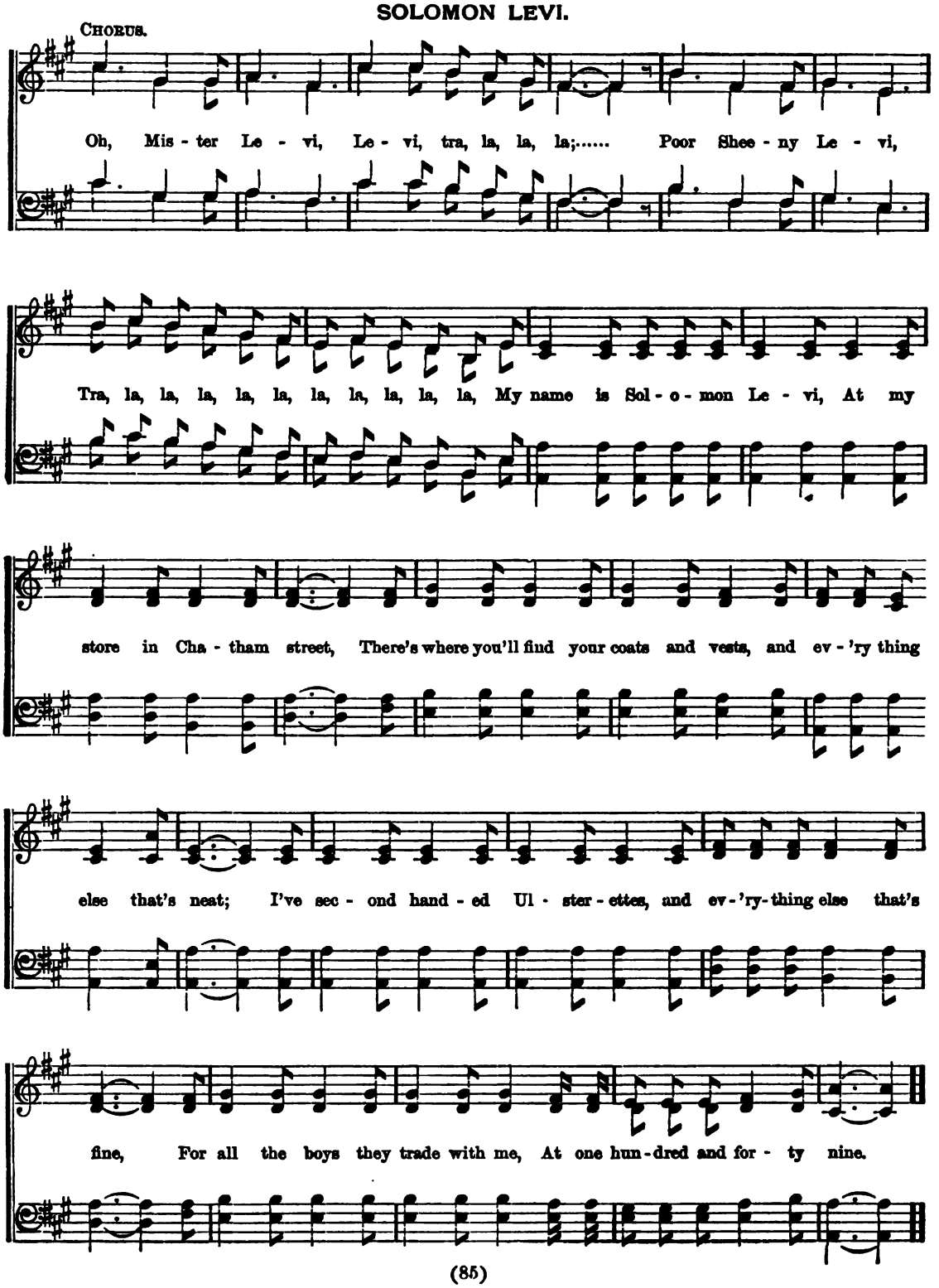
SOLOMON LEVI.

Chorus.
Oh, Mis - ter Le - vi, Le - vi, tra, la, la, la;..... Poor Shee - ny Le - vi,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, At my
store in Cha - tham street, There's where you'll find your coats and vests, and ev - 'ry thing
else that's neat; I've sec - ond hand - ed Ul - ster - ettes, and ev - 'ry - thing else that's
fine, For all the boys they trade with me, At one hun - dred and for - ty nine.

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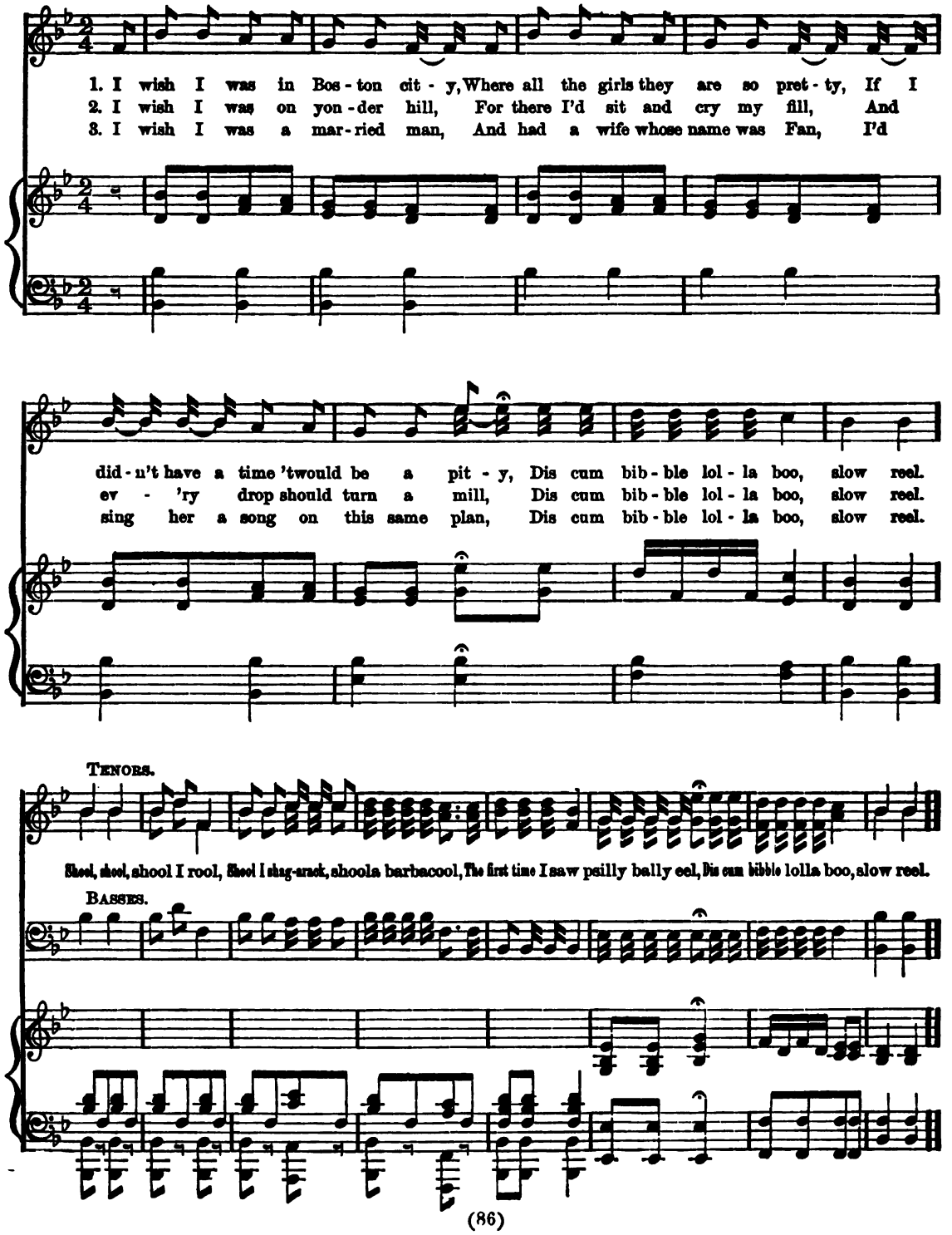
SHOOL.

1. I wish I was in Bos - ton cit - y, Where all the girls they are so pret - ty, If I
2. I wish I was on yon - der hill, For there I'd sit and cry my fill, And
3. I wish I was a mar - ried man, And had a wife whose name was Fan, I'd
did - n't have a time 'twould be a pit - y, Dis cum bib - ble lol - la boo, slow reel.
ev - 'ry drop should turn a mill, Dis cum bib - ble lol - la boo, slow reel.
sing her a song on this same plan, Dis cum bib - ble lol - la boo, slow reel.
TENORS.
Shool, shool, shool I rool, Shool I shag-arack, shoola barbacool, The first time I saw psilly bally eel, Dis cum bibble lolla boo, slow reel.
BASSES.

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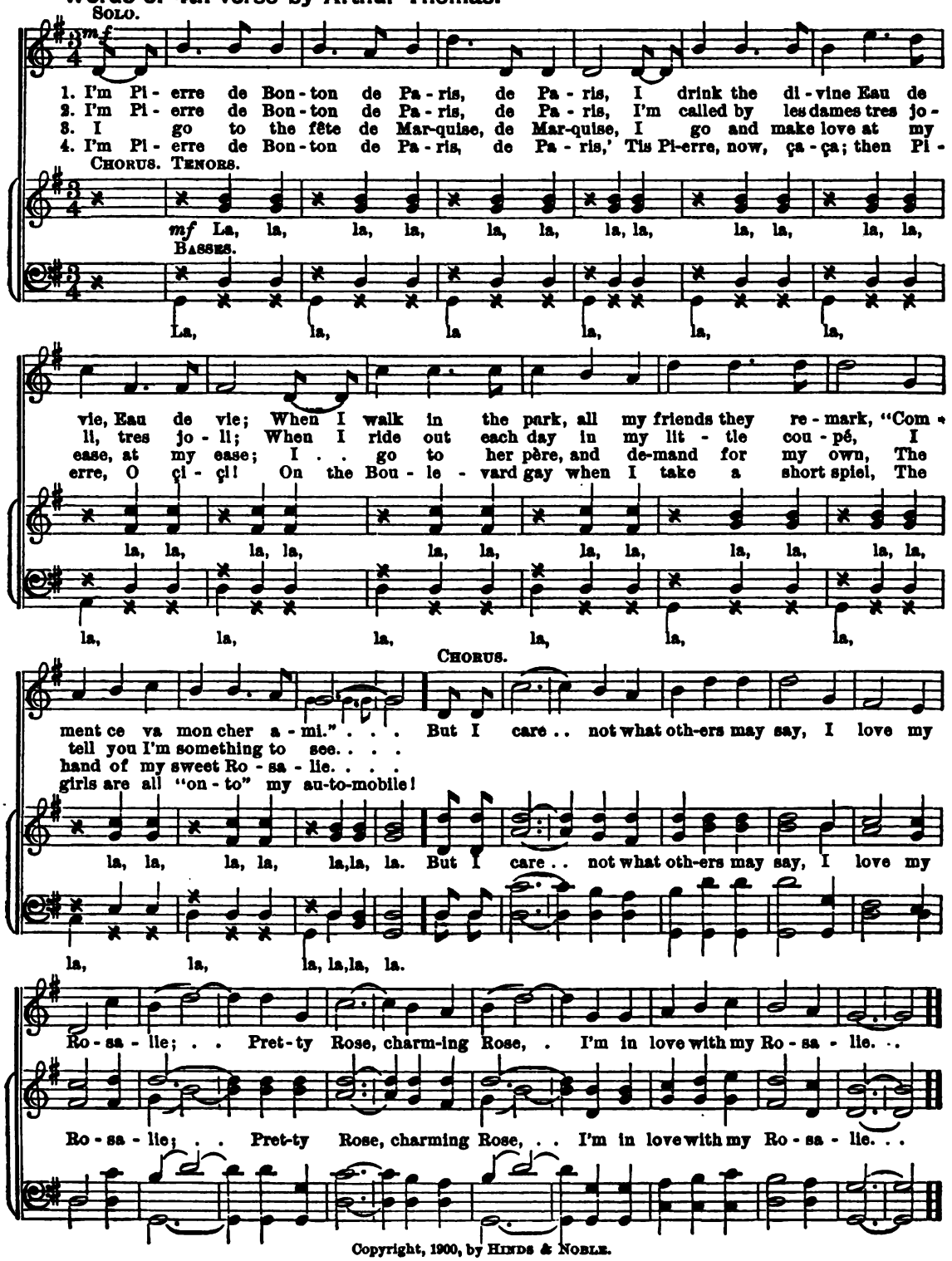
ROSALIE.

Words of 4th verse by Arthur Thomas.

Solo.
1. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I drink the di - vine Eau de
2. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm called by les dames tres jo -
3. I go to the fête de Mar-quise, de Mar-quise, I go and make love at my
4. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris,' Tis Pi-erre, now, ça - ça; then Pi -
Chorus. Tenors.
mf La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Basses.
La, la, la la, la, la,
vie, Eau de vie; When I walk in the park, all my friends they re - mark, "Com -
li, tres jo - li; When I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou - pé, I
ease, at my ease; I . . go to her père, and de-mand for my own, The
erre, O çi - çi! On the Bou - le - vard gay when I take a short spiel, The
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la,
Chorus.
ment ce va mon cher a - mi." . . . But I care . . not what oth-ers may say, I love my
tell you I'm something to see. . . .
hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. . . .
girls are all "on - to" my au-to-mobile!
la, la, la, la, la,la, la. But I care . . not what oth-ers may say, I love my
la, la, la, la,la, la.
Ro - sa - lie; . . Pret-ty Rose, charm-ing Rose, . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. . .
Ro - sa - lie; . . Pret-ty Rose, charming Rose, . . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. . .

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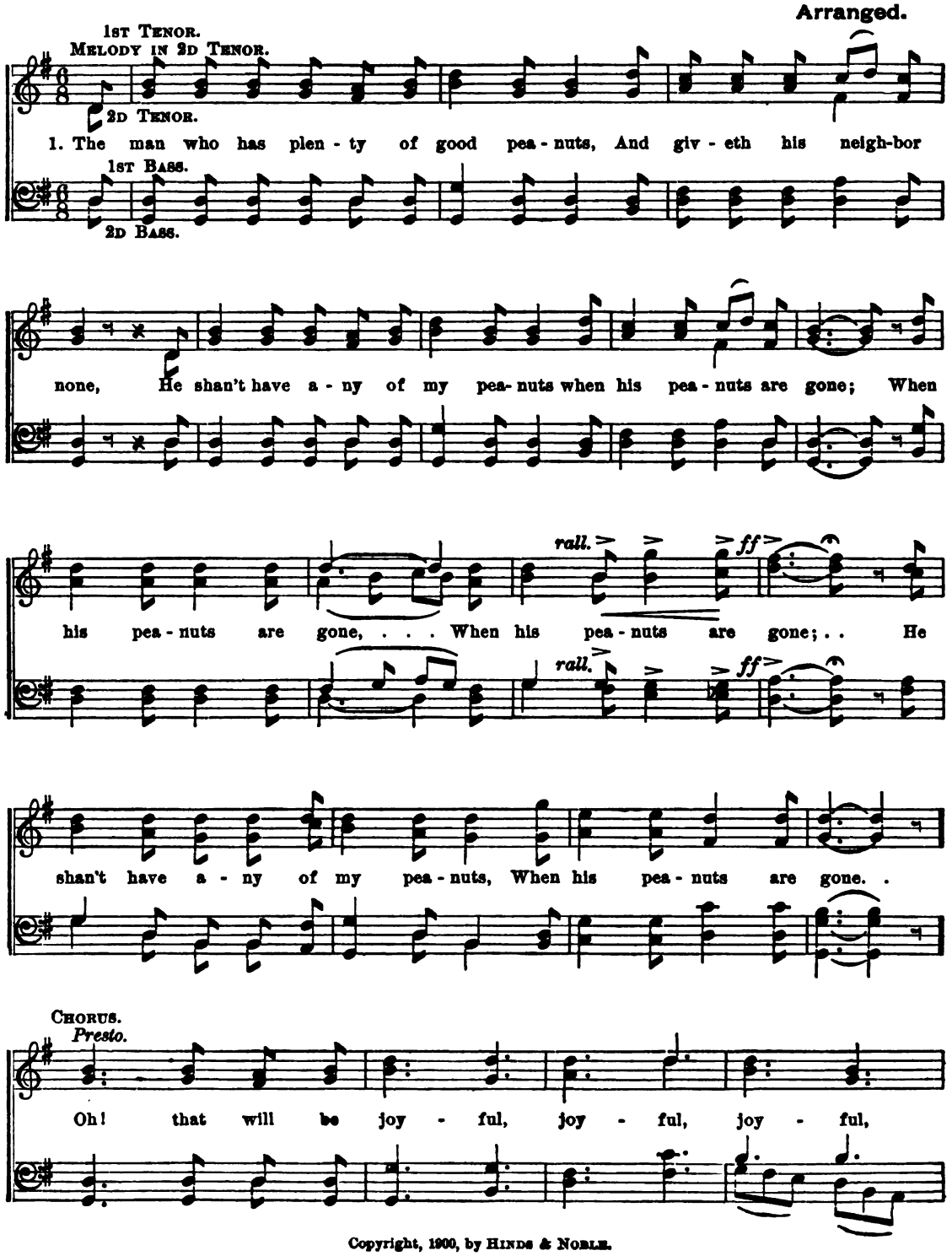
THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.

Arranged.

1st Tenor.
Melody in 2d Tenor.
2d Tenor.
1. The man who has plen - ty of good pea - nuts, And giv - eth his neigh-bor
1st Bass.
2d Bass.
none, He shan't have a - ny of my pea- nuts when his pea - nuts are gone; When
his pea - nuts are gone, . . . When his pea - nuts are gone; . . He
rall.
ff
shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts, When his pea - nuts are gone. .
Chorus.
Presto.
Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,

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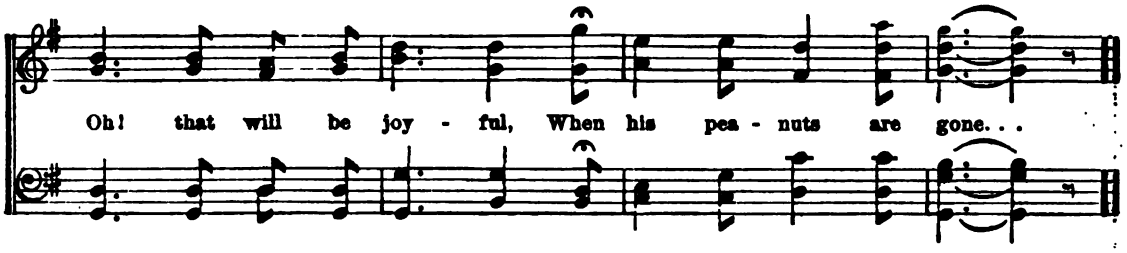
THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.

The man who has plenty of nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
When his nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake is gone.

The man who has plenty of St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
When his St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone.

The man who has plenty of Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone.

The man who has plenty of John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
When his John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda-crackers,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet soda-crackers,
When his soft, sweet soda-crackers are gone.

The man who has plenty of de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

MORAL.

The man who has plenty of good peanuts,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry shortcake,
When his St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone;
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone;
When his John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet, soda crackers,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

CHORUS.

Oh! won't that be joyful, joyful, joyful, Oh! won't that be joyful,
When all of his good things are gone

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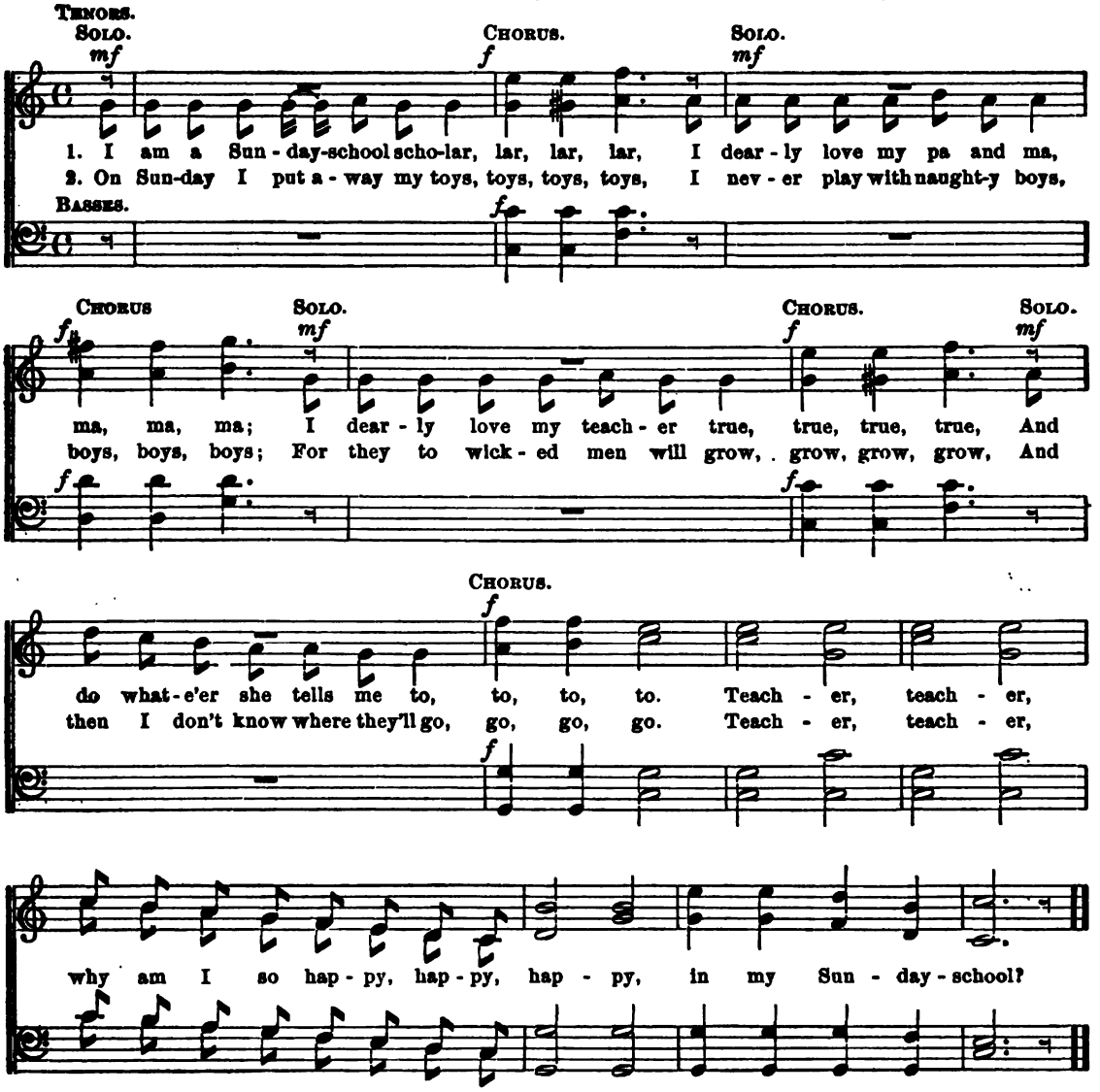
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.


Tenors.
Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
1. I am a Sun - day-school scho-lar, lar, lar, lar, I dear - ly love my pa and ma,
2. On Sun-day I put a - way my toys, toys, toys, toys, I nev - er play with naught-y boys,
Basses.
Chorus
Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
ma, ma, ma; I dear - ly love my teach - er true, true, true, true, And
boys, boys, boys; For they to wick - ed men will grow, grow, grow, grow, And
Chorus.
do what - e'er she tells me to, to, to, to. Teach - er, teach - er,
then I don't know where they'll go, go, go, go. Teach - er, teach - er,
why am I so hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, in my Sun - day - school?

3 I send my money to Bourra, gar, gar, gar, gar,
Away off there in Africa so far, far, far, far;
I save up all my pennies and my tin, tin, tin, tin,
The heathen kid to save from sin, sin, sin, sin.

4 When we recite our golden texts so true, true, true, true,
We get tickets all pink and black and blue, blue, blue, blue;
We draw a gilt-edged book when we get nine, nine, nine, nine,
I'm always first to turn in mine, mine, mine, mine.

5 When gentle spring comes on apace, pace, pace, pace,
You always find me in my place, place, place, place;
To Sunday-school I hustle pretty quick, quick, quick, quick,
To get my ticket for the pic-i-nic, nic, nic, nic.

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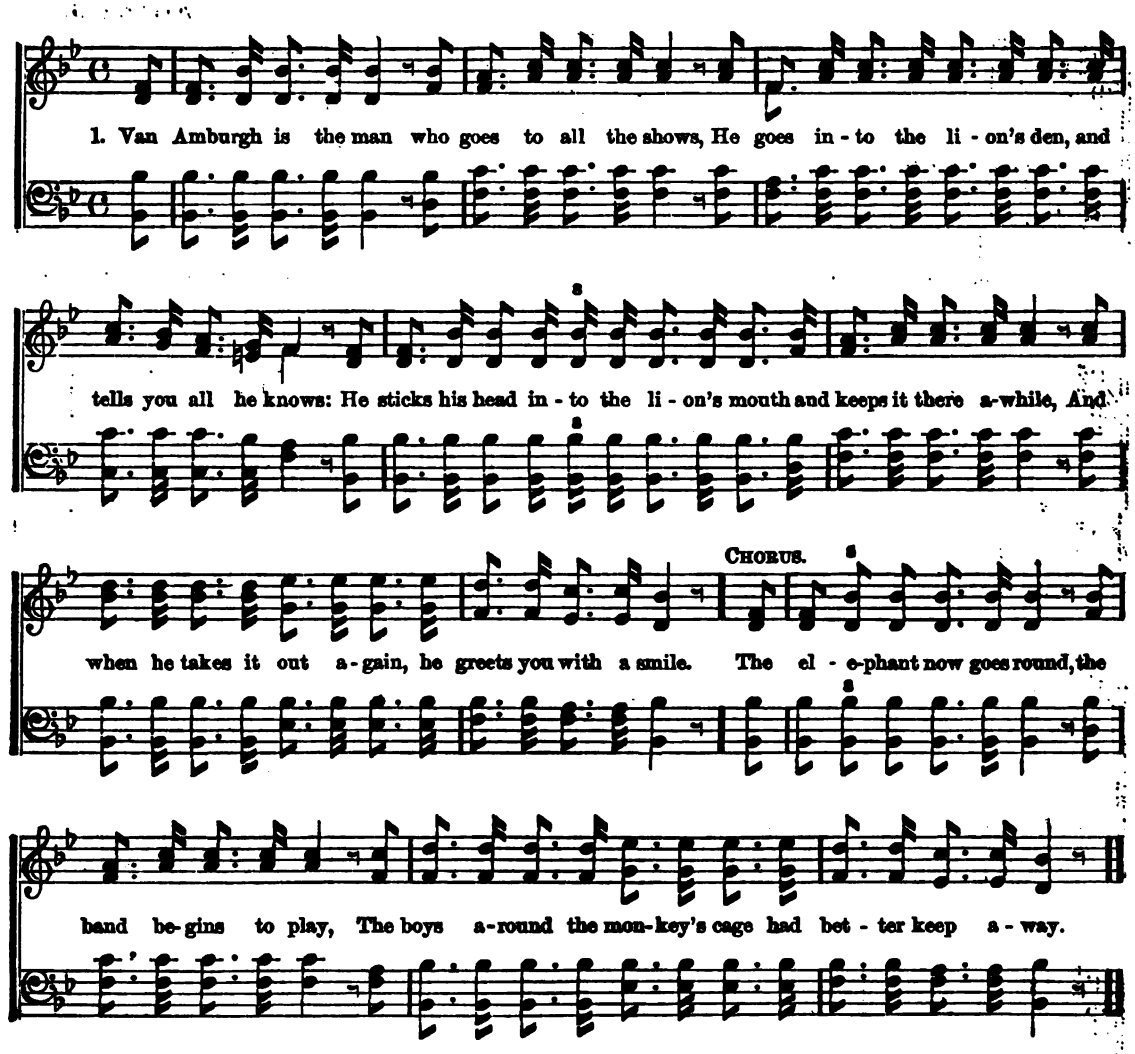
MENAGERIE.

1. Van Amburgh is the man who goes to all the shows, He goes in - to the li - on's den, and
tells you all he knows: He sticks his head in - to the li - on's mouth and keeps it there a-while, And
CHORUS.
when he takes it out a - gain, he greets you with a smile. The el - e-phant now goes round, the
band be-gins to play, The boys a-round the mon-key's cage had bet - ter keep a - way.

2 That hyena in the red cage, most wonderful to relate,
Got awful hungry the other day, and ate up his female mate;
He's a very ferocious beast, don't go near him, little boys,
For when he's mad he shakes his tail, and makes an awful noise.
Imitation of growling. CHORUS.

3 Next comes the anaconda boa constrictor, oft called anaconda for brevity,
He's noted the world throughout for his age and great longevity,
He can swallow himself, crawl through himself, and come out again with facility,
He can tie himself up in a double bow-knot with his tail, and wink with the greatest agility.—CHO.

4 Next comes the vulture, awful bird, from the mountain's highest tops,
He's been known to eat up little girls, and then to lick his chops;
Oh, the show it can't go on, there's too much noise and confusion;
Oh, ladies, stop feeding those monkeys peanuts, it'll injure their constitution.—CHO.

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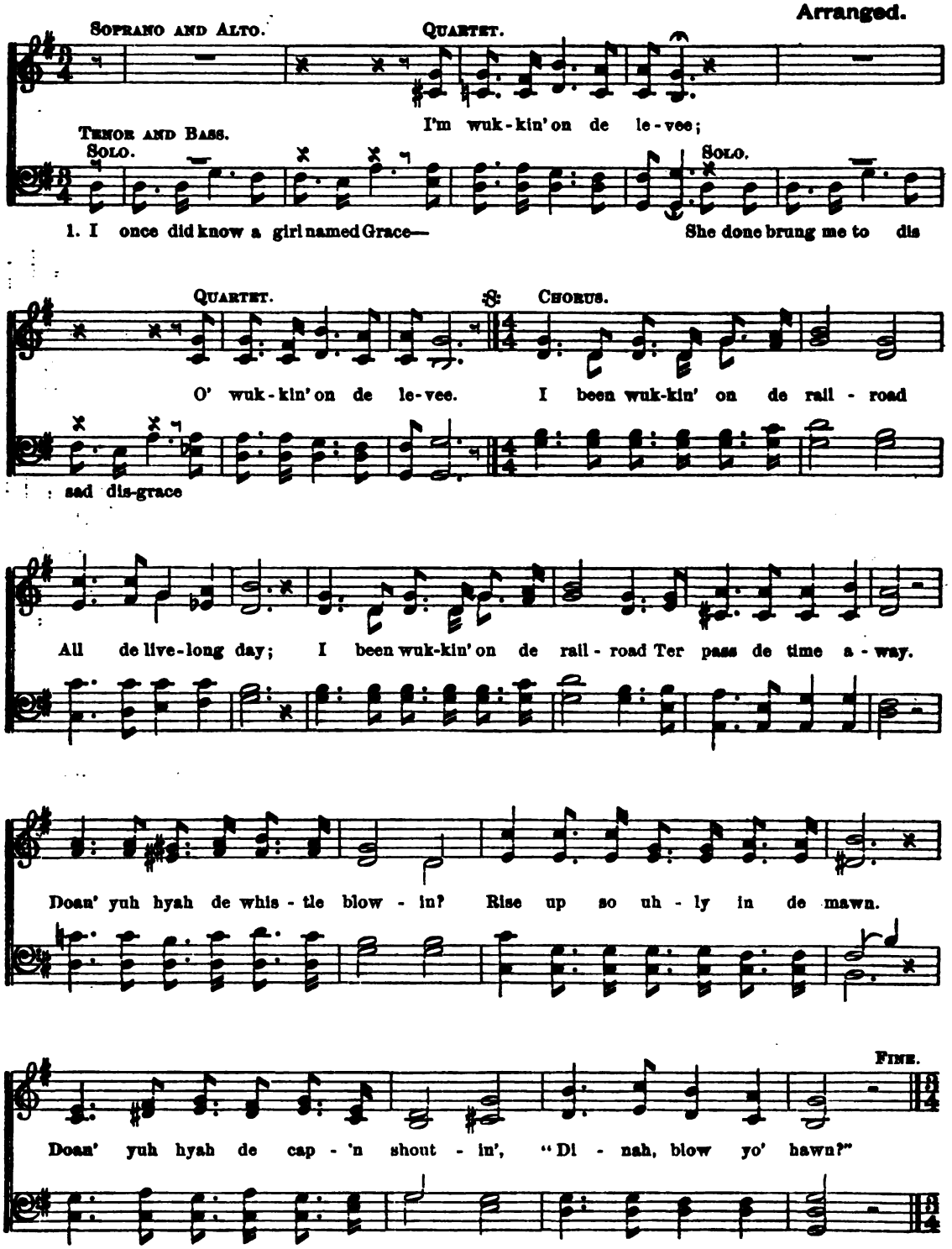
LEVEE SONG.

Arranged.

Soprano and Alto.
Quartet.
I'm wuk-kin' on de le-vee;
Tenor and Bass.
Solo.
Solo.
1. I once did know a girl named Grace—
She done brung me to dis
Quartet.
Chorus.
O' wuk-kin' on de le-vee.
I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road
sad dis-grace
All de live-long day;
I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road Ter pass de time a-way.
Doan' yuh hyah de whis-tle blow-in?
Rise up so uh-ly in de mawn.
Fine.
Doan' yuh hyah de cap-'n shout-in', "Di-nah, blow yo' hawn?"

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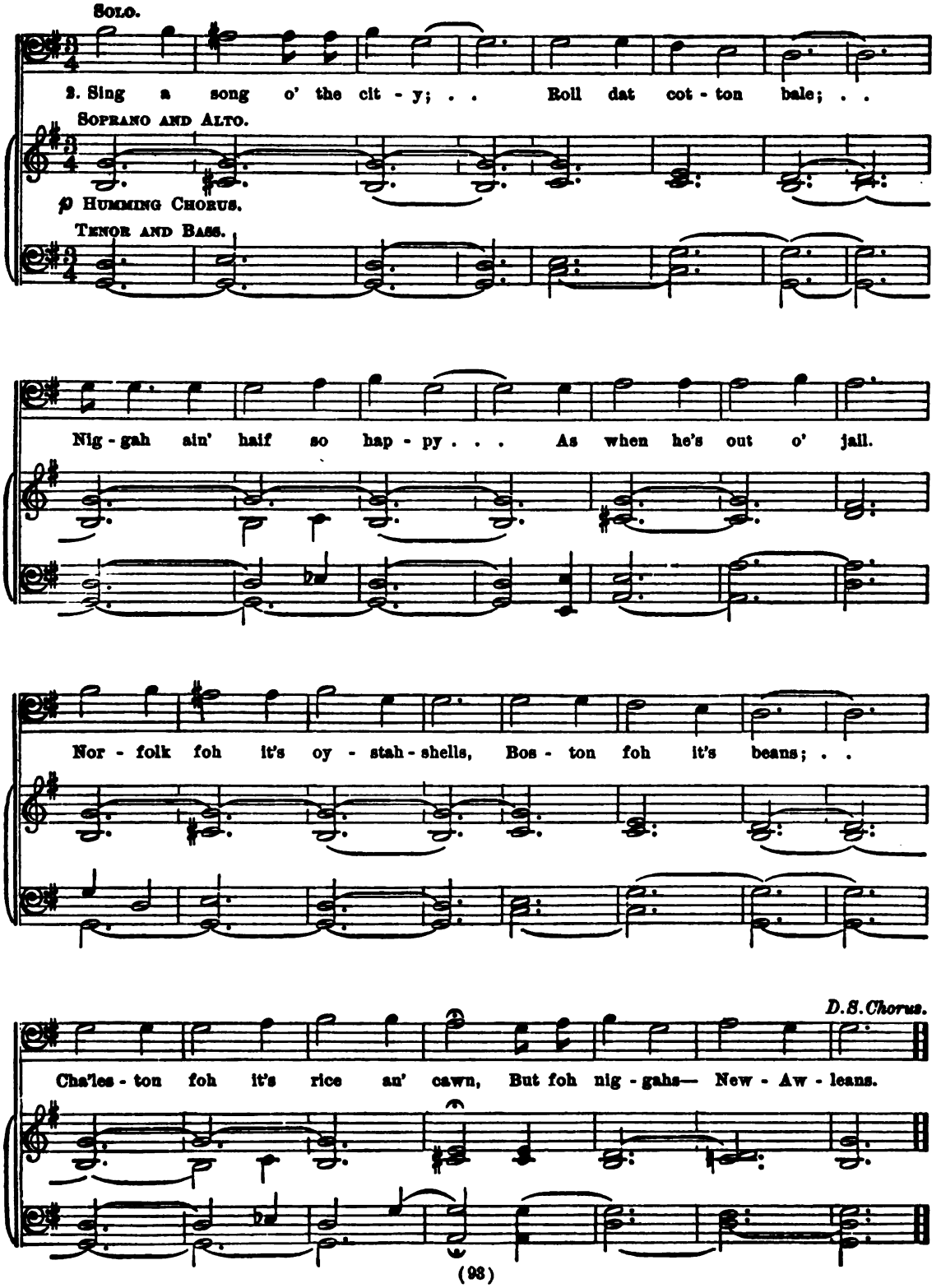
LEVEE SONG.


Solo.
2. Sing a song o' the cit - y; . . Roll dat cot - ton bale; . .
Soprano and Alto.
Humming Chorus.
Tenor and Bass.
Nig - gah ain' half so hap - py . . . As when he's out o' jail.
Nor - folk foh it's oy - stah - shells, Bos - ton foh it's beans; . .
D.S. Chorus.
Cha'les - ton foh it's rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs— New - Aw - leans.

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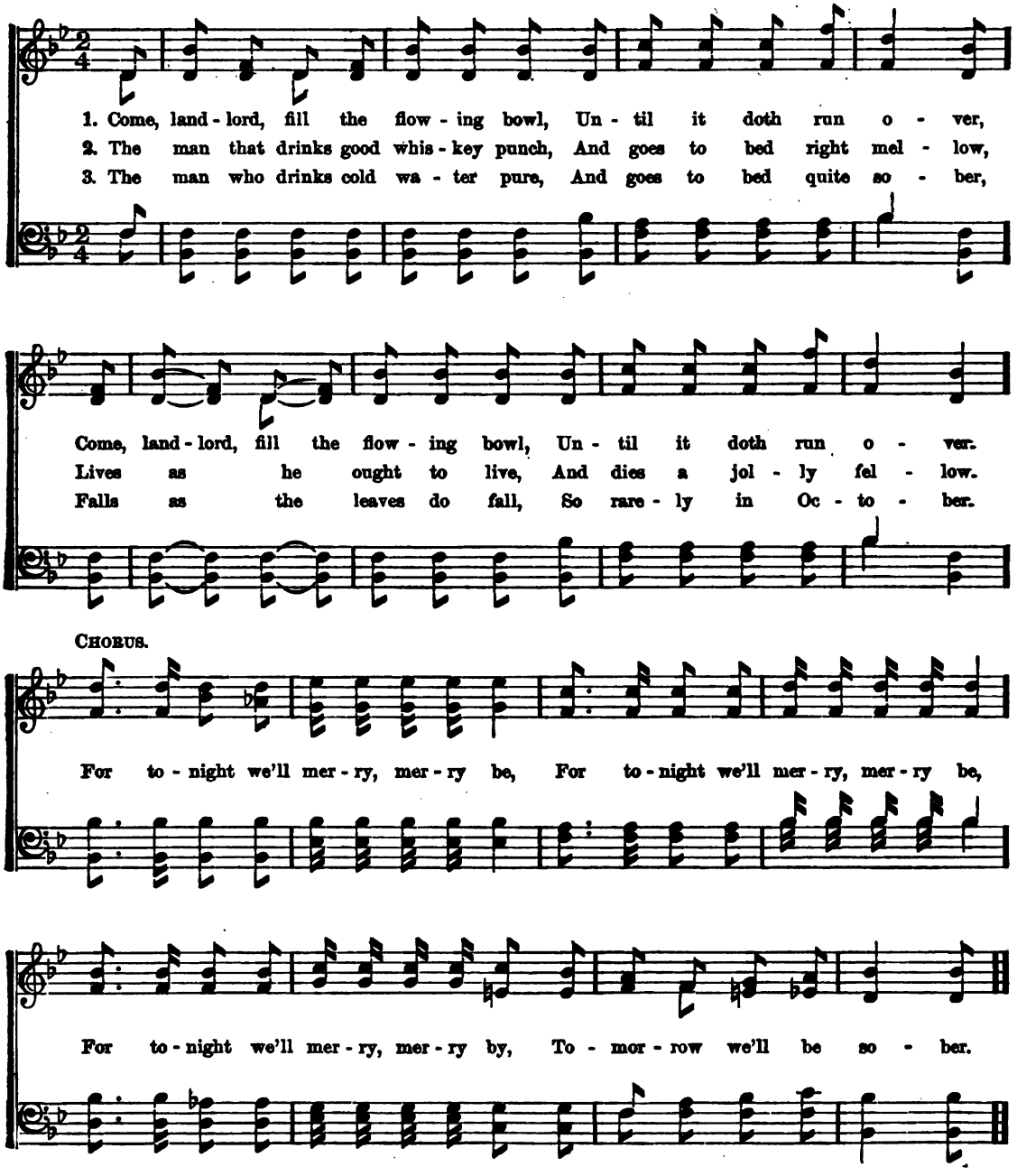
LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.


1. Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,
2. The man that drinks good whis - key punch, And goes to bed right mel - low,
3. The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber,
Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver.
Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol - ly fel - low.
Falls as the leaves do fall, So rare - ly in Oc - to - ber.
CHORUS.
For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,
For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry by, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.

4 But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth "half seas over,"
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

5 A pretty girl that gets a kiss,
And goes and tells her mother,
Does a very foolish thing,
And don't deserve another.

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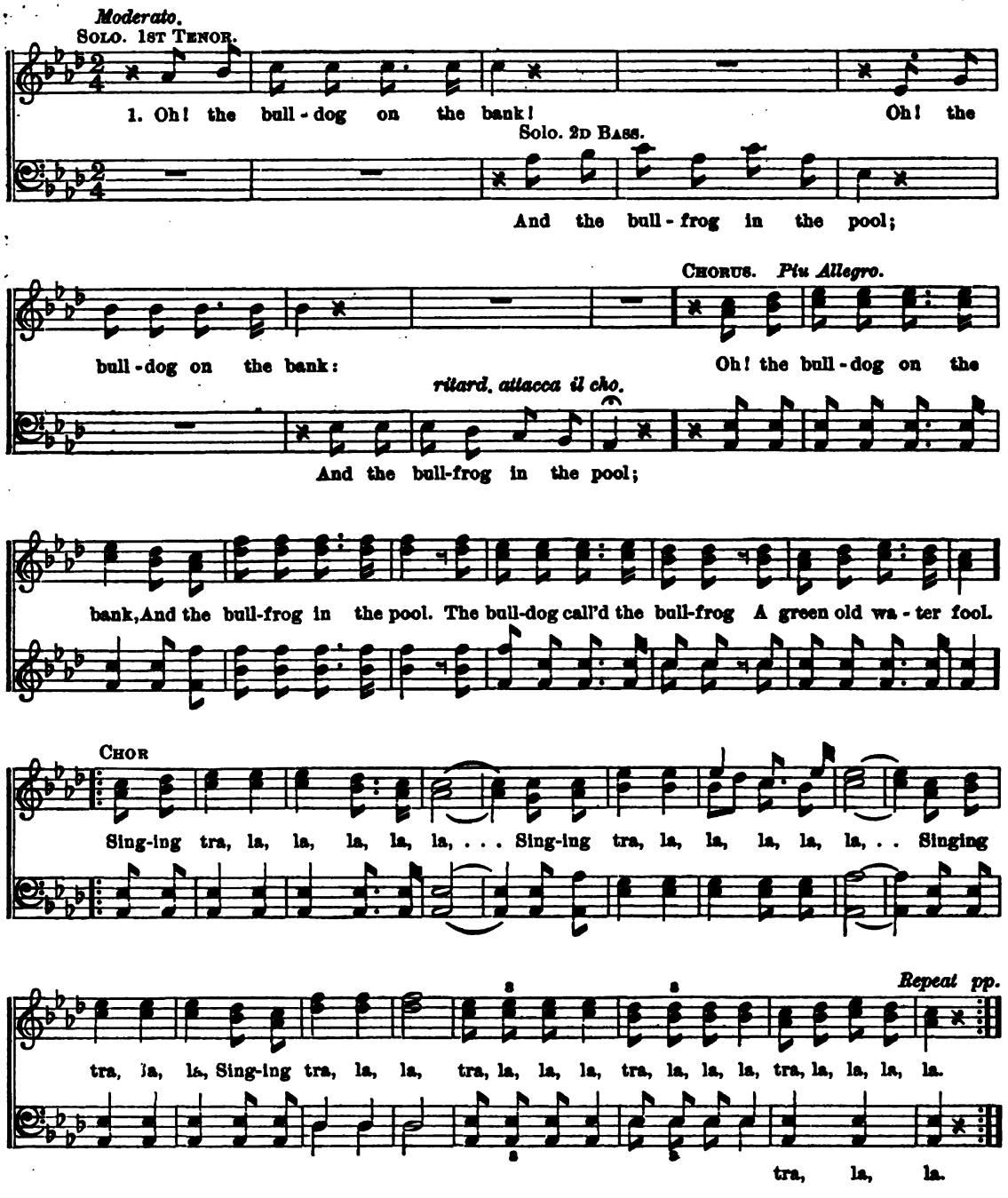
THE BULL-DOG.

Moderato.
Solo. 1st Tenor.
1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank!
Oh! the
Solo. 2d Bass.
And the bull-frog in the pool;
Chorus. Più Allegro.
bull-dog on the bank:
Oh! the bull-dog on the
ritard. attacca il cho.
And the bull-frog in the pool;
bank, And the bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool.
Chor
Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . Singing
Repeat pp.
tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la.
tra, la, la.

2 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw.—Cho.

3 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"
"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."—Cho.

4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank;
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole
And sent him off to school.—Cho.

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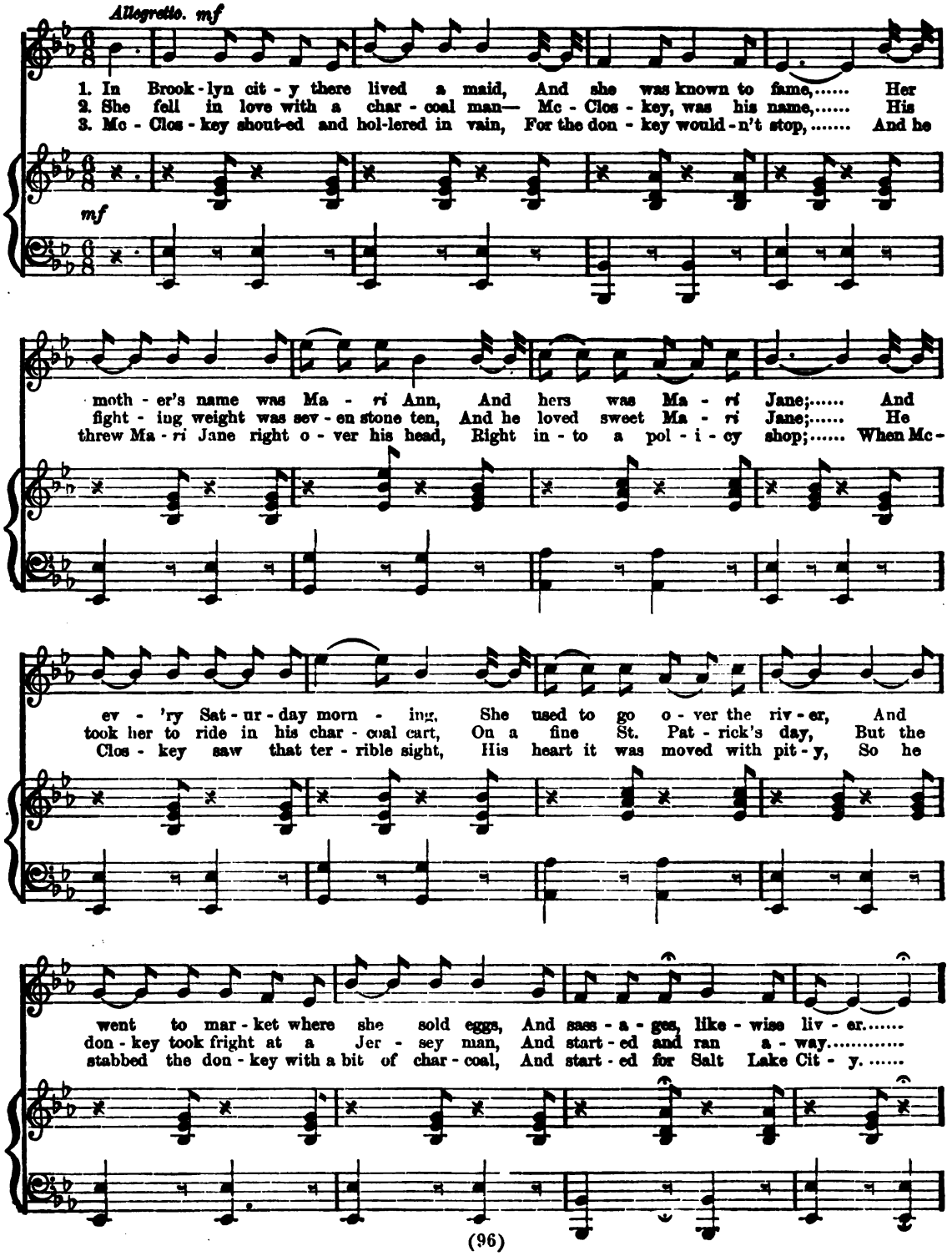
MICHAEL ROY.

Allegretto. mf
1. In Brook-lyn cit-y there lived a maid, And she was known to fame,..... Her
2. She fell in love with a char-coal man— Mc-Clos-key, was his name,..... His
3. Mc-Clos-key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the don-key would-n't stop,..... And he
mf
moth-er's name was Ma-ri Ann, And hers was Ma-ri Jane;..... And
fight-ing weight was sev-en stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma-ri Jane;..... He
threw Ma-ri Jane right o-ver his head, Right in-to a pol-i-cy shop;..... When Mc-
ev-'ry Sat-ur-day morn-ing, She used to go o-ver the riv-er, And
took her to ride in his char-coal cart, On a fine St. Pat-rick's day, But the
Clos-key saw that ter-rible sight, His heart it was moved with pit-y, So he
went to mar-ket where she sold eggs, And sass-a-ges, like-wise liv-er.....
don-key took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed and ran a-way.....
stabbed the don-key with a bit of char-coal, And start-ed for Salt Lake Cit-y. .....

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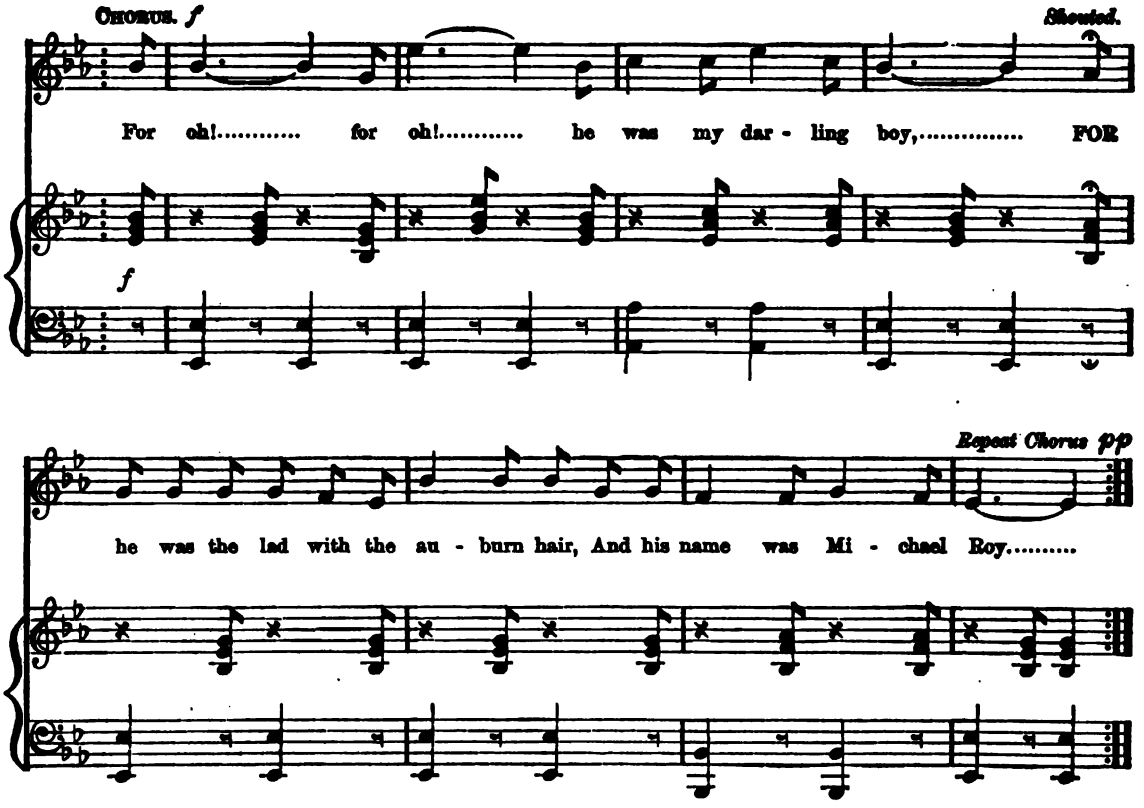
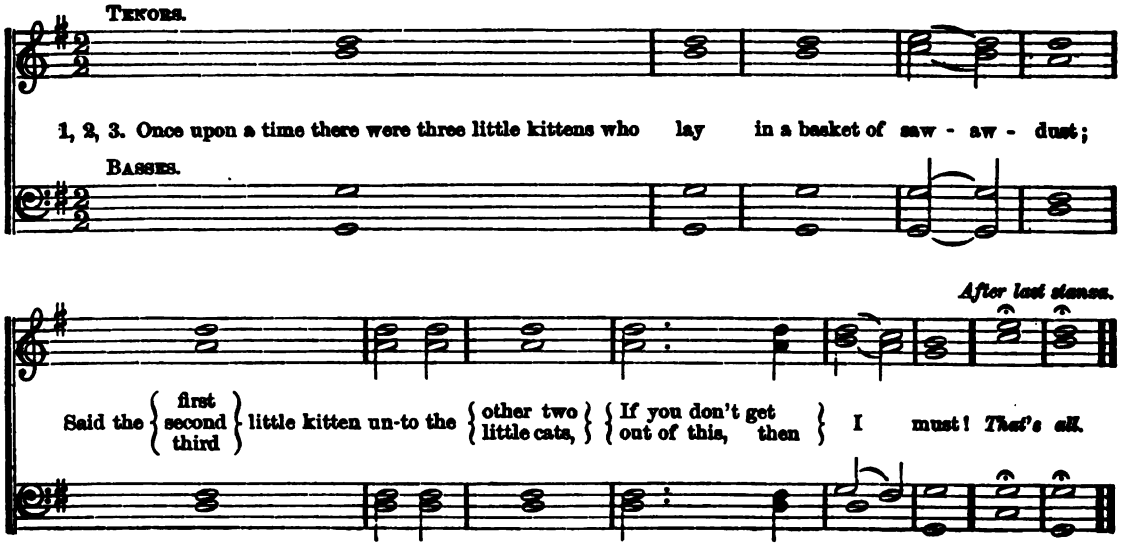
MICHAEL ROY.

Chorus. f
Shouted.
For oh!..... for oh!..... he was my dar - ling boy,..... FOR
f
Repeat Chorus pp
he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his name was Mi - chael Roy.....

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

CHANT.


Tenors.
1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw - aw - dust;
Basses.
After last stanza.
Said the first / second / third little kitten un-to the other two / little cats, If you don't get out of this, then I must! That's all.

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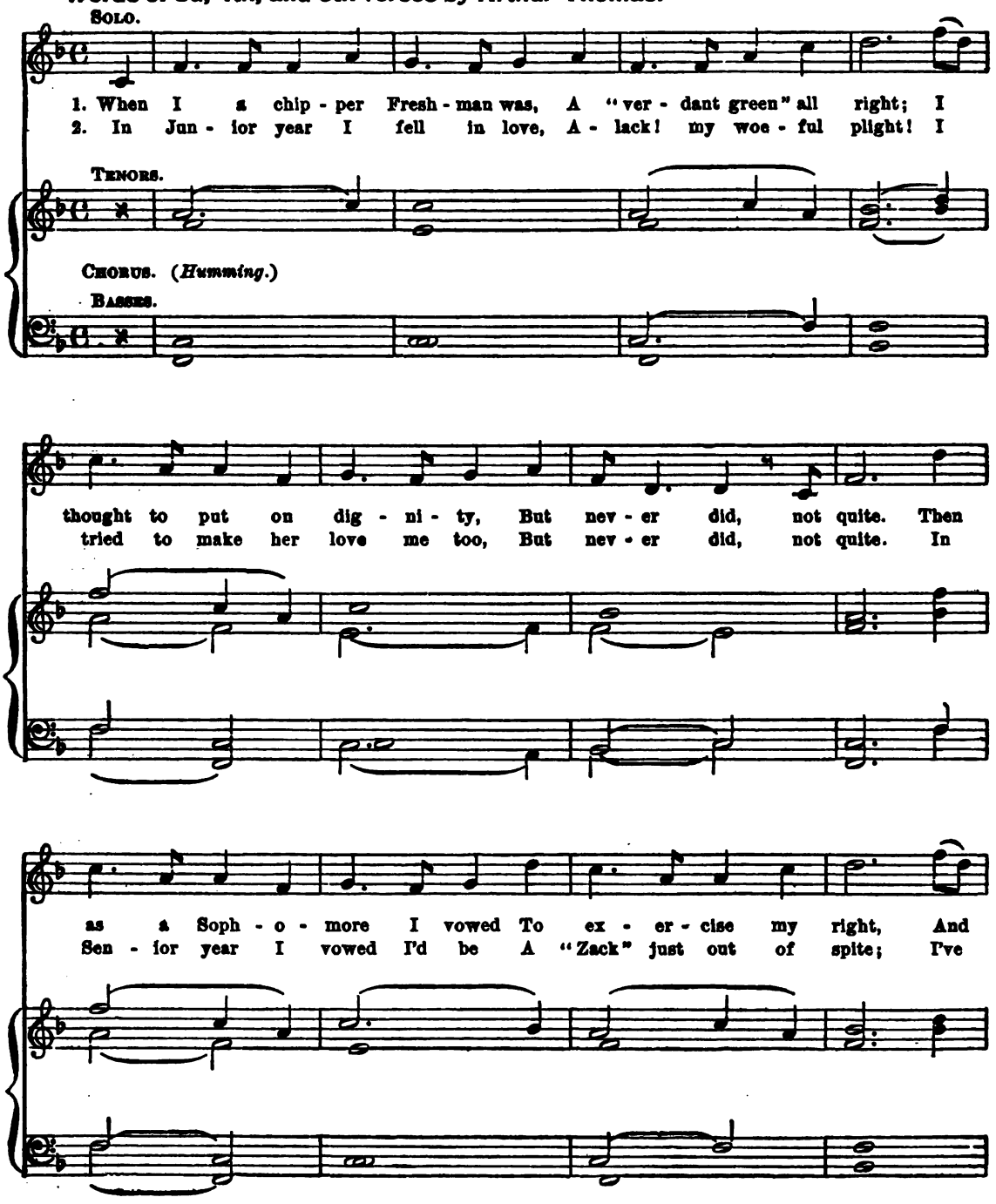
NOT QUITE.

Words by Thomas G. Shearman.
Words of 3d, 4th, and 5th verses by Arthur Thomas.

Air, "Auld Lang Syne."

Solo.
1. When I a chip - per Fresh - man was, A "ver - dant green" all right; I
2. In Jun - ior year I fell in love, A - lack! my woe - ful plight! I
Tenors.
Chorus. (Humming.)
Basses.
thought to put on dig - ni - ty, But nev - er did, not quite. Then
tried to make her love me too, But nev - er did, not quite. In
as a Soph - o - more I vowed To ex - er - cise my right, And
Sen - ior year I vowed I'd be A "Zack" just out of spite; I've

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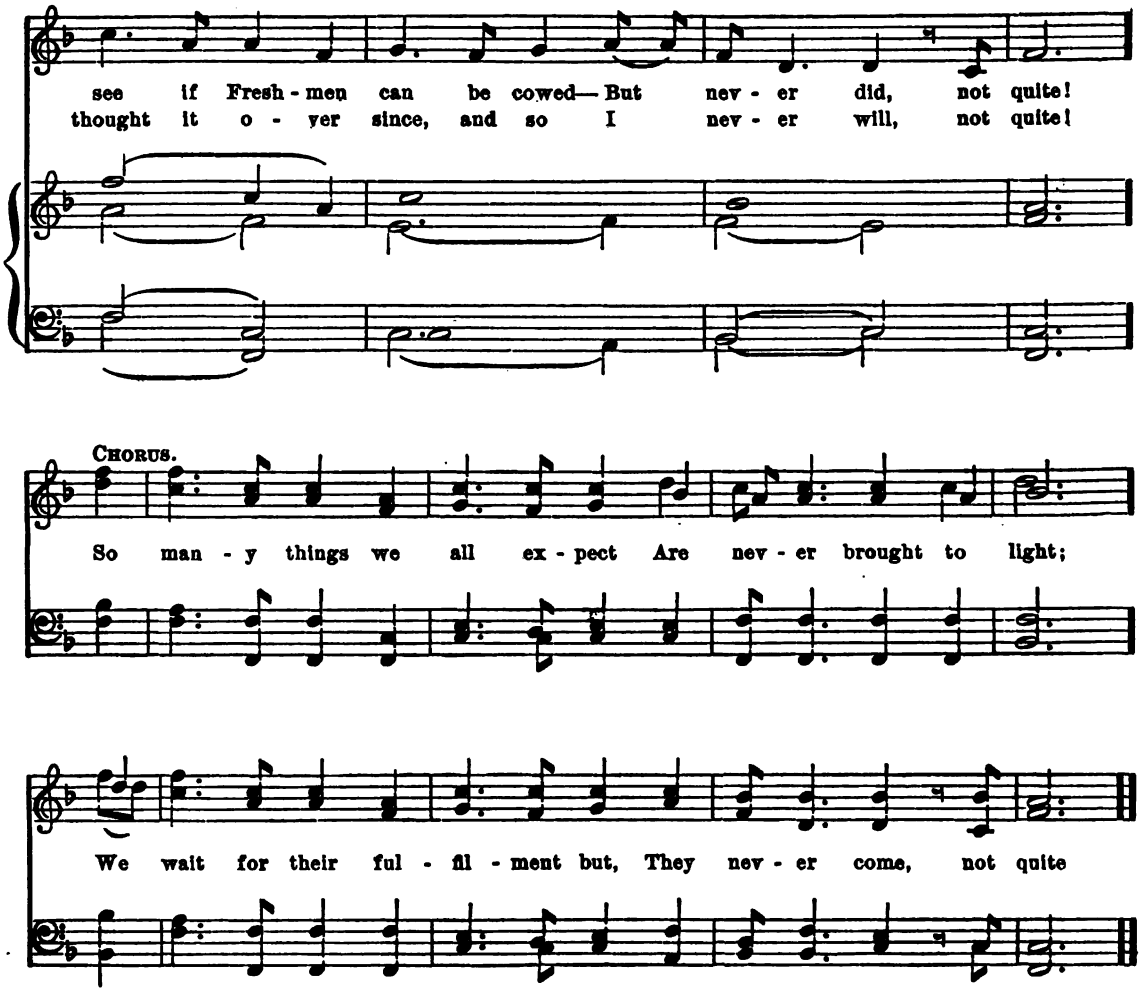
see if Fresh - men can be cowed— But nev - er did, not quite!
thought it o - ver since, and so I nev - er will, not quite!
CHORUS.
So man - y things we all ex - pect Are nev - er brought to light;
We wait for their ful - fil - ment but, They nev - er come, not quite

3 At last they graduated me,
And tried with all their might
To make of me a dominie,
But never did, not quite!
Instead, I went upon the stage
And dreamed, to my delight,
That I would soon be all the rage!—
But never was, not quite!

4 I married then, oh, me! oh, my!
I thought her out of sight!
And so she was — with one glass eye—
She couldn't see, not quite!
She had one man in Kankakee,
And one a Mormonite;
Ah, woe is me! she was not free
To marry me, not quite!

5 And once I thought I'd like to be
An auto-mo-bil-ite;
I thought I'd like it mightily,
But never did, not quite!
It threw me, bucked me, rended me—
They say I was a sight!
The doctor swears he mended me,
But never did, not quite!

6 Some people like new things because
With progress they seem bright;
But as for me they never will
Eclipse the old, not quite!
They thought this recitation hall
Would put far out of sight
That dear old fence we all did love,
But it never will, not quite!

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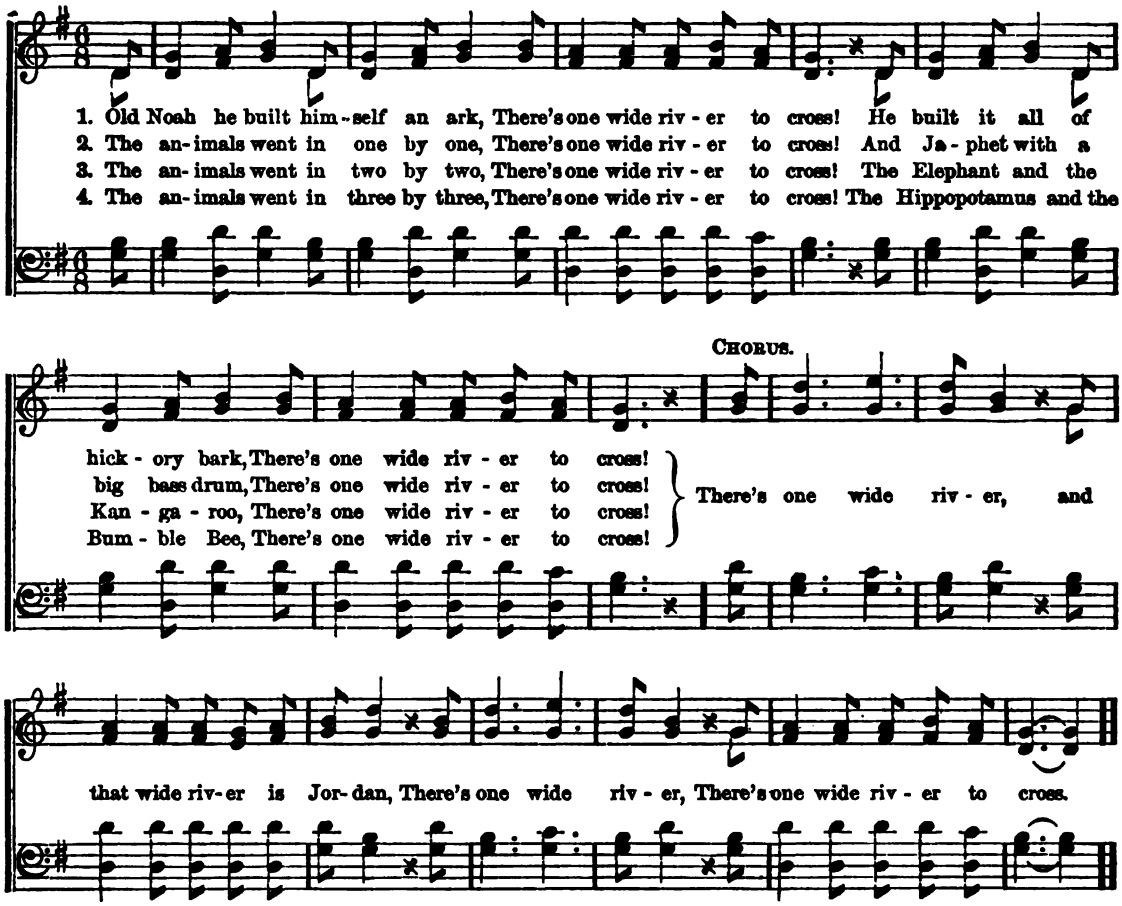
NOAH'S ARK.

1. Old Noah he built him-self an ark, There's one wide riv-er to cross! He built it all of
2. The an-imals went in one by one, There's one wide riv-er to cross! And Ja-phet with a
3. The an-imals went in two by two, There's one wide riv-er to cross! The Elephant and the
4. The an-imals went in three by three, There's one wide riv-er to cross! The Hippopotamus and the
Chorus.
hick-ory bark, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
big bass drum, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
Kan-ga-roo, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
Bum-ble Bee, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
There's one wide riv-er, and
that wide riv-er is Jor-dan, There's one wide riv-er, There's one wide riv-er to cross.

5 The animals went in fives by fives,
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives,

6 And when he found he had no sail,
He just ran up his old coat tail,

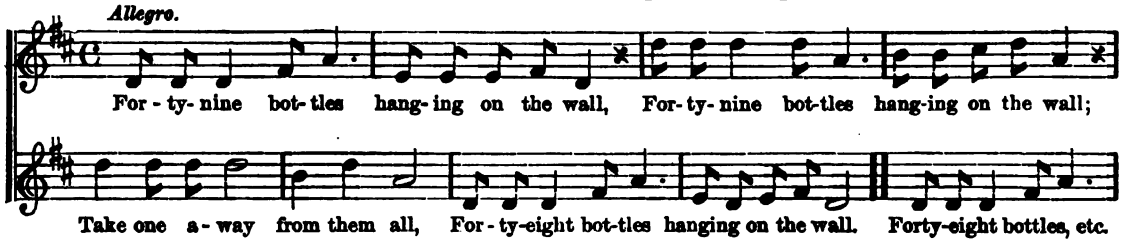
7 And as they talked on this and that,
The ark it bumped on Ararat.

8 Oh, Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
And kicked the old gentleman out of his bunk,

9 Oh, Noah, he went on a spree,
And banished Ham to Afrikee,

10 Perhaps you think there's another verse,
But there ain't!

FORTY-NINE BOTTLES.


Allegro.
For-ty-nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall, For-ty-nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall;
Take one a-way from them all, For-ty-eight bot-tles hanging on the wall. Forty-eight bottles, etc.

To return by the same route, use:—"Add one bottle to them all."

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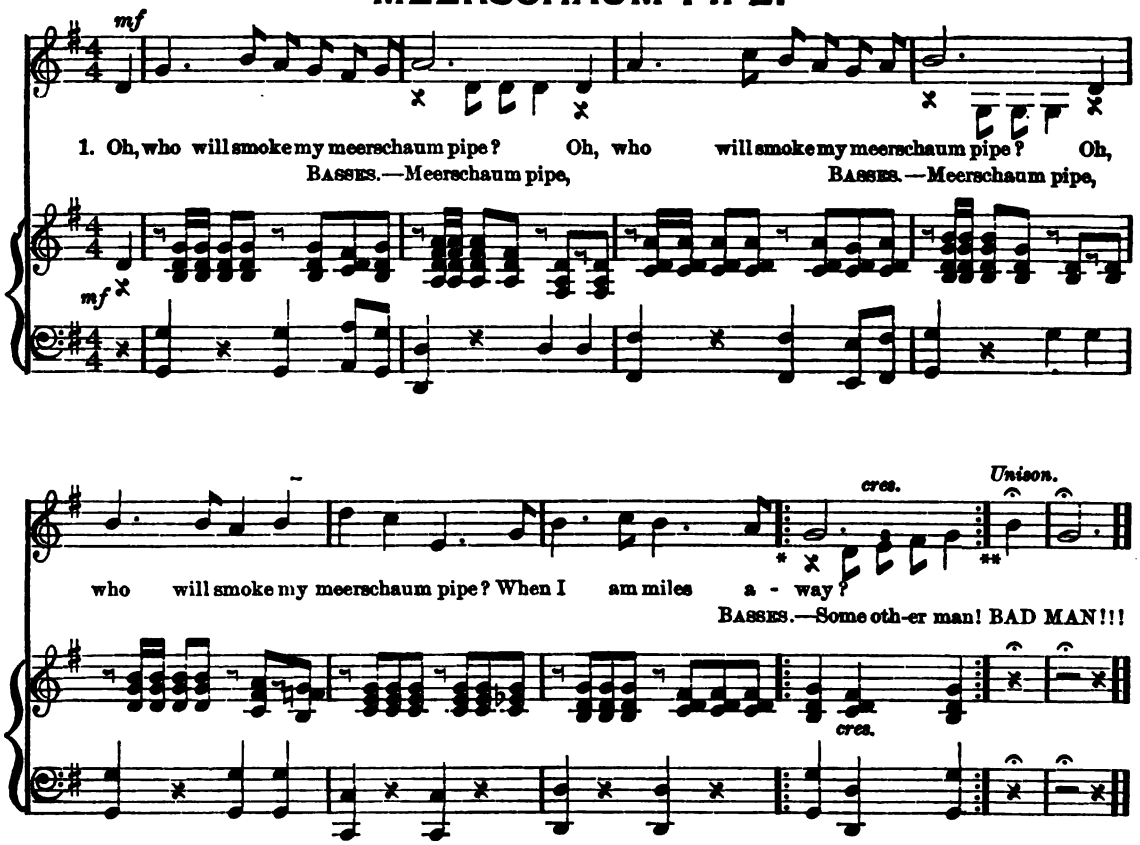
MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

mf
1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? Oh,
Basses.—Meerschaum pipe,
Basses.—Meerschaum pipe,
mf
cres.
Unison.
who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? When I am miles a - way?
Basses.—Some oth-er man! BAD MAN!!!
cres.

2 Oh, who will wear my stove-pipe hat?
Some other man, guess if you can.

3 Oh, who will buy my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran.

4 Oh, who will take my girl to ride?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann.

5 Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann,
Of Kalamazoo.

6 Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann,
Of Kalamazoo, Michigan.
BAD MAN!!!

* Repeat this measure once for the second verse, twice for the third verse, etc.
** The words, "Bad Man" are to be sung at the end of last verse only.

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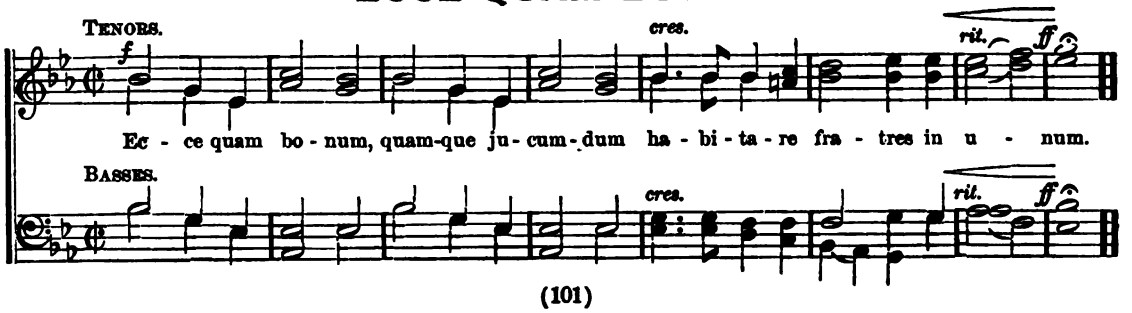
ECCE QUAM BONUM.



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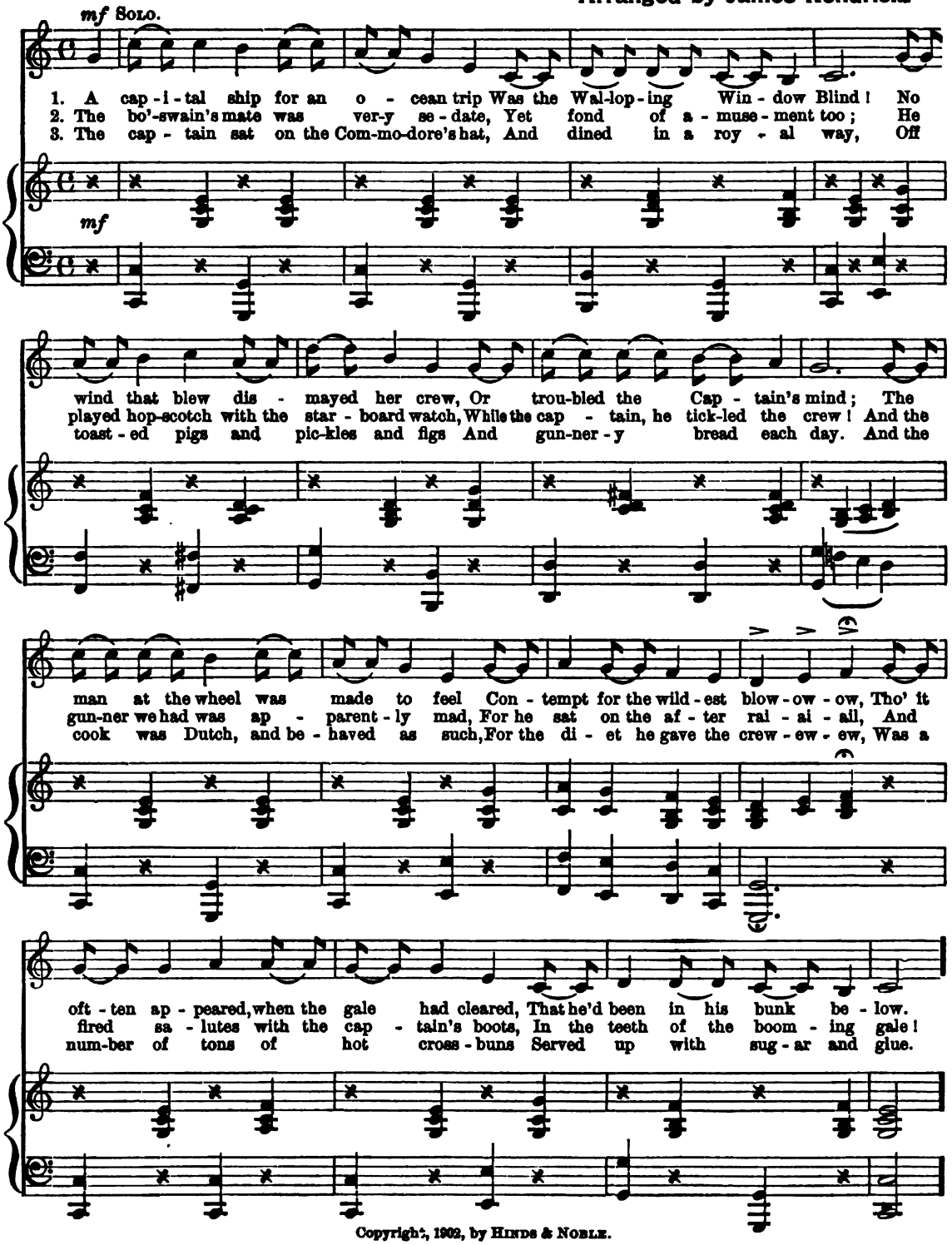
BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

Arranged by James Kendrick.

mf Solo.
1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing Win - dow Blind! No
2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se-date, Yet fond of a - muse - ment too; He
3. The cap - tain sat on the Com-mo-dore's hat, And dined in a roy - al way, Off
mf
wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the Cap - tain's mind; The
played hop-scotch with the star - board watch, While the cap - tain, he tick-led the crew! And the
toast - ed pigs and pic-kles and figs And gun-ner - y bread each day. And the
man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
gun-ner we had was ap - parent - ly mad, For he sat on the af - ter rai - ai - ail, And
cook was Dutch, and be - haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew, Was a
oft - ten ap - peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale!
num-ber of tons of hot cross - buns Served up with sug - ar and glue.

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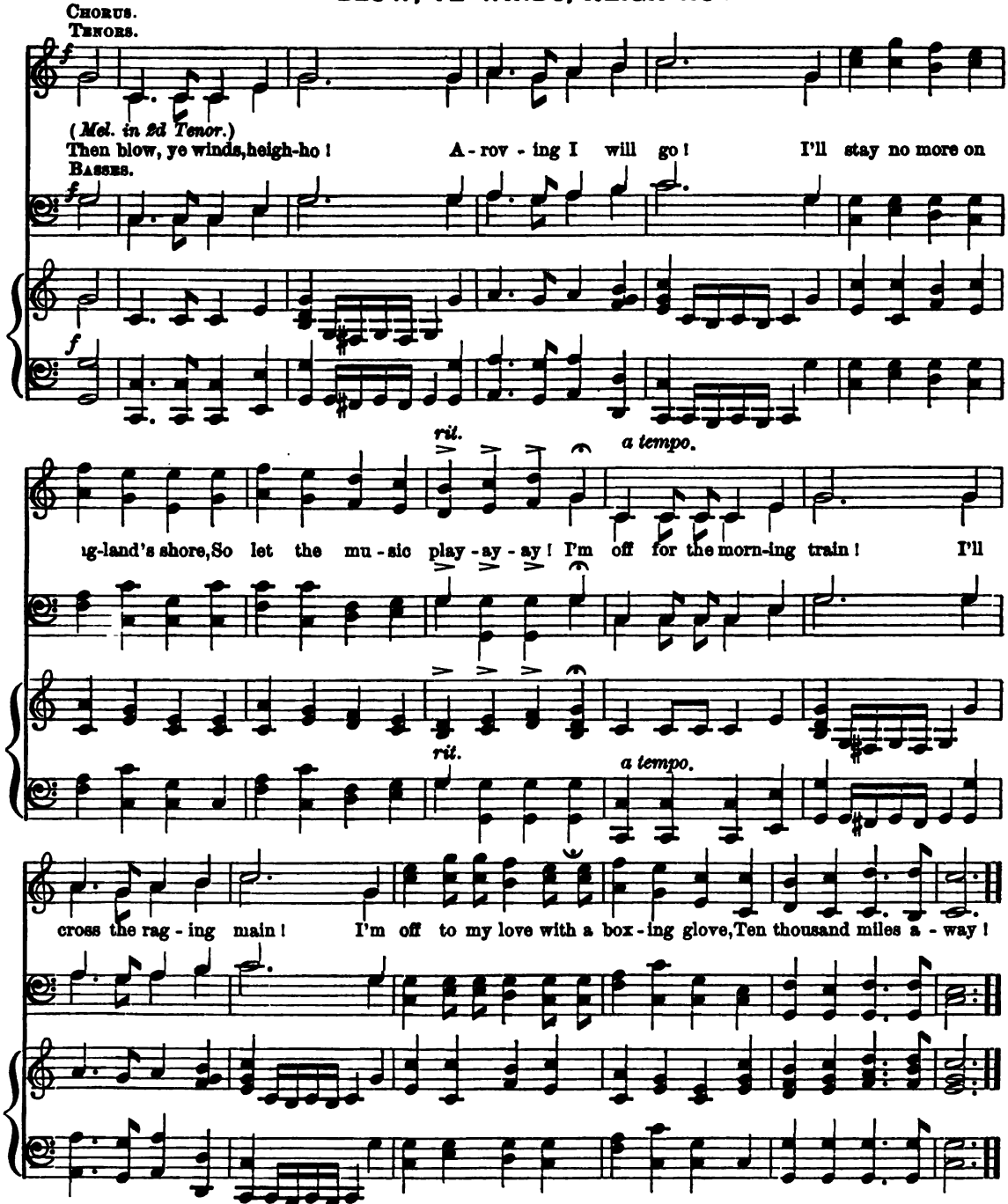
BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

Chorus.
Tenors.
(Mel. in 2d Tenor.)
Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A-rov-ing I will go! I'll stay no more on
Basses.
rit.
a tempo.
ıg-land's shore, So let the mu-sic play-ay-ay! I'm off for the morn-ing train! I'll
rit.
a tempo.
cross the rag-ing main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thousand miles a-way!

4 All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.
Then blow, etc.

5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.
Then blow, etc.

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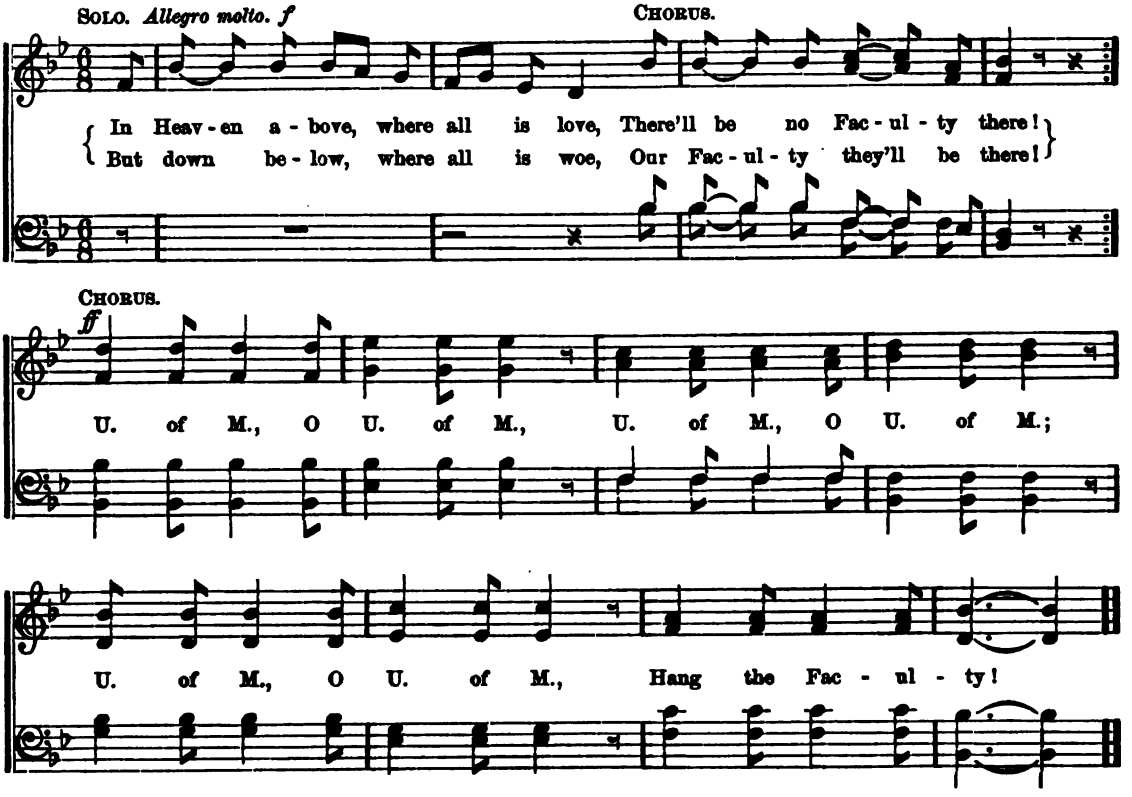
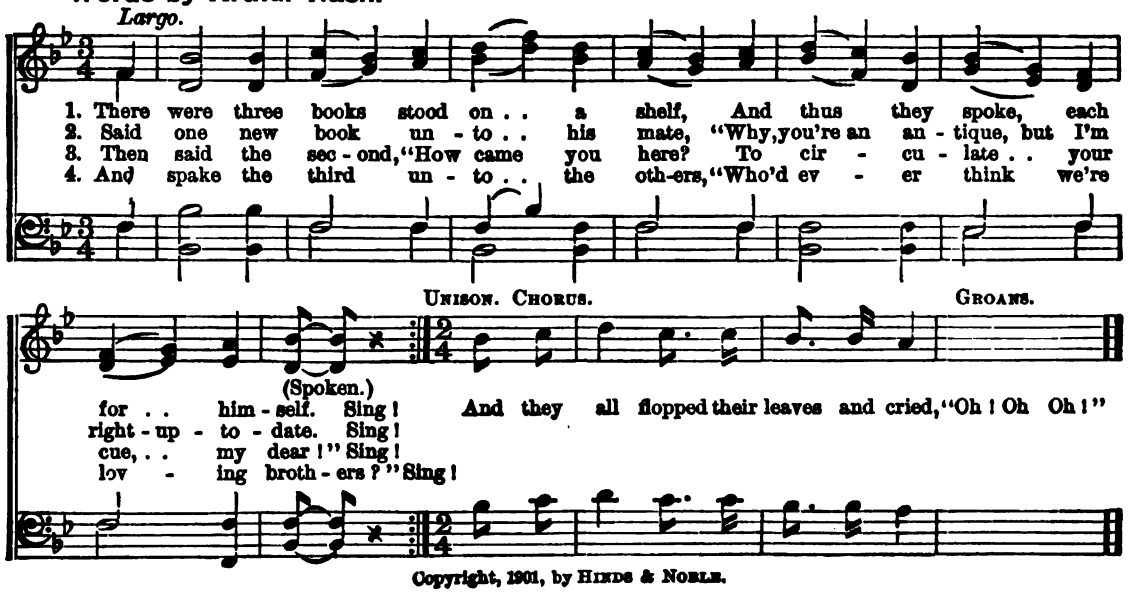
IN HEAVEN ABOVE.

Solo. Allegro molto. f
Chorus.
In Heav - en a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no Fac - ul - ty there!
But down be - low, where all is woe, Our Fac - ul - ty they'll be there!
Chorus.
ff
U. of M., O U. of M., U. of M., O U. of M.;
U. of M., O U. of M., Hang the Fac - ul - ty!

THERE WERE THREE BOOKS.

Words by Arthur Nash.


Largo.
1. There were three books stood on . . a shelf, And thus they spoke, each
2. Said one new book un - to . . his mate, "Why, you're an an - tique, but I'm
3. Then said the sec - ond, "How came you here? To cir - cu - late . . your
4. And spake the third un - to . . the oth-ers, "Who'd ev - er think we're
Unison. Chorus.
Groans.
(Spoken.)
for . . him - self. Sing! And they all flopped their leaves and cried, "Oh! Oh Oh!"
right - up - to - date. Sing!
cue, . . my dear!" Sing!
lov - ing broth - ers?" Sing!

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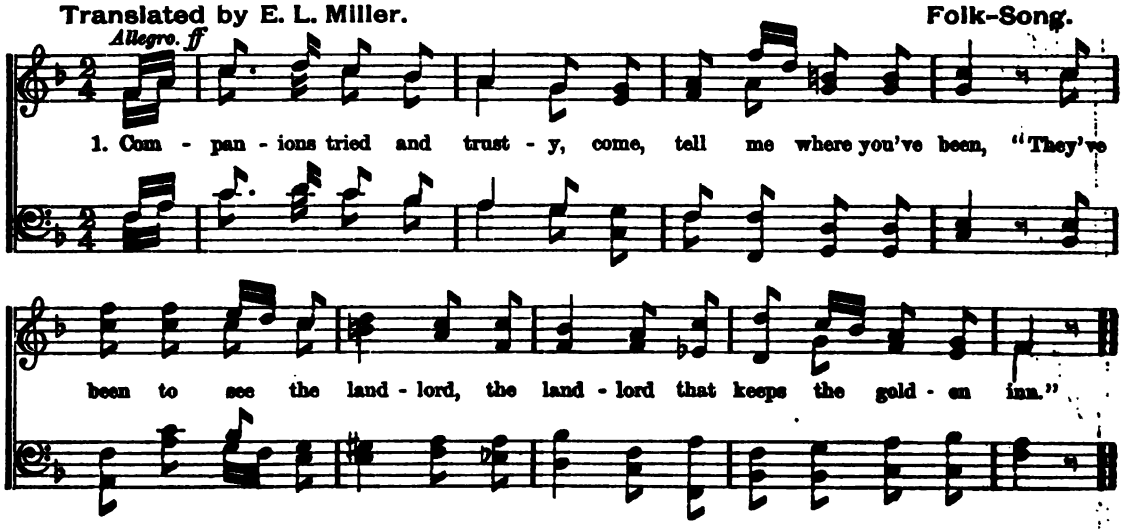
COMPANIONS TRIED AND TRUSTY.

Translated by E. L. Miller. Folk-Song.

Allegro. ff
1. Com - pan - ions tried and trust - y, come, tell me where you've been, "They've
been to see the land - lord, the land - lord that keeps the gold - en inn."

2 And there they all sat drinking, began to sing and roar:
I slipped away to *Liebchen*, tapped gently on her door:

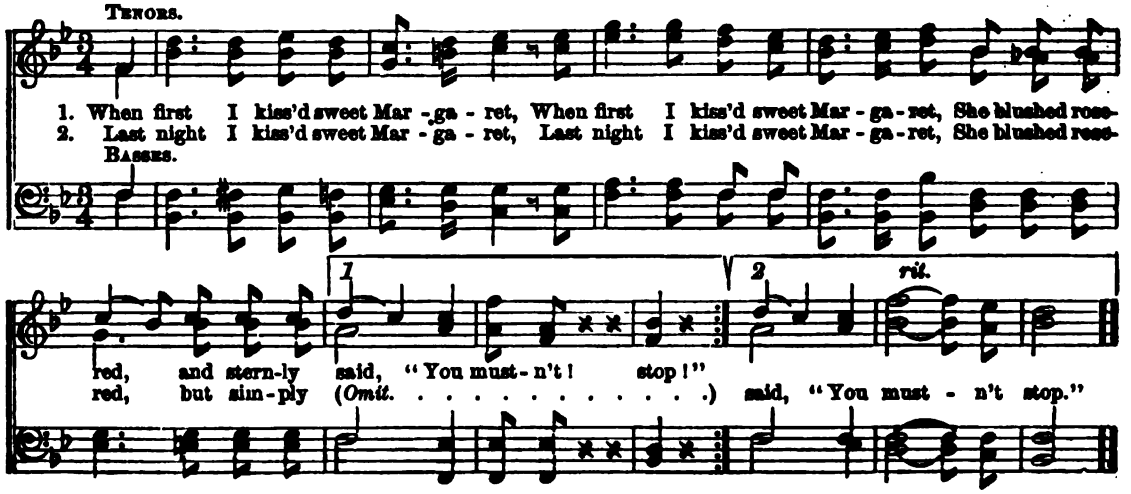
3 "Come in! Come in! Who is there she said," in silver tone,—
She span some simple matter and she was all alone.

4 And then, why then I gave her, within her cottage bower,
Just five, six, seven kisses, within one quarter hour.

5 And when I returned to my comrades, there in the golden hall,
My face was red as sunshine, and wonder seized them all.

6 "What reason have you for wonder, O merry comrades of mine?
You sat in the golden hall, and drank beer instead of wine.

7 I've been in the whitest vineyard, and I drank such rosy wine,
It is no wonder my face is so like to the red sunshine."

WHEN FIRST I KISSED SWEET MARGARET.

Tenors.
1. When first I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, When first I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
2. Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
Basses.
1
2
rit.
red, and stern-ly said, "You must - n't! stop!"
red, but sim-ply (*Omit.* . . . . . .) said, "You must - n't stop."

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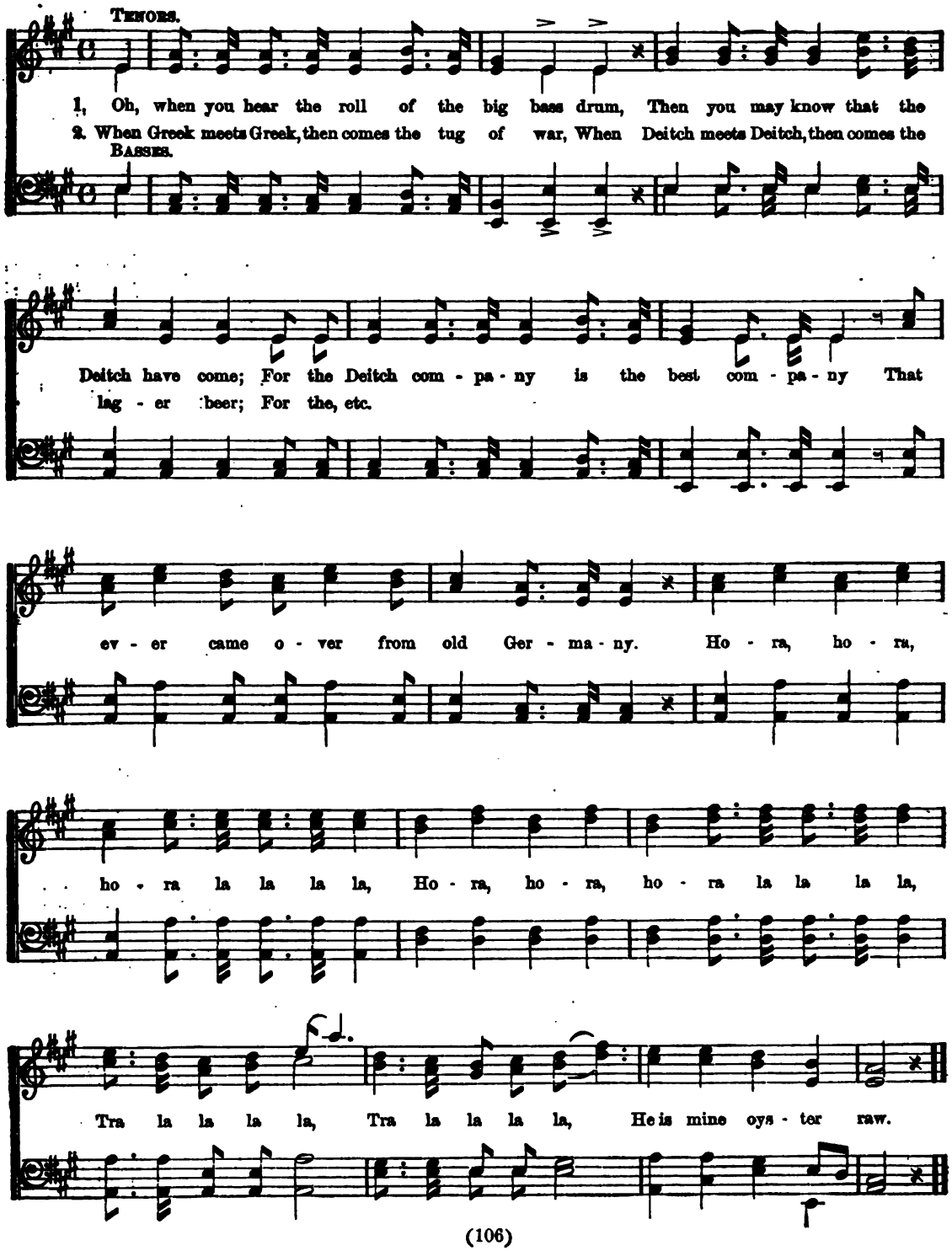
THE DUTCH COMPANY.

Tenors.
1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that the
2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then comes the
Basses.
Deitch have come; For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the best com - pa - ny That
lag - er beer; For the, etc.
ev - er came o - ver from old Ger - ma - ny. Ho - ra, ho - ra,
ho - ra la la la la, Ho - ra, ho - ra, ho - ra la la la la,
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, He is mine oys - ter raw.

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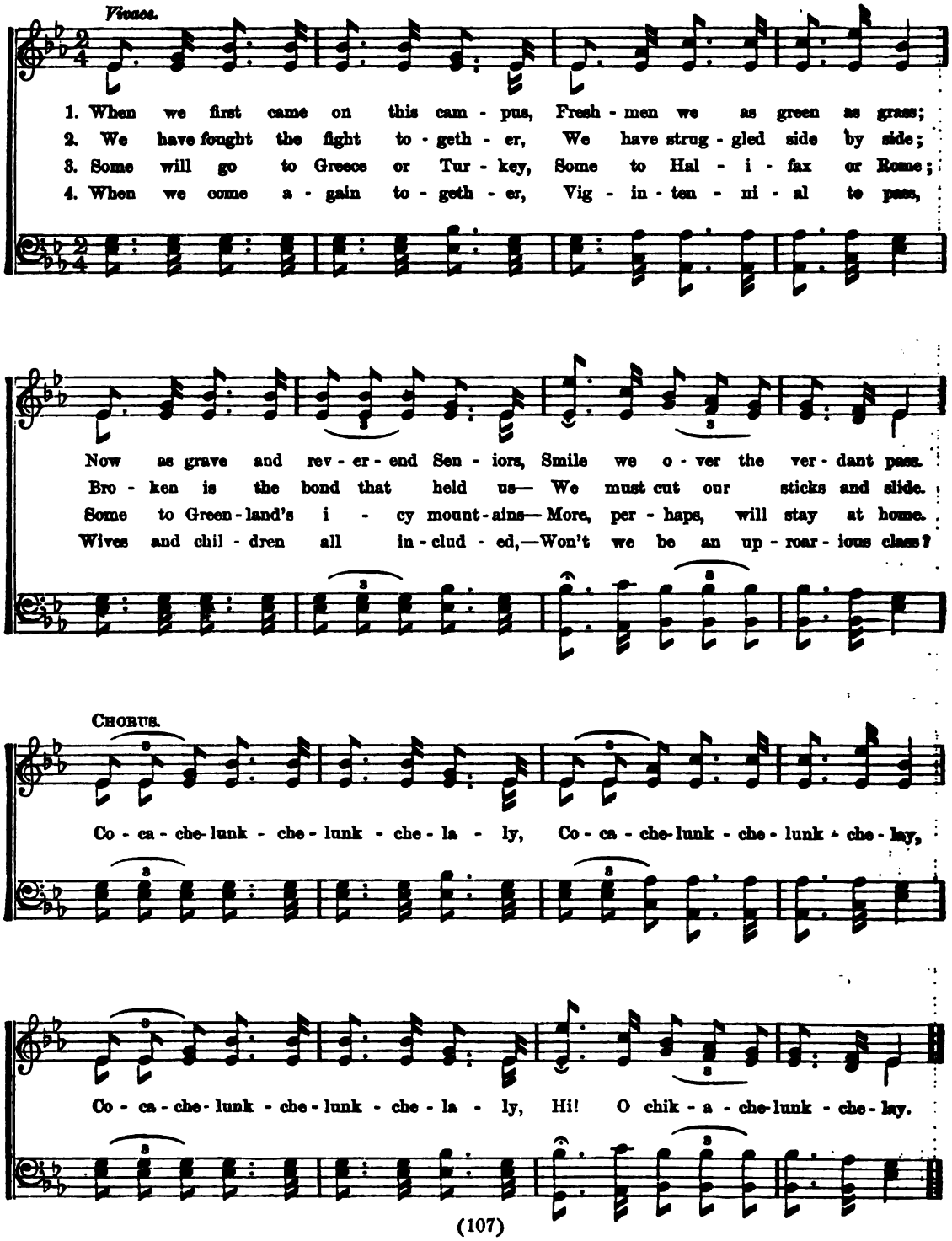
CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.


Vivace.
1. When we first came on this cam - pus, Fresh - men we as green as grass;
2. We have fought the fight to - geth - er, We have strug - gled side by side;
3. Some will go to Greece or Tur - key, Some to Hal - i - fax or Rome;
4. When we come a - gain to - geth - er, Vig - in - ten - ni - al to pass,
Now as grave and rev - er - end Sen - iors, Smile we o - ver the ver - dant pass.
Bro - ken is the bond that held us— We must cut our sticks and slide.
Some to Green - land's i - cy mount - ains— More, per - haps, will stay at home.
Wives and chil - dren all in - clud - ed,—Won't we be an up - roar - ious class?
CHORUS.
Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - lay,
Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Hi! O chik - a - che - lunk - che - lay.

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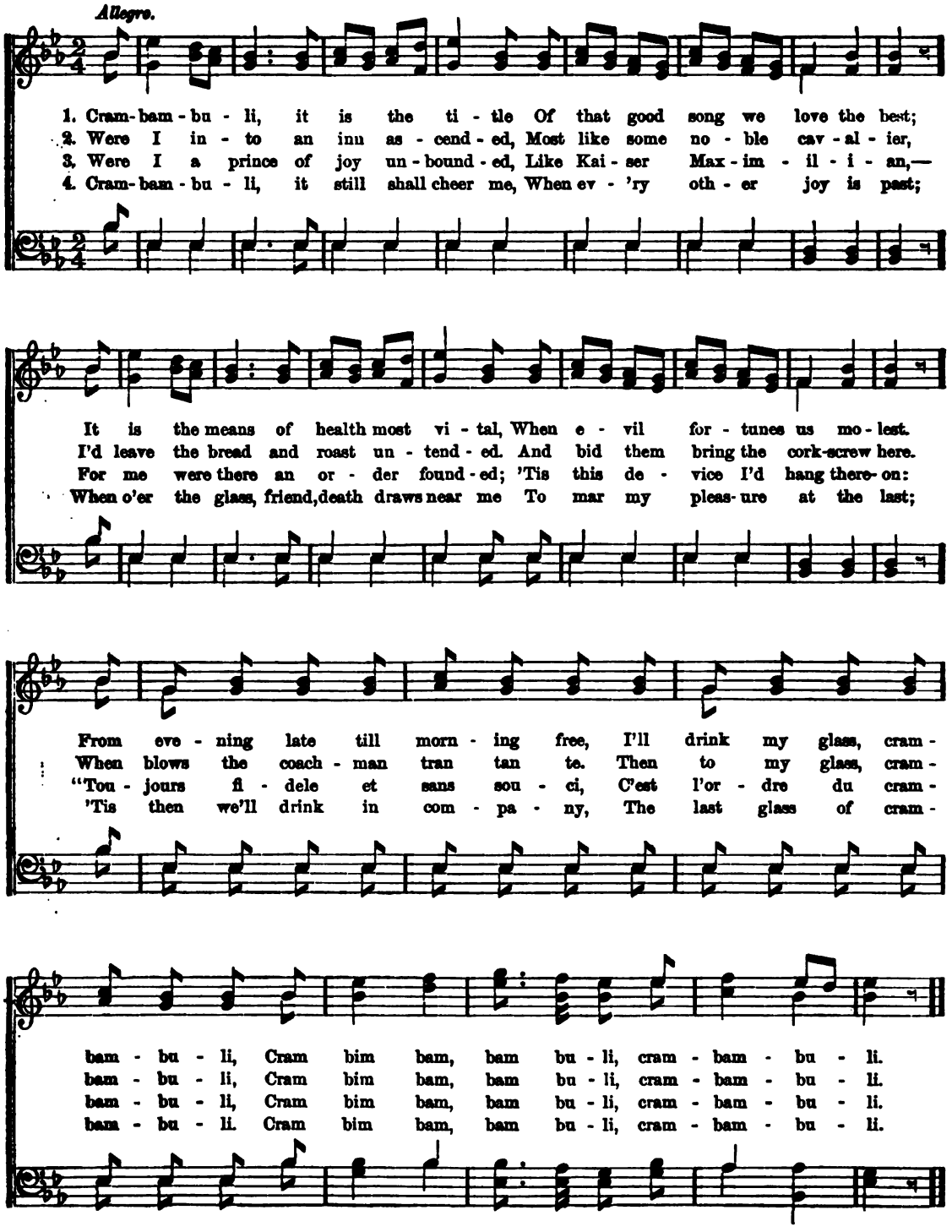
CRAMBAMBULI.


Allegro.
1. Cram-bam-bu-li, it is the ti-tle Of that good song we love the best;
2. Were I in-to an inn as-cend-ed, Most like some no-ble cav-al-ier,
3. Were I a prince of joy un-bound-ed, Like Kai-ser Max-im-il-i-an,—
4. Cram-bam-bu-li, it still shall cheer me, When ev-'ry oth-er joy is past;
It is the means of health most vi-tal, When e-vil for-tunes us mo-lest.
I'd leave the bread and roast un-tend-ed. And bid them bring the cork-screw here.
For me were there an or-der found-ed; 'Tis this de-vice I'd hang there-on:
When o'er the glass, friend, death draws near me To mar my pleas-ure at the last;
From eve-ning late till morn-ing free, I'll drink my glass, cram-
When blows the coach-man tran tan te. Then to my glass, cram-
"Tou-jours fi-dele et sans sou-ci, C'est l'or-dre du cram-
'Tis then we'll drink in com-pa-ny, The last glass of cram-
bam-bu-li, Cram bim bam, bam bu-li, cram-bam-bu-li.
bam-bu-li, Cram bim bam, bam bu-li, cram-bam-bu-li.
bam-bu-li, Cram bim bam, bam bu-li, cram-bam-bu-li.
bam-bu-li. Cram bim bam, bam bu-li, cram-bam-bu-li.

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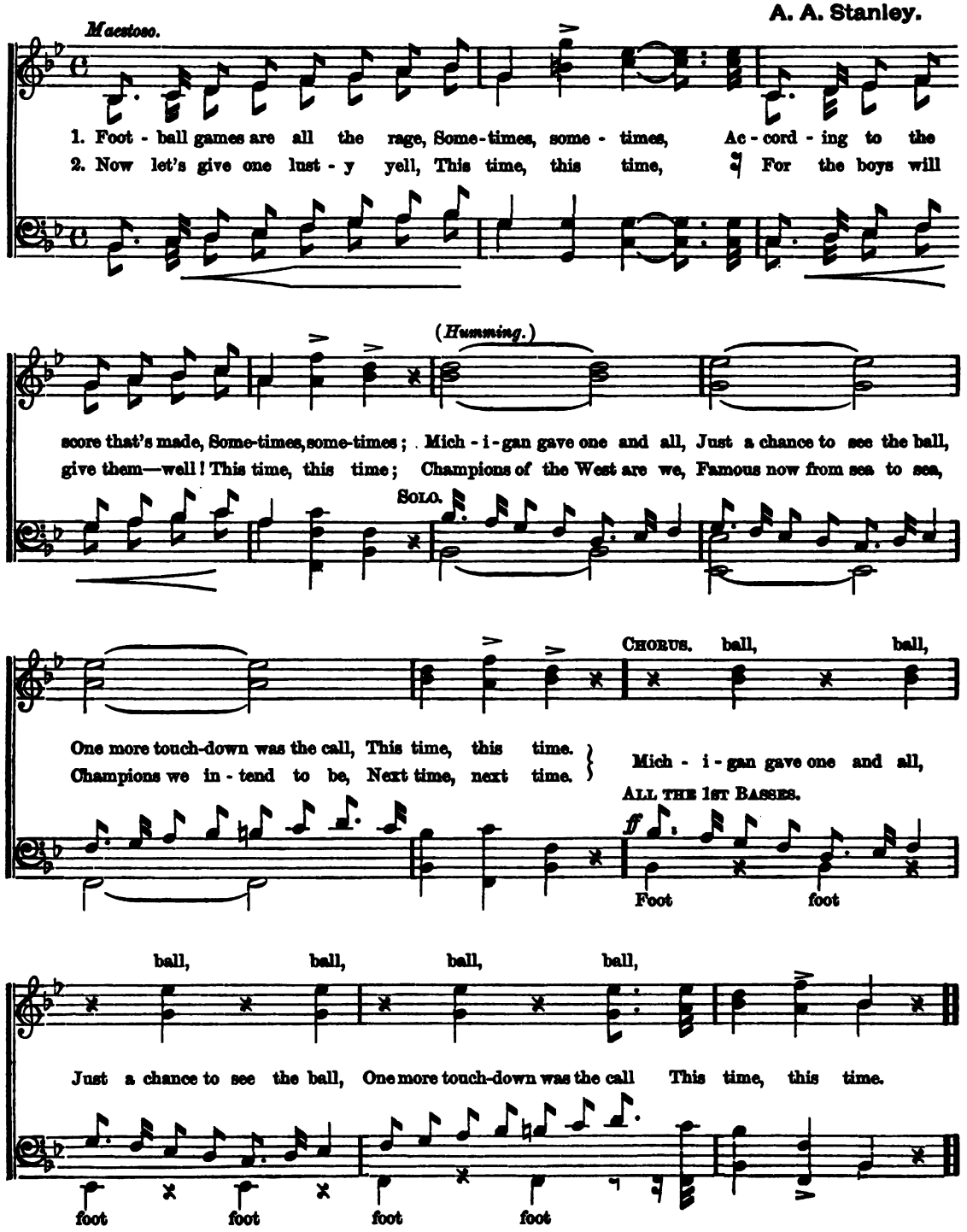
FOOT-BALL.

A. A. Stanley.


Maestoso.
1. Foot - ball games are all the rage, Some-times, some - times, Ac - cord - ing to the
2. Now let's give one lust - y yell, This time, this time, For the boys will
(Humming.)
score that's made, Some-times, some-times; Mich - i - gan gave one and all, Just a chance to see the ball,
give them—well! This time, this time; Champions of the West are we, Famous now from sea to sea,
Solo.
Chorus. ball, ball,
One more touch-down was the call, This time, this time.
Champions we in - tend to be, Next time, next time.
Mich - i - gan gave one and all,
All the 1st Basses.
ff
Foot foot
ball, ball, ball, ball,
Just a chance to see the ball, One more touch-down was the call This time, this time.
foot foot foot foot

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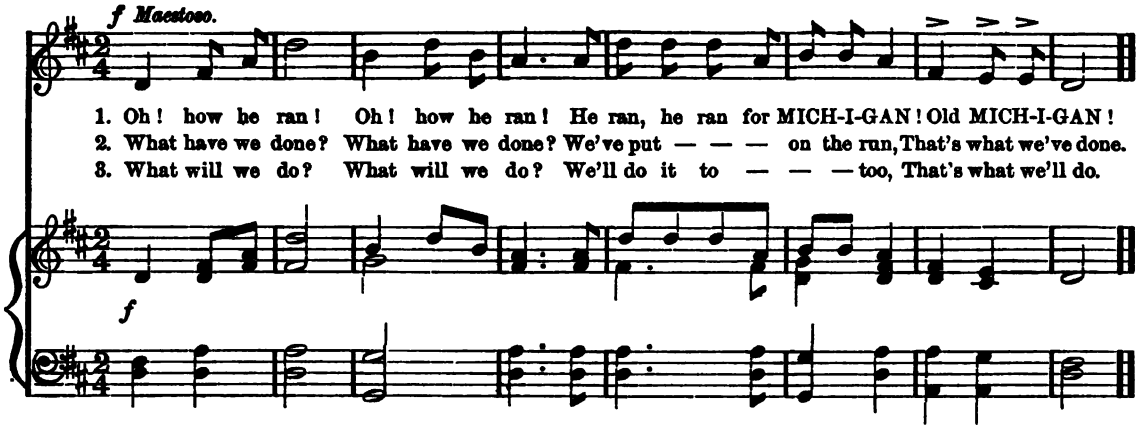
"OH! HOW HE RAN!"


f Maestoso.
1. Oh! how he ran! Oh! how he ran! He ran, he ran for MICH-I-GAN! Old MICH-I-GAN!
2. What have we done? What have we done? We've put — — — on the run, That's what we've done.
3. What will we do? What will we do? We'll do it to — — — too, That's what we'll do.
f

MICHIGAN BATTLE SONG.

David B. Eppstein.

1 Michigan! Thy loyal men
Have gathered once again to share thy glory,
Deeds of old their mem'ries hold,
Thy triumphs make thee famed in song and story!
Rah! For the colors that wave o'er the West!
Rah! For the College that we love the best!
Rah! Rah! For Michigan!

CHORUS.—Then we'll shout and sing,
Till the old halls ring,
Ring with the songs of Michigan!
And the story tell,
How each foeman fell,
Fell while fighting Michigan!
Michigan! Michigan!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! For Michigan!

2 On each field the foemen yield;
Thy strength and power in battle are unfailing!
Right and might have won each fight,
Thy force against the enemy prevailing.
Rah! For the colors that wave o'er the West!
Rah! For the College that we love the best!
Rah! Rah! for Michigan!—CHO.

3 Michigan! How strong thy men
Who now, in battle are thy cause defending;
Teach, and tell the world how well
Thy spirit gives those strength for thee contending.
Rah! For the colors that wave o'er the West!
Rah! For the College that we love the best!
Rah! Rah! for Michigan!—CHO.

4 Fight, ye men of Michigan!
Your "Alma Mater" needs you now or never!
May success your efforts bless,
And victory be Michigan's forever!
Rah! for the colors that wave o'er the West!
Rah! for the College that we love the best!
Rah! Rah! For Michigan!—CHO.

5 Once again, O Michigan,
In triumph are thy stately banners flying!
Loud and strong the cheers prolong,
Thy glories are unfading and undying.
Rah! for the colors that wave o'er the West!
Rah! for the College that we love the best!
Rah! Rah! For Michigan!—CHO.

OLD MICHIGAN IS MARCHING ON.

Air:—"Marching Through Georgia."

1 Old Michigan is marching on
We're going to win the day;
Old Michigan is fighting on,
The Champions to stay,
And Michigan will fighting be
When vict'ry ends the day
As we are conquering ———.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for Michigan!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the Oak of Old Tappan!
And here again eleven men will stand for Michigan
As we are conquering ———.

2 Our center's made of armor-plate!
Our guards are like a wall;
Our backs are firm as adamant,
Our ends and tackles, all
Will never yield an inch of field
Before the judgment call—
As we are conquering ———.

3 Count Villa was a wond'rous man
And Hennenger was, too,
And in the good old days of yore
Fought for the maize and blue;
But with Neil Snow to lead us on,
We'll tear 'em up a few—
As we are conquering ———

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